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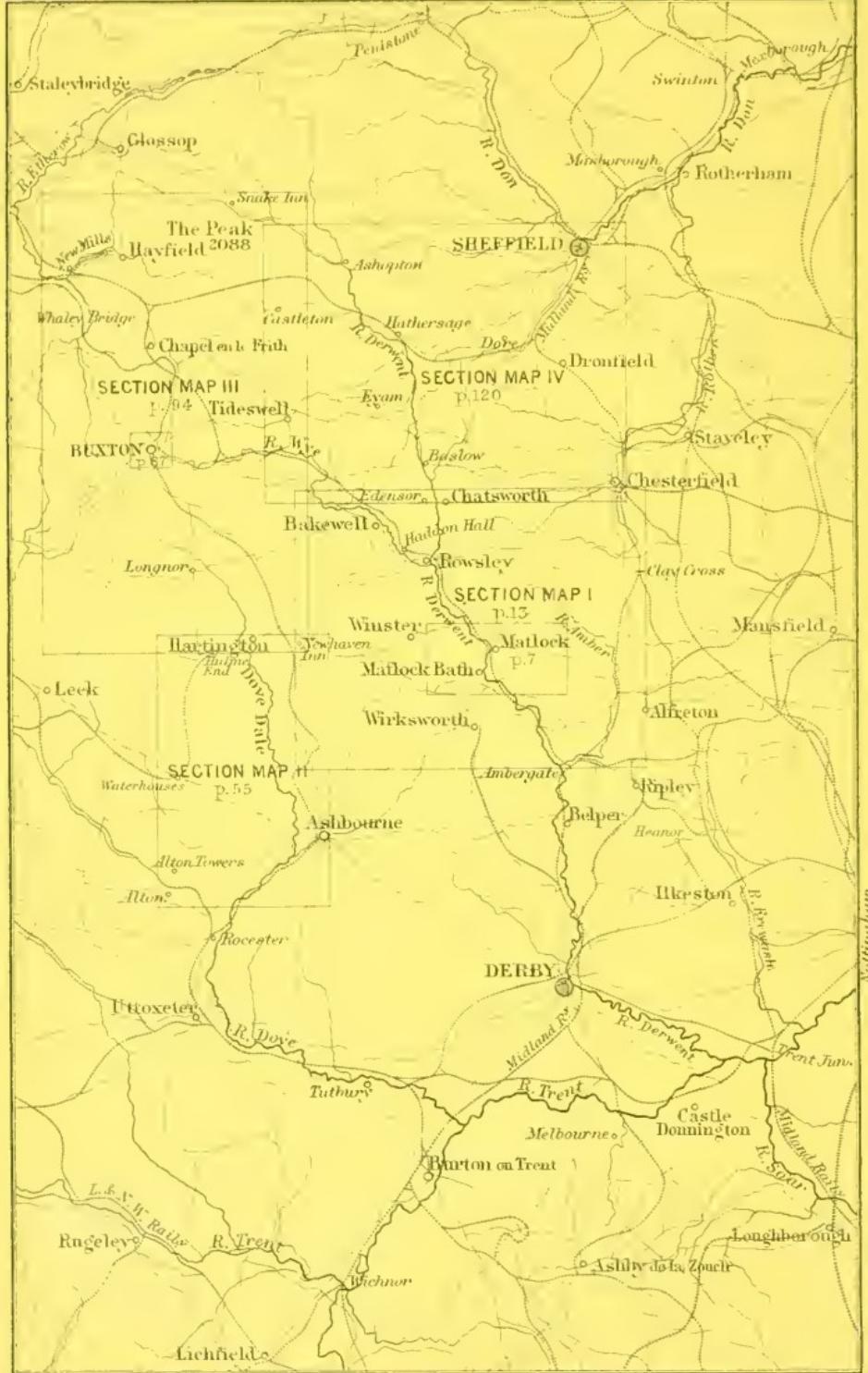
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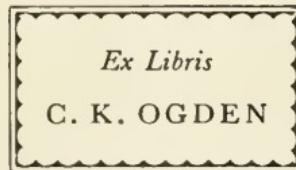
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# CYCLING ROUTES.

Opp. Pink Page 1.





## Cycling and Motoring.

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It is hardly necessary to remind tourists that the Peak is a specially hilly country ; further, that most of the roads cross the hills from valley to valley rather than follow the course of any particular one. The great exception to this rule is the main road from Derby to Matlock, Bakewell, Castleton, and Ashopton, which hugs the Derwent all the way to Ashopton ; its tributaries, the Noe, etc., from Mytham Bridge to Castleton, and the Ashop, another tributary, from Ashopton to the *Snake Inn*. This route is best taken the reverse way—tackling the long, steep ascent from Glossop (p. 149) at once. The road from Rowsley to Buxton keeps company with the Wye as far as that copest and most erratic of streams will permit—which is not saying much. On all sides except the south the inner part of the district is hemmed in by hills from 1,000 to 1,800 feet above the sea.

The following are the chief roads of access :—

	Ft.	Page.
<b>Manchester</b> to <b>Buxton</b> (1000 ft.), summit-level,	1268	84
<b>Macclesfield</b> "	1690	83
<b>Leek</b>	1684	80
<b>Glossop</b> " <b>Ashopton</b> (600 ft.)	1680	148
<b>Sheffield</b> "	1182	135
" <b>Hathersage</b> (500 ft.)	1254	129
" <b>Baslow</b> (400) by Froggatt Edge	1155	127
" direct, summit-level,	1031	126
<b>Chesterfield</b> "	940	
" <b>Rowsley</b> (300 ft.)	1108	122
" <b>Darley Dale</b> (280 ft.)	1049	
" <b>Matlock</b> (250 ft.)	920	

The general quality of the Derbyshire main roads is very good, except that in very dry weather or after any considerable rainfall those that are metalled with limestone are apt to be very dusty or very sticky—powder or mortar. This is particularly the case on the high ground between Buxton, Ashbourne, Bakewell, Baslow, and Hope, which is a limestone country throughout.

We append a few notes on the approaches for motorists and cyclists from London, Birmingham, etc. Our Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire friends are too familiar with the runs to need any information beyond that given in the body of the book and on the little map opposite.

## From LONDON.

**Main Route:**—To **Barnet** (*Old Salisbury*), 12 m.; **St. Albans** (*George Dear's Temp.*), 21½; Dunstable (*Old Sugarloaf*), 34; **Hockcliff** (*White Horse, White Hart*), 38; Woburn (*Bedford Arms*), 42½; Newport Pagnell (no cyclist house), 51; **Northampton** (*Angel, Peacock & Midland, Dodd's Temp.*), 66; Brixworth, 72½; Market Harborough (*Hind, Cherry Tree, Victoria Temp.*), 83½; Kibworth (*Couch & Horses*), 89; **Leicester** (*Bell, George, White Hart, etc.*), 98; Quorn&don, 106½; Loughborough (*Station*), 109; Kegworth (*Flying Horse*), 115; **Derby** (*Bell, County, Berkeley Temp.*).

**Variations:**—(a) **London** (Marble Arch), by Edgware Road to Edgware (*Railway*), 8½ m.; Elstree, 11½; and **St. Albans** (*above*), 19½. This is a pleasanter way out of London, though somewhat more hilly than the main one from the Mansion House.

(b) **Hockcliff** (*above*) by Fenny Stratford (*Siran*), 7½ m., Stony Stratford, 15, and Roade, 23½, to **Northampton**, 29. One mile further than the main route, and hardly so interesting. Branches from Holyhead road just beyond Stony Stratford.

(c) **Northampton** by Husbands Bosworth (*Bell*), 17½ m., and Wigston, 27½, to **Leicester** (*above*), 31½. Nothing more than small villages on the way. More picturesque than main route, but not so good in latter part.

(d) **Leicester** by Markfield (8 m.; inn) and Ashby-de-la-Zouch (18; *Royal, Queen's Head*) to **Burton-on-Trent** (26½; *Queen's*); Tutbury (31; *Dog and Partridge*); Sudbury, 35; Uttoxeter (40; *White Hart*); Rocester (45; inns), and **Ashbourne** (52; *White Lion*). Another pleasant variation from Leicester is by one of the routes through Charnwood Forest.

Those who start from London (Mansion House) by the old north route will probably do well to take train to Finchley (7 m.) or High Barnet (9), both on the G.N. line. This route joins the Edgware route (*Variation a*) at St. Albans. As far as surface and hills go, there is little to be said about any of the routes till Derby is reached.

There is not very much of special interest on any of these routes after St. Albans is passed, the roads being good and fairly level throughout, and the scenery of the ordinary midland counties type.

**St. Albans** is within comfortable reach of London by rail (19½ m. from St. Pancras; 24 from Euston. 3rd cl., 1s. 7½d.; cycle, 9d.). Its importance dates from the Roman period, when, under the name of Verulamium, it was the most important town in South Britain. It was on the great road northward through the midland counties—Watling Street—and derives its name from St. Alban, a Roman soldier, the first Christian martyr in Britain, executed here A.D. 304. Only a fragmentary wall and a fosse remain to indicate the site of the old town, which lies a mile off to the west. In the reign of Claudius, Boadicea surprised it and put a large number of its inhabitants to the sword. Milton calls it *Jugera Cassibelauni* (the “Acres of Cassivelaunus”).

To the tourist nowadays its one object of interest is its glorious **Abbey**, which was made a cathedral in 1877. It is one of the largest and finest buildings of its period—the longest (540 ft.) of our cathedrals except Winchester, which beats it by 20 feet. The shape is cruciform, and it has a fine Norman tower nearly 150 feet high. The various parts date from the 11th century (nave and tower) to the 14th, when the Lady Chapel was added. The choir belongs to the 13th. “The church, with its enormous nave, severely Norman, pinnacled transept, graceful choir, lofty square tower, and grand, ornate, rich interior, is an imposing object inferior to no minster in the kingdom.” Recently a new E.E. west façade and several large windows have been given by Lord Grimthorpe at a cost of more

than £100,000. The interior has been carefully restored. It boasts the longest Gothic nave in the world, with E.E. and Dec. details. The stained glass (N. aisle) is the work of the 15th century; the painted ceiling of the choir of the 14th, of the chancel of the 15th. Note also the mediaeval screen behind the altar, restored; the chapels and chantries; the tomb of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester; the shrine of St. Alban, the Lady Chapel, and the very fine brass of Abbot of De la Mare.

The only remains of the **Conventual Buildings** is the Perp. Gate, which stands W. of the church, and is now a school.

**St. Michael's Church**,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile W. of the Abbey on our road to Dunstable, and within the walls of Verulam, contains an alabaster monument, by Rysbrack, to Sir Francis Bacon; "Qui, postquam omnia naturalis sapientiae et civilis arcana evolisset (?evolet), Naturae decretum explevit."

The highest point on our whole route (554 ft.) is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles short of **Dunstable** (once Dunstable), "a British settlement prior to the Roman invasion, and situated at the intersection of Watling Street and the Icknield Way. It was overrun by the Danes, and rebuilt by Henry I., who erected for himself a mansion and founded the Priory Church, a fine Norman building, recently restored. In it the divorce between Henry VIII. and Catherine of Arragon was pronounced in 1533 by Cranmer. Among other illustrious visitors were King John, Louis the Dauphin with the rebel barons in 1217, Henry III., Edward III., Henry IV., Elizabeth, and Charles I., who put up at the *Red Lion* on his way to the fateful field of Naseby. The town is mainly occupied in straw-plaiting.

At **Hockcliff** (326 ft.), where the *White Horse* dates from 1566 and has many details of great interest, it is best, as before stated, to leave the main Holyhead road and proceed by Woburn Park to *Newport Pagnell*. *Woburn Abbey* (Duke of Bedford) lies a mile to the right of the road. It has a fine collection of pictures (shown on Fridays, 10 to 4, by order obtained at the Park Farm Office).

Beyond Woburn, there is little of interest to call for a halt till one reaches the busy and at the same time ancient town of Northampton,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles short of which is one of the three remaining *Eleanor's Crosses*, erected here and at every other resting-place of his wife's body on its way to interment at Westminster by Edward I. **Northampton** has a population of some 90,000, chiefly occupied in the boot-and-shoe trade. Here Margaret of Anjou was defeated in battle and Henry VI. taken prisoner in 1460. The chief things worth seeing are *St. Peter's Church*, a solid Norman structure of the middle of the 12th century, restored by Sir Gilbert Scott; the *Church of St. Sepulchre*, to which is assigned a still earlier date—one of the few round churches of England, also restored by Scott; and the *Church of All Saints*, wherein is a statue, by Chantrey, of Spencer Perceval, assassinated in the House of Commons in 1812. Also, in the porch, a tablet with the words:—

Here under lyeth John Bailes Born in this Town he was above 126 years old & had his hearing sight & memory to y<sup>o</sup> last. He lived in 3 centurys & was buried y<sup>e</sup> 14th of April 1706.

•Peak.—Pink Inset.

A little S.E. of the Market Square—one of the largest in England—is a fine modern Gothic Town Hall.

At **Market Harborough** the house in which Charles I. made his headquarters before the battle of Naseby (1645) is still pointed out. Naseby is 7 miles away S. by W. Fine churchyard and view.

**Leicester**, the next calling-place of interest, boasts of a population of 227,000. It is a seat of the hosiery and shoe manufacture, and is a well-built town overflowing with business. A fine modern *Memorial Cross*, with effigies of Simon de Montfort and other benefactors of Leicester, graces its centre; and the old *Jewry Wall*, a relic of the Romans, and so called from the Jews having at one time been confined to within its limits, is worth a visit. Hard by is the interesting St. Nicholas Church.

Leicester was the resting-place of Richard III. the night before Bosworth, and to Leicester his body was brought back. A building near Bow Bridge, over the river Soar, bears the inscription, "Near this spot lie the remains of Richard III., the last of the Plantagenets, 1485." Near at hand is a Roman pavement.

A mile N. of the centre of the town, on our way onwards, are the remains of Leicester Abbey, where Cardinal Wolsey breathed his last in 1530.

At **Loughborough** the "Great Paul" of St. Paul's Cathedral was cast in 1882.

At **Quorndon (White Horse)** we pass the kennels of the Quorn Hounds—the premier pack of England.

There is nothing very remarkable on the rest of the way to **Derby**.

Between **Leicester** and **Burton** (variation *d*) is **Ashby-de-la-Zouch**, where the Castle, now a ruin, plays an important part in "Ivanhoe," and put up Mary of Scotland for a night.

On the near side of **Burton** we cross the Trent; on the far side the Midland Railway, close to the station. For *Tutbury*, see pp. 55-6; *Sudbury*, *Uttoxeter*, and *Roseister*, pp. 56-57; **Ashbourne**, p. 59; good going all the way.

### From BIRMINGHAM to ASHBOURNE or DERBY.

**Aston Station** (L. & N.W.),  $2\frac{1}{2}$  m.; Gravelly Hill, 4; Sutton Coldfield,  $7\frac{1}{2}$ ; Four Oaks Station (Mid.),  $8\frac{1}{2}$ ; **Lichfield** (*George, King's Head, Old Crown*),  $16\frac{1}{2}$ ; Alrewas ("Paul Pry"), 21; **Burton-on-Trent** (*Queen's, Station*),  $28\frac{1}{2}$ ; **Derby** (Market Place), see p. 1.

— **Burton** to **Ashbourne**, 26 m.; *see above*, and pp. 54-8.

There is no pleasant cycling road in this direction out of Birmingham, and it is best to take train to Gravelly Hill, Sutton, or Four Oaks. All the way beyond Aston to the last named place is a residential suburb of Birmingham. **Sutton Park** is famous for its hollies and picnics, and at Four Oaks is the old Birmingham racecourse. **Sutton** stands on a hill to which the ascent is somewhat steep. Thence it is good running to **Lichfield** (principal hotel, the *George*—scene of Farquhar's "Beau's Stratagem"), which as every one knows, possesses one of the most beautiful though not one of the largest cathedrals in the kingdom. It dates mainly from the 13th and 14th centuries, the oldest part being the lower part of the west half of the choir, the latest the *West Front*, restored and with nearly a hundred niches filled with modern figures. The three spires form an exquisite combination. The interior is worthy of

the exterior, and is mostly in the Decorated style, though it merges into or rather emerges from Early English in parts of the choir, which is considerably out of a direct line with the nave. Note the *reredos* and *stalls* by Sir Gilbert Scott, and the floor representing the history of the diocese in Minton tiles; the *Lady Chapel*, with its polygonal apse, and windows brought in the 16th century from a convent near Liège, and the octagonal *Chapter House*, which has a ribbed roof supported by a central column, after the manner of Worcester (the patriarch in this method), Salisbury, Wells, and Elgin.

Amongst the **Monuments** are those of Johnson, Garrick, Lady Mary Montague, and, last but not least, the Sleeping Children, by Chantrey. This can only be compared with the one by the same sculptor in Ashbourne Church, described on page 60 of this book.

**Dr. Johnson** is the hero of Lichfield. He was born in a house at the corner of the Market Place—three wooden pillars in front—where a colossal statue of him was erected in 1838.

Except for its cathedral, Lichfield is an ordinary red-brick midland town, and thence on to Burton the scenery is of the ordinary midland type. Near Alrewas the Trent is joined by the Tame and crossed by a very graceful bridge of three arches. The road is about level throughout.

There is nothing to be said about **Burton** except its beer, and the old bridge—or what remains of it—across the Trent, dating from about the time of the Conquest, 1,545 feet long, and having 36 arches. Issuing from its mile-long main street, we pass through a labyrinth of railway sidings, and have nothing more specially to please, except a level road and a view of the taper spire of Repton Church (part Saxon), till we enter Derby. The *Midland Hotel* (at the Midland Station) is 300 yards off the main thoroughfare, the *Royal and St. James'* are on it, near the Market Place.

From **Derby** to **Matlock Bath** the distance is 16 miles and the going good without anything serious in the way of hills, the valley of the Derwent being scrupulously followed throughout. The road goes N. from the Market Place by Irongate, and in 2 miles passes Allestree (*inn*) village and (3 m.) Hall ( $\frac{1}{2}$  m. from road), and (4½) Duffield. The interesting Church here is to the right of the main road, across the railway. It contains effigies of Sir Roger and Lady Mynors (1536) and a curiously inscribed monument to Anthony Bradshaw, great-uncle of the regicide.

From **Duffield** (200 feet above the sea) an undulating road follows the course of a tributary stream (the *Ecclesbourne*), and a branch railway to **Shottle** (4 m.) and **Wirksworth** (9 m., *Red Lion, Haworth's Temp.*; 500 ft.; see p. 17). Thence there is an ascent of 200 feet in a mile followed by a descent of 400 in a like distance to the *Greyhound* at Cromford (15½ m. from Derby), only to be ridden with great care. Thence nearly level to Matlock Bath (16 m.; chief hotels; station, 16½).

The main road proceeds to **Belper** (8 m.; *Century Temp.*), where the chief object of interest is the chapel of St. John the Baptist, of which Mr. Cox tells us that it was “founded in the 13th century as a chantry for the keepers of Duffield Forest.” It has been very carefully restored, and has the original bracket altar of stone *in situ*

against the east wall. The large cotton-mills of Messrs. Strutt are at Belper.

From here to Matlock Bath the road calls for no description beyond that given on p. 3. At Ambergate ( $10\frac{1}{2}$  m.) it passes between the *Hurt Arms* and the station, and at Whatstandwell ( $12\frac{1}{2}$ ) we cross to the west side of the river, and shortly after follow the curve of the stream under Lea Hurst (p. 15) and pass the terminus of the old High Peak mineral line.

### ROUTES THROUGH THE DISTRICT.

The following are the principal routes *through* the Peak District, arranged alphabetically :—

(1.) **Ashbourne to Tissington, 4 m.; Newhaven Inn, 10; Duke of York Inn,  $15\frac{1}{2}$ ; Buxton, 20, p. 86.**

— **Newhaven Inn to Bakewell Station,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  m., p. 74.**

— " " **Youlgrave,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  m.; Rowsley Station, 8, p. 74.**

— " " **Winstan,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  m.; Matlock Bath,  $11\frac{1}{2}$ .**

(2.) **Ashbourne to Grange Mill, 10 m.; Cromford Village, 14; Matlock Bath, 15, p. 75.**

*Remarks.*—Cyclists passing through Ashbourne may with advantage take to their wheels either at Derby or Uttoxeter. The road between Derby and Ashbourne (13 m.) is hilly. That from Uttoxeter is flat as far as Rocester (4 m.), and afterwards rather hilly, but the landscapes between Rocester and Ashbourne (8 m.) are very charming. The road passes through Ellastone and Mayfield (see p. 57), places associated with the names of George Eliot (as the scene of “Adam Bede”) and Tom Moore respectively.

All the Peak-ward roads from Ashbourne involve long though not very steep ascents, to heights of from 800 to 1,200 feet. That to Buxton almost gains its summit-level two miles short of Newhaven Inn, whence it is a good and easy run to Buxton, unless the weather is very wet or very dry; in the former case all limestone roads are sticky, in the latter powdery. The branches to Bakewell, Rowsley, and Matlock descend rapidly during the last few miles of their courses. That *via* Middleton and Alport to Rowsley is the most pleasing.

The direct road from Ashbourne to Matlock reaches its summit at the crossing of the High Peak railway,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles short of the inn at Grange Mill, whence it is a fine run down the Via Gellia to Cromford.

(3.) **Buxton to Dovedale and Ashbourne, see above and p. 108.**

(4.) **Buxton to Castleton,  $11\frac{1}{2}$  m., p. 106.** A dull but fair road, with a sharp ascent to the outskirts of the town. Hilly throughout, and requiring great care in descending from a little beyond the top of the Winnats to Castleton (p. 107). Buxton, 1,000 ft.; summit (9 m.), 1,351; Castleton, 600.

(5.) **Buxton to Tideswell**,  $9\frac{1}{2}$  m.; **Eyam**,  $14\frac{1}{2}$ ; **Stoney Middleton**, 16; **Baslow (for Chatsworth)**, 19; **Edensor Hotel (for Chatsworth)**,  $20\frac{1}{2}$ ; **Rowsley Station**, 24, p. 113, etc. Two long hills between Buxton and Tideswell, rough in parts. From Tideswell, direct route to Stoney Middleton (5 m.) better than the Eyam diversion. Fairly level from Stoney Middleton to Rowsley. Haddon and Chatsworth, *via* Bakewell and Edensor, make a total round of 37 m.

(6.) **Buxton to Bakewell**, 12 m.; **Rowsley**,  $15\frac{1}{2}$ ; **Matlock Bath**, 21, p. 102. One long hill between Buxton and Taddington, 6 m., followed by a long and steep descent requiring care. Level beyond Bakewell.

(7-8.) **Buxton to Leek**, see p. 80, or **Macclesfield**, 83. See reverse routes below.

(9.) **Buxton to Whaley Bridge Station**,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  m., p. 85. A sharp rise for the first  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles; then a very fine gradual descent. Road admirably engineered; Goyt valley very pretty.

\*\* Buxton being 1,000 feet above sea-level is a harder place to get to than to get away from on a cycle.

(10-13.) **Castleton to Buxton**, p. 170; to **Chapel-en-le-Frith**, p. 170; **Matlock**, p. 171; **Sheffield**, p. 129; see reverse routes.

(14.) **Chapel-en-le-Frith to Castleton**, 8 m. (*L. & N.W. Station*);  $7\frac{1}{2}$  (*Mid. Station*) p. 143. Up hill for 3 m.; fine descent for last  $2\frac{1}{2}$ , requiring great caution.

(15.) **Derby (Market Pl.) to Belper**,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  m.; **Ambergate**, 10; **Cromford**,  $15\frac{1}{2}$ ; **Matlock Bath**,  $16\frac{1}{2}$ ; **Rowsley**, 23; **Edensor**,  $26\frac{1}{2}$ ; **Baslow**, 28; **Calver**,  $29\frac{1}{2}$ ; **Hathersage**, 35; **Castleton**, 41.

— **Rowsley to Bakewell**,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  m.; **Ashford**, 5; **Taddington**, 9; **Buxton**,  $15\frac{1}{2}$  (p. 46).

— **Baslow to Sheffield**, 13 m. (pp. 124 and 126).

— **Calver to Stoney Middleton**, 1 m.; **Eyam**,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  (p. 53).

— **Hathersage to Ashopton**, 5 m.; **Snake Inn**,  $11\frac{1}{2}$  (pp. 133, 137); **Glossop**,  $18\frac{1}{2}$  (p. 135).

This main road is the only fairly level one through the Peak District. Except for one or two steepish rises and falls between Baslow and Hathersage, it follows the river-level nearly all the way to Castleton and Ashopton. Of the branches the one to Buxton is level as far as Bakewell, and hilly beyond, Taddington being one of the highest villages in England; that to Eyam involves a sharp rise between Stoney Middleton and Eyam, but the main road may be regained in  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, near Grindleford Bridge, 3 miles short of Hathersage, by a capital road, affording a fine view.

Peak.—Pink Inset.

The Baslow and Sheffield road rises by a long hill of nearly three miles to the top of the moor, after which it is good running all the way.

Between the *Snake*, 1,070 feet, and Glossop the road rises to a height of 1,680 feet.

(16.) **Glossop to Ashopton, Sheffield, etc.,** see p. 149. A rough ride, requiring great care.

(17.) **Leek to Buxton**, 12 m., p. 80.

(18.) **Macclesfield to the "Cat and Fiddle," Buxton**, 7 m.; 12, p. 83.

The character of these roads is given on pp. 79 and 83. In both the ascent is long and severe, and the descent begins from 3 to 4 miles short of Buxton. Fine runs down.

(19.) **Matlock to Ashbourne**, see reverse route and p. 40.

**Matlock to Buxton** (p. 46), **Castleton**, etc. (p. 51).

(20.) **Matlock to Chesterfield**, see remarks on pp. 19 and 21.

(21.) **Sheffield to Ashopton**, 11½ m. ; etc. (p. 135).

(22.)       ,,              **Baslow direct**, 12½ m. (p. 126).

(23.)       ,,              ,,              **by Froggatt Edge**, 16½ m.  
(p. 127).

(24.)       ,,              **Castleton**, 17 m. (p. 129).

The routes from Sheffield are described and compared on p. 124. They all involve a long ascent to the summit-level of the moorland intervening between the town and the Derwent valley. For Baslow the ascent commences a little short of Totley, 5 miles on the way, and continues for 2 miles; for Castleton it is almost continuous for 5 miles, commencing 2 miles from Sheffield and ending at Stoney Ridge (old toll-gate), half a mile short of *Fox House Inn*. The Ashopton road is a trying one because it involves two long hills with a dip into the deep Rivelin valley between them.

(25.) **Whaley Bridge to Chesterfield** by Peak Forest, 27 m. This route, though shorter by 5 miles, is not to be compared for scenery or comfort with that by Buxton and Bakewell (see pp. 85, 102, and 21). It is to a great extent up and down across a dull limestone upland. It passes *Chapel-en-le-Frith*, 3½ m.; p. 86; *Peak Forest* (7; Inn: 2½ m. from station); *Lane Head Pub. Ho.*, 10½; ½ m. from Tideswell; *Stoney Middleton*, (15½; p. 53) and *Baslow* (19; p. 52). Very hilly about Peak Forest, reaching over 1,200 feet; three-mile rise of 600 feet, to nearly 1,000, starting at Baslow.

# List of Tourist and Other Special Fares.

—:o:—

## Tourist Fares.

To	Ashbourne.		Buxton.		Hope.		Matlock.	
	1st.	3rd.	1st.	3rd.	1st.	3rd.	1st.	3rd.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Birmingham .....	14	9	8	6	20	10	11	9
Bristol.....	..	..	45	10	26	3	46	4
Cambridge.....	33	2	18	0	37	2	21	0
Derby.....	..	..	9	10	6	2	10	4
Leeds.....	21	6	14	1	16	6	8	6
Leicester.....	13	10	8	4	17	4	10	6
Lincoln.....	18	0	10	6	21	8	12	9
Liverpool.....	21	5	11	9	15	2	8	10
Manchester.....	13	6	7	7	6	3	11	..
Newcastle.....	..	..	43	4	24	3	..	43
Nottingham.....	..	..	13	0	7	6	11	8
Oxford.....	31	3	17	0	37	4	20	0
York.....	..	..	20	10	11	9	16	8
Edinburgh.....	75	4	40	0	69	3	38	3
Glasgow.....	78	0	40	0	69	3	36	9
Sheffield.....	15	1	8	9	8	4	5	2
London.....	39	10	23	3	43	4	25	3

## Week-End Fares.

To	Ashbourne.		Buxton.		Matlock.	
	1st.	3rd.	1st.	3rd.	1st.	3rd.
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Birmingham.....	11	0	5	9	14	0
Bristol.....	..	..	27	6	16	6
Cambridge.....	..	..	23	0	13	3
Derby.....	..	2	9	7	0	4
Leeds.....	16	6	8	3	12	6
Leicester.....	10	0	5	9	11	9
Lincoln.....	16	6	8	3	14	6
Liverpool.....	15	6	7	9	10	9
Manchester.....	10	6	5	3	5	0
Newcastle.....	..	..	24	0	14	6
Nottingham.....	8	0	4	0	8	9
Oxford.....	..	..	..	..	5	6
Sheffield.....	..	..	5	9	3	6
York.....	..	..	17	0	8	6
Edinburgh.....	..	..	..	..	..	..
Glasgow.....	..	..	..	..	..	..
London.....	..	..	26	6	16	6

N.B.—To many other places week-end tickets are issued at a single fare and a quarter, with a minimum of 4s. first class and 2s. 6d. third class.

Peak.—Blue Inset.

**Long-Date Excursions of 10 Days.**

To	Matlock.	
	First Class.	Third Class.
	s. d.	s. d.
Birmingham .....	13 9	8 0
Cambridge .....	27 0	14 6
Leeds .....	14 9	8 0
Leicester,.....	11 0	6 6
Lincoln.....	14 3	8 0
Liverpool .....	17 3	9 9
Manchester.....	9 9	5 6
Nottingham .....	6 9	4 3
Sheffield.....	7 9	4 9
London .....	33 0	18 9

**Walking and Cycling Tours.**

Forward Journey.		Return Journey.		Road Distance. Miles.	Fares.
From	To	From	To	1st.	3rd.
Manchester (Central)	Edale	Bakewell	Manchester (Central)	s. d. s. d.	
"	"	Matlock	"	25	6 4 3 0
"	Hope	Miller's Dale	"	9	5 3 3 2
"	"	Matlock	"	25	6 9 4 1
"	Hathersage	Bakewell	"	9	6 2 3 9
"	"	Matlock	"	18	7 0 4 3
"	Grindleford	Bakewell	"	7	6 4 3 10
"	Dore and Totley	Rowsley	"	14	7 0 4 4
"	Chapel-en-le-Frith	Hazel Grove	"	12	2 11 1 7
"	Buxton	Hope	"	12	5 3 3 2
"	"	Chapel-en-le-Frith	"	6	4 7 2 6
"	Bakewell	Hope	"	12	5 11 3 6
"	"	Chapel-en-le-Frith	"	14	5 0 3 0
"	Bamford	Hayfield	"	15	4 5 2 8
"	Edale	Glossop	London Road	10	3 5 2 2
"	Hope	"	"	12	4 1 2 5
"	Edale	Hayfield	"	8	3 9 2 2
"	Hope	"	"	12	4 3 2 6
"	Chinley	"	"	4	3 2 2 0
"	Hope	Woodhead	"	16	4 6 2 9
"	Miller's Dale	Macclesfield (Central or L.N.W.)	"	19	4 8 2 7
"	Bamford	Hazlehead or Penistone	"	15	5 8 3 4
"	Buxton	Macclesfield (Central or L.N.W.)	"	12	4 9 2 6

## LIST OF TOURS AND OTHER SPECIAL FARES. iii

Forward Journey.		Return Journey.		Road Distance. Miles.	Fares.
From	To	From	To	s. d.	1st. & 3rd.
Manchester (Central)	New Mills	Edale	Manchester (Central)	11	3 5 2 1
"	Chapel-en-le-Frith	New Mills	"	5	3 2 1 9
"	Chinley	Bamford	"	12	4 6 2 8
"	"	Miller's Dale	"	10	4 2 2 6
"	Chapel-en-le-Frith	Alderley Edge	London Road	14	3 9 1 11
"	Bakewell	Macclesfield	"	24	5 3 3 0
		(Central or L. N. W.)			
"	Buxton	Whaley Bridge	"	7	4 5 2 4
"	Bakewell	"	"	19	4 11 2 11
"	"	Buxton	"	12½	5 10 3 4
Sheffield	Bamford	Glossop	Sheffield	17	4 2 2 7
"	Hathersage or Bamford	Hazlehead	"	16	2 11 1 9
"	"	Penistone	"	19	2 7 1 7
"	Chesterfield	Matlock Bath	"	12	4 6 2 10
"	"	via Agate			
"	"	Nottingham	"	28	6 0 3 4
"	Ambergate	Buxton	"	28	5 5 3 4
"	"	Bakewell	"	28	6 2 3 11
Buxton	Matlock	Edale	Buxton	25	3 2 1 11
"	Hope	Bakewell	"	12	2 8 1 7
"	Hathersage or Grindleford	Matlock	"	17½	4 1 2 6
"	Hayfield	Edale	"	8	2 6 1 4
"	Chesterfield	Bakewell	"	12	4 5 2 8
"	via Hope				
"	Bakewell	Hurdlow	"	6½	2 1 1 1
"	"	Hartington	"	10	2 7 1 4
"	Darley Dale	"	"	10	3 2 1 8
"	Matlock	"	"	12	3 4 1 11
"	Matlock Bath	"	"	12	3 4 1 11
"	Hayfield	Hope	"	12	2 10 1 7
Nottingham	Ambergate	Hathersage	Nottingham	25	6 2 3 9
"	Ashbourne	Buxton	"	20	8 3 4 9
"	Burton	Loughborough	"	20	3 9 2 3
"	Hathersage	Rowsley	"	13	7 5 4 4
"	Bamford	Penistone	"	15	9 7 5 7
"	Mansfield (direct)	Matlock Bath	"	16	4 3 2 6
"	Melton Mowbray	Leicester	"	15	3 11 2 6
"	Matlock Bath	Buxton	"	20	7 2 4 5
"	Sheffield	Hope	"	15	8 6 4 10

**Walking and Cycling Tours—Continued.**

Forward Journey.		Return Journey.		Road Distance. Miles.	Fares. 1st. 3rd.
From	To	From	To	s. d. s. d.	
Nottingham	Sheffield	Roslyle	Nottingham	19	7 3 4 2
"	Evesham	Rugby	"	32	12 10 7 9
"	Ashby <i>via</i> Burton or C. Donington	Leicester	"	17	4 9 3 0
"	"	Tamworth	"	13	6 0 3 9
"	Stamford	Bourne	"	10	7 10 4 10
"	Penistone (G.C.)	Hathersage (Mid.)	"	19	9 7 5 7

**Walking and Cycling Tours by the Great Central.**

Forward Journey.		Return Journey.		Road Distance. Miles.	Fares. 1st. 3rd.
From	To	From	To	s. d. s. d.	
Manchester (London Road)	Glossop	Hayfield	Manchester (London Road)	4½	2 10 1 8
"	"	Edale	"	14	3 5 2 2
"	Hayfield	"	"	6	3 9 2 2
"	Hazlehead or Penistone	Bamford	"	15-20 5	8 3 4
"	Woodhead	Hope	"	20-23 4	6 2 9
Sheffield (Victoria)	Hazlehead	Bamford	Sheffield (Victoria)	15-20 2	11 1 9
"	Glossop	"	"	13½ 4	2 2 7
"	Penistone	"	"	15-20 2	7 1 7

And many others. Usual charges for bicycles.

**Circular Tours.**

During the summer months (May to September) the Midland Railway issues to persons holding ordinary return, tourist, ten days or long date excursion tickets to the district a "holiday contract ticket" (1st class, 15s. 9d.; 3rd class, 10s. 6d.), allowing them for a fortnight to travel as often as they please between any stations on the lines from Ambergate to Sheffield, and Ambergate to Buxton or Chinley, and on the Dore and Chinley line. Circular tours at cheap rates are also allowed, with the same privileges as to break of journey, from stations either within or outside the district, over this convenient triangle of railway.

**Note.** — Every care has been taken to ensure accuracy in the following details, but as the times of coaches, motor buses, etc., are frequently varied, the Publishers cannot guarantee the absolute correctness of the information. They would therefore urge visitors to verify it from local time-tables.

This Yellow Inset will be revised yearly, and the revised edition can be obtained from the Publishers on forwarding six penny stamps.

## Public Coaches.

—:o:—

**Ashbourne** to and from **Derby**. Motor bus, 6 times daily (except Mon. and Wed., 3 times). Single fare, 1s. 6d.

**Ashover** to **Stretton**. Omnibus in connection with most trains.

**Bakewell Station** to **Baslow Village** and **Hydro**. 11.30 a.m., and 6.20 p.m.; other times to order. Fare, 1s.; return, 1s. 6d.

**Bakewell** to **Chatsworth** and **Haddon**. Fare, 3s.—4s. each.

**Baslow Hydro** and **Village** to **Bakewell** and **Grindleford Stations**. Fare to either place, 1s.; return, 1s. 6d. Omnibuses from *Edensor Hotel* and the *Baslow Hydro* meet several trains at Rowsley.

**Buxton** to **Bakewell**, **Haddon**, and **Rowsley**, daily in the season (Easter to October).

**Buxton** to **Castleton**. Leaving about 10 a.m. (fare, 5s.—6s.) on Tuesdays and Thursdays, by Miller's Dale and Tideswell. The length of this round is 27 miles. For description, as far as Tideswell, see p. 113; Tideswell to Castleton, p. 166.

**Buxton** to "Cat and Fiddle." Return fare, 1s. 6d. (if round Axe Edge, 2s.).

**Buxton** to **Haddon** and **Chatsworth**. Fare, 3s.—4s.

A four-horse stage coach from **Buxton**, each day, except Saturday, for **Chatsworth** and **Haddon Hall**. Fares, box seats, 7s.; deck seats, 6s.; back seats, 5s.

**Buxton** to **Longnor** and **Dovedale**. 9.40–10 a.m. (Sats. only). Return fares, 9s. box, 8s., 7s. The route on the outward journey is through Longnor to Alstonefield, which is reached about mid-day. Thence passengers descend on foot into the dale and walk through it to the *Izaak Walton or Peveril Hotel*. There is no carriage-road. Quitting the hotels, where the conveyance picks them up, about 4 p.m., they reach Buxton at 6.30.

**Buxton**.—Motor char-à-bancs depart 10 a.m. :—

	s.	d.
Haddon Hall and Chatsworth, Matlock and Via Gellia.....	7	6
Castleton, by Hathersage, Eyam, Foolow, and Tideswell.....	7	6
Leek, Rudyard Lake, and Macclesfield.....	7	6
Monsal Dale and Ashford.....	5	0
Tideswell and Peak Forest .....	3	6
Miller's Dale and Tideswell.....	3	0
Chapel-en-le-Frith and Whaley .....	3	0
Cat and Fiddle .....	2	0
Allgrave, Ludchurch, and Flash.....	4	0
Wheeldon Trees and Bull-i'-th'-Thorn.....	3	0
Dane Valley.....	3	6
Chelmorton and Taddington .....	3	0

The char-à-banc may be engaged for private parties.

Peak.—Yellow Inset.

**Cromford.** Omnibus to most trains.

**Derby.** See *Ashbourne*.

**Edensor to Rowsley.** See **Baslow**.

**Eyam to Grindleford.** Wagonettes in connection with most trains. Fare, 6d.

**Grindleford to Eyam**, 6d.; **Calver, Curbar, and Baslow**, 1s., 1s. 6d. return. See also *Baslow*.

**Grindleford Station.** Wagonette to trains between 10 and 11, visiting **Baslow, Haddon, and Chatsworth** (April–October).

**Grindleford to Stoney Middleton.**

**Hope to Castleton.** Omnibus in connection with trains. Fare, 4d.

**Hope to Hathersage, Fox House, Froggatt Edge, and Eyam**, back to **Hope** in evening, in connection with mid-day train from Buxton. Fare, 3s.

**Matlock to Hardwick Hall.** Public coach about 9.30 a.m., returning at 4 p.m. Fare, 3s. to 5s. each, according to number of passengers; somewhat uncertain.

**Matlock Bath to Chatsworth and Haddon.** Public coach daily, 9.30–10 a.m., visiting both places, and returning from Chatsworth 4 p.m. Fare 3s.–4s. each.

**Matlock Bath to Dovedale.** Public coach daily at 10.15 a.m. to the *Peveril* (Dovedale), returning 4 p.m. Return fare, 4s. to 5s. Private, to Dove-dale (three passengers), 20s.; each additional passenger, 5s.

**Matlock Bath to Via Gellia.** Public coach daily, 2.30 p.m. Fare, 1s. 6d.

**Matlock Bath to Wingfield Manor** and return. Char-à-bancs, Tuesday and Friday at 2.30 p.m. Fare, 3s.

**Miller's Dale to Tideswell**, and return. Public car, 3 or 4 times daily in connection with trains. Fare, 6d.

**Rowsley to Chatsworth and Edensor.** Omnibuses meet several trains at Rowsley.

**Sheffield to Bamford**, by **Fox House** and **Hathersage**, 1.30 p.m.; returning *via Ladybower and Mosear*. Return fare, 2s. 6d.

**Sheffield to Baslow**, by **Fox House** and **Froggatt Edge**, 15 m.; returning direct by **Owler Bar** (12½ m.) daily, at 1 p.m. Return fare, 2s. 6d. On Sundays at 2.30 p.m.; return fare, 3s.

**Sheffield to Hathersage, *via Ashopton***, returning *via Fox House*, 27 m., every afternoon at 1.45 p.m. Fare, 2s. 6d.

\* \* \* These coaches usually start from Fitzalan Square.

**Stretton.** See **ASHOVER**.

## Charges for Private Carriages.

(Return and inclusive.)

## BASLOW.

	s. d.		s. d.
Alport .....		Eyam and Stoke Hall.....	7 6
Lathkill Dale.....	13 0	Hassop, Ashford, and Bakewell..	8 0
Youlgreave .....		Hassop Station.....	3 6
Bakewell.....	4 0	Hathersage.....	11 0
Bakewell .....		Middleton Dale and Longstone..	11 0
Haddon Hall .....	9 0	Monsal Dale .....	9 0
Rowsley and Chatsworth.....		Owler Bar and Froggatt Edge ...	10 6
Castleton.....	20 0	Rowsley .....	6 0
Chesterfield .....	8 0	Stoney Middleton .....	5 0
Eastmoor and Wadshelf.....	6 0	Totley .....	8 0
Edensor .....	3 0		

Baslow Hydro omnibuses meet trains daily at Bakewell and Grindleford. Fare from either station 1s. each way.

Landau to or from the following stations, not exceeding three persons:—Grindleford, 5s.; Bakewell, 4s. 6d.; Rowsley, 6s.; Hassop, 3s. 6d. Motors are available at the usual charges.

## BUXTON.

Miles	One-		Two-		Miles	One-		Two-	
	horse	s. d.	horse	s. d.		horse	s. d.	horse	s. d.
Alton Towers (by Leek) .....	24	—	59 0		Haddon Hall and Chatsworth ...	16	29 6	41 0	
Ashbourne .....	21	34 0	50 0		Hartington .....	11	20 0	32 0	
Bakewell .....	12	22 0	32 0		Leek.....	13	22 0	34 6	
Baslow .....	15	26 6	39 0		Longnor .....	7	12 6	19 0	
Castleton.....	12	22 0	32 0		Ludchurch .....	9	18 0	24 6	
(by Hope and Hathersage, returning by Eyam, Tideswell, and Miller's Dale)	19	—	50 0		Macclesfield .....	12	22 0	32 0	
Cat and Fiddle (by Axe Edge) .....	6	10 6	16 0		Matlock Bath .....	22	—	54 6	
(Direct) .....	5	9 0	14 0		Monsal Dale and Ashford .....	12	22 0	32 0	
Chatsworth .....	15	26 6	39 0		Stoney Middleton .....	15	26 6	39 0	
Dovedale .....	20	34 0	50 0		Tideswell .....	9	16 0	23 6	
Eyam .....	14	25 0	36 6		Whaley and Chapel-en-le-Frith .....	8	14 0	21 0	
Haddon Hall .....	14	25 0	36 6		Youlgreave, Arborlow, Haddon, etc. ....	16	—	41 0	

These charges include driver's fee.

## Motor Routes from Buxton.

(Charge for private cars from 9d. to 1s. per mile, according to the season and the type of car.)

Castleton, Hope, Bradwell, Tideswell, Miller's Dale, to Buxton, 28 m.

Castleton, Hope, Hathersage, Baslow, Hassop Station, Ashford, to Buxton, 40 m.

Axe Edge, Crag Hall, Dane Valley, Macclesfield Forest, "Cat and Fiddle, 20 m.

Ashbourne for Dovedale, 20 m.

Leek and Rudyard Lake, and return via Macclesfield, 38 m.

Miller's Dale, Tideswell, Peak Forest, Sparrow Pit, Dove Holes, 10 m.

Chesterfield, Worksop, Clumber, Sherwood Forest, Thorley, Edwinstone, Welbeck (Dukeries), and return, about 75 m.

Parsley Hay, Newhaven, Via Gellia, Cromford, Matlock, Darley Dale, Rowsley, Bakewell, Ashford, approximately 40 m.

Matlock, Wingfield Manor, Hardwick Hall, Chesterfield, Baslow, approximately 75 m.

Peak.—Yellow Inset.

## PRIVATE CARRIAGES.

Chapel-en-le-Frith, Hayfield, Glossop, Snake Inn, Bamford, Hope, Castleton, approximately 48 m.  
 Macclesfield, Prestbury, Adlington Hall, Hazel Grove, and back by Disley and Whaley Bridge, 40 m.  
 Ashbourne by London Road, returning by Hartington and Longnor, 32 m.  
 Tideswell, Foolow, Eyam, Stoney Middleton, returning by Chatsworth, Rowsley, Bakewell, and Ashford, or Chatsworth, Youlgreave, London Road, or Buxton and Ashford, about 50 m.  
 Leek, Rudyard Lake, returning by Macclesfield, or Dane Valley and Macclesfield 38-40 m.

## MATLOCK.

	<i>One-horse</i>	<i>Two-horse</i>		<i>One-horse</i>	<i>Two-horse</i>
	<i>£ s. d.</i>	<i>£ s. d.</i>		<i>£ s. d.</i>	<i>£ s. d.</i>
Ashover .....	0 10 0	0 15 0	Haddon Hall .....	0 12 0	0 18 0
Bakewell .....	0 16 0	1 4 0	Haddon and } Chatsworth .....	1 0 0	1 11 0
Baslow .....	1 0 0	1 10 0	Hardwick Hall ....	1 5 0	1 7 6
Black Rocks, & ) Via Gellia (via } Middleton) ....	—	0 7 0	Lathkill Dale ....	1 0 0	1 10 0
Brassington.....	0 12 0	0 18 0	Riber and Lea....	0 7 6	—
Buxton .....	—	2 10 0	Ripley .....	0 15 0	—
Castleton.....	—	2 0 0	Rowtor Rocks } (Via Gellia & }	0 12 0	0 2 6
Chatsworth.....	0 17 0	1 5 6	Winster).....	—	—
Crich and Lea Hurst	0 9 0	—	Via Gellia and } Winster .....	0 12 0	0 18 0
Darley Church.....	0 6 0	—	Wingfield Manor..	0 14 0	1 1 0
Dovedale .....	1 6 0	1 12 0	—	—	—

Carriages for short journeys, kept beyond the time allowed, are charged 3s. for one-horse, and 5s. for two-horse, per hour. Wagonettes carrying more than five persons are contracted for.

A favourite drive is by the Via Gellia to Winster, 7 m.; thence by Alport to Haddon Hall, 12; returning by Rowsley and Darley Dale—in all a 20-mile excursion: one-horse, 18s.; two-horse, 27s.

## Motor Drives from Matlock.

Landan-  
lette.

	<i>s. d.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>
Rowsley, Chatsworth, Bakewell, Haddon Hall, and Via Gellia .....	30 0	32 6
Wingfield Manor and Ambergate.....	30 0	32 6
Chatsworth, Baslow, over the Moors to Fox House, Surprise View, Hathersage, Bakewell, and Haddon .....	42 0	45 0
Chatsworth, Baslow, Grindleford, Hathersage, Castleton, return <i>vid</i> Bakewell and Haddon .....	42 0	45 0
Ashbourne, by Via Gellia and Dovedale .....	38 0	42 0
Golf Links, set down, 2s. for 1 or 2 passengers; extra passenger, 6d. each.		

The above rates are charged on a mileage basis, and every hour's waiting time will be charged 4s., and every half-hour, 2s.

The charges for the following routes are inclusive:—

Bakewell, Monsal Dale, Eyam, Grindleford, Fox House, Baslow, and Chatsworth .....	42 0	45 0
Via Gellia, Newhaven, Buxton, return Taddington Dale, Ashford in the Water, and Bakewell .....	42 0	45 0
Via Gellia, Ashbourne, return <i>vid</i> Derby and Belper.....	42 0	45 0
Via Gellia, Buxton, "Cat and Fiddle," .....	50 0	60 0
Castleton, return <i>vid</i> Buxton.....	50 0	60 0
Buxton, "Cat and Fiddle," Rudyard Lake, Leek, Ashbourne, and Via Gellia .....	84 0	105 0
Dukeries route by Mansfield, Welbeck Abbey, Sherwood Forest, and Edwinstowe .....	84 0	105 0
Peak.—Yellow Inset.		

## SHEFFIELD.

	One-horse s. d.	Two-horse s. d.		One-horse s. d.	Two-horse s. d.
Ashford in the Water ....	—	35 0	Haddon Hall and Chats-		
Ashopton.....	18 0	22 0	worth <i>via</i> Bakewell,		
Bakewell.....	24 0	30 0	returning <i>via</i> Rowsley	—	38 0
Baslow .....	18 0	24 0	Hardwick Hall .....	—	40 0
Castleton .....	24 0	30 0	Hathersage .....	16 6	22 0
Chatsworth House .....	21 0	28 0	Monsal Dale .....	—	35 0
Derwent Hall.....	18 0	25 0	Roche Abbey .....	18 0	25 0
Edensor .....	21 0	28 0	Stoney Middleton .....	18 0	24 0
Eyam.....	18 0	24 0	Stoney Middleton <i>via</i>		
Fox House.....	12 0	18 0	Baslow .....	21 0	27 0
Froggatt Edge.....	16 6	22 0	Stainborough Hall .....	18 0	24 0
Grindleford .....	16 6	22 0	Wentworth .....	15 0	20 0
Haddon Hall <i>via</i> Froggatt Edge.....	—	35 0	Wortley for Wharncliffe		
Haddon Hall and Chats- worth <i>via</i> Owler Bar... ..	—	36 0	Crags .....	12 0	21 0
			Youlgrave for Lathkill		
			Dale .....	—	40 0

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## THE PEAK DISTRICT OF DERBYSHIRE AND THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.

BY

M<sup>r</sup>. J. B. BADDELEY, B.A.,

AUTHOR OF

THE "THOROUGH GUIDES" TO THE PICTURESQUE DISTRICTS OF  
ENGLAND, WALES, SCOTLAND, AND IRELAND.

WITH MAPS, GENERAL AND SECTIONAL

(Adapted from the *Ordnance Survey*)

By BARTHOLOMEW.

TENTH EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED,

By ERNEST A. BAKER, M.A., D.Lit.

"By Dove's fair waters let me stray :  
Where Derwent cleaves its rocky way ;  
Where Haddon's glades half-hidden lie  
Beside the bright, meandering Wye."

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS  
*London, Edinburgh, Dublin, and New York.*

1913.

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N.B.—All the country public-houses on these maps are marked as "Inns," but the tourist should consult the body of the book before jumping at the conclusion that anything more than roadside refreshment can be obtained at them.

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## Introduction.

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**Definition of the Peak District.** “Can you tell me which is the Peak?” asked a gentleman whom we once found surveying with an unsatisfied expression of countenance the prospect from the Ordnance cairn on Axe Edge. “With pleasure. . . .” we began. A man who was writing a guide book to the Peak District could surely have no difficulty in pointing out which was the Peak, especially from a viewpoint commanding the greater part of it. A difficulty there is, however, and it is twofold—natural and artificial. Natural, because except the summit of Win Hill and the two or three abrupt little limestone crags rising from the upper valley of the Dove, there is nothing whatever in the whole panorama from Axe Edge to correspond with the Johnsonian definition of a peak as a “sharply-pointed hill.” We are told that the early settlers in the district were called the “Pecsaetas,” and that their country was called “Péaclond;” but this does not carry us far. We want to know who gave the name of “Peac” originally to the region; were they Saxons, or Celts, or an earlier race; and what did the name mean? History and etymology are silent. Strange to say, there is scarcely a hill-country in Britain which has fewer peaks than the Peak itself. A more appropriate name would be the “Cop”—a word signifying a hill-top, and actually occurring in one or two instances in or near the district—*e.g.*, Mow Cop, Wardlow Hay Cop. It seems to be of the same origin as the Dutch “Kopje” and the Latin “Caput.” Then, artificially or politically—whichever it be—the geography of the district has got strangely mixed up. The area described in this book includes the whole of the hill-country of North Derbyshire and such parts of the adjacent counties as physically belong to it—the basins, to wit, of the Derwent, the Wye, the Dove, the Dane, and the Goyt. This definition, however, is purely arbitrary. Neither the Ordnance surveyors nor the local authorities support it. The most recent Ordnance survey, published in 1901, is an immense improvement on the previous one, but it still makes the plateau of Kinder Scout the “Peak” *par excellence*, and the hill-and-valley district between Hayfield, Chapel-en-le-Frith, Hathersage, and Ashopton the “High Peak,” thus setting aside the claims of the limestone country between Buxton, Bakewell, and Hartington, which, in the old

division of the county into hundreds, forms part of the High Peak district, and is traversed by the High Peak railway.

The High Peak Hundred is itself subdivided into the Districts of High Peak and Bakewell, the former comprising the wild, thinly populated region of hill and valley which occupies the most northerly portion of the county and is bordered by Cheshire and Yorkshire, and the latter extending southwards to the Wirksworth Hundred, a great part of which is itself physically included in the Peak District. These facts must be our excuse for ignoring all artificial limitations of the Peak District, and adopting the natural ones laid down on the previous page. The word "Peak," we may add, is not the only instance of an apparent misnomer in the county. Many of the mound-shaped eminences which form the highest parts of a particular plateau are called "Lows"—a word which seems to be essentially the same as "Law" in the lowlands of Scotland—Berwick Law and Haddington Law, to wit.\*

John Ruskin, again, can hardly have had in mind the valleys of Derbyshire when he gave as the proper distinctive meaning of the word *dale*, "a tract of level land on the borders of a stream, continued for so great a distance as to make it a district of importance." If this be more than a local distinction the nomenclators of Dovedale, Cheedale, and a host of other Derbyshire valleys, must have been very poor scholars.

The above remarks will, we hope, prevent tourists from sharing the perplexity of the gentleman whom we met on Axe Edge.

**Characteristics of the Scenery.** In offering these remarks on the scenery of the Peak District we wish to disclaim all intention of being dictatorial; our aim is merely to be suggestive—rather to draw out the opinions of others than to insist upon our own. *Quot homines tot sententiae* is a motto which would well apply to the various opinions we have heard expressed on particular scenes in the district. Mr. Jennings, to wit, an author of whom, in one instance, the "Spectator" declared that he had only just escaped writing a classic, and who was a heart-and-soul lover of Nature, wrote in his book about Derbyshire, that Beresford Dale is "on the whole better worth visiting than Dovedale," which he declared is a "thing to be seen once and not often, unless a person should take a particular fancy to it." "In parts" he admits that it "makes very pretty pictures," and that the scenery is striking,

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\* A low is, of course, a barrow, i.e., one of the funeral mounds of the ancient Britons.

but not extraordinarily beautiful ; “the first mile is very like all the rest,” and “the Twelve Apostles are so many ninepins.” In fact, altogether, it fails to impress him with anything but weariness of spirit, and from a picturesque point of view is far inferior to that paradise of peat and stunted heather—the plateau of Kinder Scout. What our opinion of Dovedale is, readers of this book will very soon find out. As to Beresford Dale it is merely a little handmaiden to Dovedale, very pretty in itself, but of utterly different rank and character. Mr. Jennings again seems to rate the beauty of what to most people would seem dull, wearisome limestone uplands, with their interminable stone walls and poverty-stricken clumps of fir-trees, higher than that of the deep leafy valleys which radiate from their centres. Mr. Rhodes’ highly coloured descriptions of Matlock and its surroundings make hearty sport for Mr. Jennings’ pen ; but whether Mr. Jennings is not more wanting in discrimination than Mr. Rhodes in moderation is quite an open question. At any rate we have Ruskin on our side. He writes, “The whole gift of the county is in its glens. The wide acreage of field or moor above is wholly without interest ; it is only in the clefts of it, and the dingles, that the traveller finds his joy.”\*

Next to Cumberland and Westmorland, and that part of Lancashire which is included in the Lake District, there can be little question that the two English counties most remarkable for beauty and diversity of scenery are Derbyshire and Devonshire. The respective merits of these two counties are purely a matter of individual taste. While Devonshire has the advantage in richness, and can boast two of the loveliest sea-boards in England, Derbyshire certainly presents the wild and rugged side of Nature more effectively, and with the exception of the incomparable East Lyn, there is no valley scenery in Devonshire of the same “guinea stamp” that may fairly be affixed to some of the limestone dales of Derbyshire—Dovedale and Cheedale, to wit.

Valley scenery is unquestionably the feature of Derbyshire, and of it there are two kinds—the trough and the basin, so to

---

\* Since Mr. Baddeley wrote this, the feeling for wild, austere scenery has spread far, and is still spreading among classes who a quarter of a century ago cared little even for the softer charms of the country. Many who use this book will repudiate Ruskin’s dictum, preferring the elemental grandeur of the barren moors and grit-stone edges to the exquisite beauty of the limestone dales. Jennings’ book, now unfortunately long out of print, is a delightful book, and written before its time. Jennings climbed Kinder Scout, but was unacquainted with the wider stretches of moor country to the north and east. These are described, and many of the routes indicated, in the only book dealing to any extent with the Derbyshire and the adjoining moorlands, “Moors, Crags, and Caves of the High Peak and the Neighbourhood,” by Ernest A. Baker (Heywood, Manchester, 3s. 6d.).

speak. The "trough" is characteristic of the limestone formation, and is best exemplified in Dovedale, Cheedale, Miller's Dale, Monsal Dale, Lathkill Dale, Ashwood Dale, the High Tor at Matlock and Middleton Dale. The last-named, however, is greatly spoilt by old smelting-works. The "basin" form is found in all the valleys whose flanks are composed of millstone grit. Such are the Derwent from its source as far as Matlock, and all its tributaries—the Ashop, the Noe, etc.—except the Wye. The contrasts of beauty afforded by these two distinct types—the one narrow and precipitous from bottom to top, and yet varied by foliage wherever a tree can find a chink in which to plant its roots; the other flat and verdant for a greater or less distance on each side of its stream, then rising with increasing steepness to a cornice of sheer or even projecting brown rock,—these contrasts constitute the attractiveness of Derbyshire scenery. The upland country displays barrenness without variety, except in the millstone grit regions of the extreme north. The limestone tract that stretches from Matlock to Dovedale, Buxton, and Castleton, is, as soon as you emerge from its lovely defiles, as dull an area of country as the eye can rest upon, intersected by stone walls and varied only by desolate-looking clumps of trees that huddle together to escape the sweeping blasts of winter and early spring. Its vegetation is mainly grass. The loftier and more severe gritstone plateaus are chiefly clothed with heather and bilberry. From their edges, where rocks of every shape stand upright or project, they afford exquisitely beautiful views across the valleys below—none more so than those by which the district is entered from Sheffield. Their summit-levels, however, often spreading mile upon mile, are so flat as generally to preclude any view, and so deeply rutted with peat and bristling with stubborn heather-roots, as to be intolerable "going" to any but sportsmen.\*

Again, the rivers themselves are greatly affected by the character of the rock through which they run—gritstone or limestone. The bed of the Derwent, as far as its junction with the Wye, is of millstone grit; that of the Wye limestone throughout. The former river having its main source in the wild and pathless hill-country between Sheffield and Manchester, suffers as little from human interference in its upper part as the remotest stream in Scotland, but the dark colour of the gritstone gives the channel a sombre appearance,

\* "Sportsmen" nowadays must include a small army of pedestrians who come out week-end after week-end to find new routes across the wild peat-mosses, and use the roads simply as a means of getting away from the tamer valleys. But see note on p. xi.

except perhaps for the first few miles of its course, in which its tiny russet-tinted pools are broken by the spray and foam of repeated cataracts. The frequent damming up of the stream lower down for ornamental as well as useful purposes is also a disadvantage, because *detritus* which would otherwise be swept down by the stream sinks to the bottom in the semi-stagnant pools so formed. With the Wye it is *naturally* very different. Flowing almost entirely over a bed of limestone, its waters when left to themselves are beautifully clear and transparent. Friends and foes alike, however, have maltreated the poor Wye almost throughout. Even before it sees the light of day, it is made use of to petrify pots and pans in Buxton. The moment it emerges from its underground course it is taken in hand by the Buxton Improvements Company, and made to execute fluvial gymnastics in the form of ornamental pools and cascades. But a mile below that town it is partially freed from impurity by filtration at the new sewage works, and thereafter suffers chiefly from being dammed up at intervals in order to ensure a constant water-supply to the mills. Finally it becomes the pure limpid stream which meanders through the meadows of Bakewell and Haddon.

In speaking of the upland valleys of Derbyshire, we must not forget a very remarkable peculiarity which has a great effect on the general character of the scenery. The upper valleys in the limestone half of the district are usually shallow and surrounded by acclivities, the drainage going on beneath the surface. Dry valleys are as frequent here as in the chalk. The main river gathers its rivulets and travels with them underground until it has formed a considerable stream, which bubbles up from an unseen opening, and changes the character of the surrounding country almost at once. In several instances, too, notably in that of the Manifold, between Thor's Cave and Ilam, these streams, after running for a greater or less distance above ground, suddenly disappear again, leaving a dry channel and bobbing up and down like a black-diver on a northern sea. These eccentricities affect the tourist as well as the farmer. The latter is deprived, as it were, at a moment's notice, of his principal sources of irrigation ; the former, after a couple of hours' eye-weariness, caused by gazing on a network of stone walls, bare fields, and little isolated clumps of beech and fir, finds himself all in a moment looking down into a beautiful valley, with all the accessories of wood, rock, and verdure which ordinary streams require ten or a dozen miles to form. The explanation is simple. The preliminary work has all been done underground. You travel, say, from Buxton to Castleton, wondering as you go

along what has become of the water. Here and there you see marked on the map the mysterious word "swallow." This means that at one time or other there was running water about, and that it was there swallowed by the ground. Now there is little visible water to swallow. The tendency is, we believe, to run more and more underground. On the old Ordnance survey, published nearly a century ago, there is scarcely any indication of the river Manifold following a subterranean course. Now, as we have above stated, it does so for about three miles, and, the writer is informed, is from time to time increasing the distance. But, continuing on our way to Castleton, we reach the top of the Winnats. Around us all is dull, dreary, and unprofitable. Suddenly a downward peep in front—what have we? the wide dale and green meadows of Castleton—no scene of Devonian richness to be sure, but a wonderful contrast to the previous part of our journey—and, flowing through them, a copious brook, an important contributor to the Derwent. Then we descend through the Winnats, which *should* contain the chief feeder of this brook, but there is not a drop of water in the whole pass. As we near the village the sound of water salutes our ears, and we cross a clear and goodly stream. Whence comes it? Walk a few hundred yards to the right, and you will see it issuing from the rock close to the mouth of the Peak Cavern. It is the "Styx" of that famous cavern, and the producer of that "loud roar of waters" which tourists hear issuing from the "unfathomable abyss" of the Speedwell Mine, but until it breaks forth into the valley of Castleton, it has never been gladdened by the light of the sun or flecked by a passing cloud.

Specially characteristic of the gritstone formation are the huge isolated blocks of all shapes and sizes which lie scattered about the tops and sides of the moors;—such are the Andle Stone on Stanton Moor, and the Eagle Stone over Baslow. In other places they lie layer over layer, in a way which has given them such names as the "Cakes of Bread," the "Salt Cellar." But, perhaps, the most peculiar shape which they assume is one which may be likened to the appearance of a toad about to jump, or still more to that of a field-gun on the ramparts of a fortified town or castle. This last appearance is so common that it is quite unnecessary to specify instances.

A word about the caves and then we have done with the distinctive scenery of the Peak. All these are in the limestone, and those at and about Castleton—the Peak Cavern, the Speedwell and Blue John Mines, and the Bagshawe Cavern at Bradwell—the last three entered through artificial openings—are among the grandest in the kingdom, and only inferior

in beauty of crystallization to the celebrated Cheddar Caves and Stump Cross Cavern near Pately Bridge in Yorkshire. Poole's Hole, at Buxton, too, is a fine cavern, and the easiest of all to explore ; but those at Matlock are mostly of a hybrid character—excavation and cave.

Roughly speaking, the line of separation between the gritstone and limestone parts of the Peak District may be drawn from between Buxton and Chapel-en-le-Frith eastward to Castleton, whence it turns west again over Bradwell Dale to Eyam and Stoney Middleton, rounding Longstone Edge, and passing from Bakewell to the Lathkill valley and behind Winster to its most easterly outcrop at Matlock—the only point at which the limestone occupies the Derwent valley. Thence it turns westward again and re-enters Staffordshire at the south end of Dovedale.

The most remarkable conjunction of the two rock-systems is at Crich Hill, above Ambergate, where an isolated mass of limestone has been lifted up through the gritstone. A description of this will be found on p. 16.

Colour is a very important factor in the effect produced on the mind by all kinds of scenery. We have commented on the characteristic dullness of the gritstone formation in this respect on page 125. The limestone is lighter and brighter, but still rather cheerless, except in the bolder cliffs, where there is an abundant relief of vegetation.

**Geology.** As in the other volumes of our series, we only profess to handle the scientific bearings of our subjects in so far as they affect them from a picturesque point of view. This does not arise from any disrespect for the various "ologies" which are so copiously treated of in many guide-books, but simply from an unwillingness to smatter of things with which we are imperfectly acquainted. Geological tourists will find a brief account of the district in the new edition of H. B. Woodward's "Geology of England and Wales ;" but for fuller details of the valuable researches carried out during the last few years by Dr. H. H. Arnold Bemrose, F.G.S., and other geologists, the "Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society" should be consulted. The volcanic rocks of Derbyshire, which are very amply dealt with in various numbers, are most interesting to the geological tourist, and the palaeontologist will be interested in the accounts of recent finds of bones in various caves. The article on geology in the "Victoria History" gives a fair summary of the geology of the country up to a few years ago.

Fairly conspicuous evidences of volcanic action may be observed in the neighbourhood of Miller's Dale, of Matlock, and of Tissington. Outcrops of toadstone

(lava) may be traced on the surface, together with beds of volcanic tuff, and a number of vents have raised considerable prominences. In many places sills, or masses of intrusive rock, may also be observed. All these have been carefully mapped by Dr. Arnold Bemrose, who has made very extensive corrections to the maps made by the Geological Survey. The Grange Mill vents, represented by two dome-shaped hills near the head of the Via Gellia, are the most interesting volcanic group in the district. The best exposure of agglomerate is seen in the larger vent close to Grange Mill on the road to Winster. Between Ible and Griff Grange is a large extent of dolerite-sill, and the lower lava has been traced along both sides of the Via Gellia. At Bonsall two volcanic necks have altered the configuration of the surface considerably, and to the north-west of the village is an enormous mass of dolerite-sill; whilst half-encircling the village and extending westwards to Gratton Dale a flow of the lower lava has been surveyed for some six miles. The upper lava extends up the Derwent valley from Masson Mills nearly to Matlock Bridge, where it crosses the river and continues to Jughole Wood, near Snitterton. At Hopton, near Carsington, is the southernmost vent in the country.

There are several vents near Tissington, that of Wibben Hill being surrounded by a mass of bedded tuff. The Lathkill valley between Over Haddon and Conksbury, and the Wye valley between Ashford and Bakewell, show interesting outcrops of lava. But the largest volcanic area is that around Miller's Dale. Along the railway cutting between Litton Mill and Miller's Dale the upper lava is visible, and it can be traced for many miles in a sinuous course round by Priestcliffe to Taddington, and then away in a southerly direction. Calton Hill is a volcanic neck rising to a height of 1,319 feet. The lower lava runs up the sides of Monk's Dale, and then in a north-westerly line straight towards Smalldale, where it curves round and can be traced back to Miller's Dale in a course roughly parallel. From Upper Great Rocks it is traced to Holderness Quarry near Dove Holes. About Peak Forest and Tideswell, and again in Ravensdale and Monsal Dale, the igneous rocks are complicated by faults, which add to their interest by bringing the different beds into sharp juxtaposition. It is difficult to give any intelligible idea of the lie of these interesting remains of a great epoch of volcanic activity, without recourse to maps, and the reader who wishes to pursue the subject must be referred to the "Geological Journal" for fuller information.

**Approaches.**—The walks and drives which lead up to a picturesque district possess a peculiar interest. Not only do they themselves share in the picturesqueness of the district, but they are, oftener than not, on an increasing scale of beauty which, instead of jerking the tourist, as it were, into the vortex of the scenery he has come to explore, leads him to it, step by step, by an easy and agreeable transition from ordinary rural landscape to the region of hill, valley, rock, and rushing stream which together constitute Nature's recreation grounds. The newcomer, too, is fresh and easily pleased. His appetite for the beautiful cannot have been cloyed or rendered fastidious by a prolonged enjoyment of it.

For this reason we have been at special pains to enable visitors to the Peak country to hire their carriage, mount their machine, or don their rucksacks, at any one of the numerous outlying towns which are within easy reach of the favourite places of resort therein, with as little trouble as possible. All these towns are easily accessible from the busy manufacturing centres which cluster round the central highlands of England; and in the long summer days any one may leave his place of business after a morning's work, and by sundown reach one of the pleasant inns within the pale of the Peak, cheered and invigorated by a twelve-mile walk or

drive over the moors which encompass it on every side except the south.

Visitors from the south will do well to make Ashbourne or Matlock their starting-point, remembering that the routes to Ashbourne or Dovedale, from Rocester or Alton on the Churnet Valley branch of the North Staffordshire Railway, are worth a much closer exploration than can be made from the window of a railway carriage; and in the case of Matlock, that the real interest of the Peak scenery begins at Ambergate, six miles short of the favourite Derbyshire Spa.\* The Great Central, it should not be overlooked, enables the northern starting-points mentioned below to be quickly reached from London and the south. From the west the pleasantest approaches are by Ashbourne, Leek, or Macclesfield. The walk from Leek to Buxton along the ridge of the Roaches and by Ludchurch is a delightful one of sixteen miles. The Macclesfield and Buxton road is the highest good carriage-road in England except two in Durham (*p. 96*), but lacks cheerfulness. During the last few years the Manifold Valley Light Railway has made the beautiful vale of the Manifold more accessible, and provided a new approach to Hartington and the upper reaches of Dovedale. Visitors from Lancashire may conveniently commence their explorations at Glossop, Hayfield (pedestrians only), Chinley, or Chapel-en-le-Frith (for Castleton), or at Whaley Bridge (for Buxton). From Yorkshire and the north-east, Sheffield is the most convenient and also a most picturesque starting-point, the various coach-roads across the moors from that town presenting during their descent into the Derwent valley some of the finest views in the country. The roads from Chesterfield also drop into the Derwent valley, but the views from them are neither so bold nor so extensive as those from the Sheffield routes. Pedestrians who like a rough walk to begin with will find one after their own heart in the fifteen-mile track from Hazlehead or Penistone to Ashopton Inn, which crosses the wildest English ground south of Westmorland; in fact, any of the stations on the Great Central, from Oughtby Bridge to Crowden, makes an excellent base for a journey across the great moorland barrier, as wild and picturesque as the best of Dartmoor, stretching across the northern end of the Peak. Cyclists who object to long hills have only one really "open door," and that is from the south.

**Hotels and Inns.** There is a great variety of accommodation for the tourist in the Peak District, ranging from the palatial hotels of Buxton to the homely inns of the region of the Upper Derwent. The hotel charges about strike the average of other

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\* Matlock is in direct communication with London and the south and southwest without change of carriage by the Midland Railway, and through-carriages are run between London and Ashbourne daily by both the L. & N.W. and the Midland Companies. Since the opening of the Ashbourne and Buxton extension the L. & N.W. Company also runs through-carriages to Buxton.

touring districts. The following approximate to the scale at the first-class houses of Buxton and Matlock:—

	s.	d.
Bed and attendance from	...	3 6
Meat Breakfast	...	2s. 6d. to 3 0
Table-d'hôte dinner	...	4s. 0d. to 5 0

The hotels mentioned in the Dovedale section are about 20 per cent. cheaper, and very comfortable. Of the country inns we may fairly say that they are, almost without exception, comfortable, clean, and reasonable in their charges. Cleanliness is a feature of Derbyshire dwellings of all kinds, and in no part of the county is it more conspicuous than in the hill-country of the north. Accommodation of a more primitive kind may be had at farmhouses and cottages throughout the district. The inns in this part are frequented by anglers, but that fact does not in any way lessen the welcome accorded to ordinary tourists.

### GOLF LINKS.

*With charges to Visitors.\**

**Ashbourne:** 9 holes; 1s. day, 3s. 6d. week, 10s. month (intro.).

**Bakewell:** 9 holes; 2s. day, 5s. week.

**Bamford:** 9 holes; 1s. day, 5s. week, 12s. month (intro.); without intro. 2s., 7s. 6d., and 17s. 6d.

**Baslow:** 9 holes; visitors at Grand Hotel and Hydro 1s. day, 5s. week; others 1s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.

**Buxton:** 18 holes; members of clubs 2s. 6d. day, 10s. week, 30s. four weeks.

**Buxton, Burbage:** 9 holes; 2s. 6d. day, 7s. 6d. week, 21s. month.

**Chapel-en-le-Frith:** 9 holes; 1s. day, 5s. week, 15s. month.

**Chesterfield:** 18 holes; 2s. day, 7s. 6d. week, 15s. month (intro.).

**Derby:** 18 holes; 1s. 6d. day, 5s. week, 15s. month (intro. unless members of another club).

**Disley:** 18 holes; 2s. day, 10s. week, 20s. month (intro.)

**Dovedale:** 9 holes; 2s. 6d. week, 10s. 6d. season. (Hotel, *Izaak Walton*.)

**Duffield:** 18 holes; 1s. day, 5s. week, 12s. 6d. month (intro.). 2s. day (without intro.). (Hotels, *Strutt Arms*, Milford; *White Hart*, Duffield.)

**Glossop:** 9 holes; 1s. day, 4s. week, 10s. month.

**Hyde (Godley Station):** 9 holes; 1s. day, 2s. 6d. week, 5s. month (intro.).

**Marple:** 9 holes; 1s. day, 5s. week.

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\* An introduction by a member is usually required, unless the applicant is a member of some recognized club. Ladies are in many cases allowed reduced terms.

**Matlock:** 18 holes : 2s. day, 5s. week, 15s. month.

**Matlock Bath:** 9 holes ; 1s. day, 5s. week, 15s. month.

**Mellor:** 9 holes ; 1s. day.

**Rudyard Lake:** 18 holes ; 2s. day, 7s. 6d. week, 15s. month.

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## ANGLING.

Although the salmon is known only in the Trent, and there does not take the fly, the Derbyshire angler has at his command almost all the other kinds of fresh-water fishing to be enjoyed anywhere in Britain. Not only has he the finest of waters for trout and grayling in the Dove, Wye, and Derwent, but in the lower lengths of these rivers, in the Trent where it runs through the county, and in a number of artificial lakes and ponds, he may enjoy excellent sport among all the varieties of coarse fish, from pike and barbel of good weight to gudgeon and free-rising dace. Bottom-fishing has equal opportunities with the fly-rod ; and though the dry fly has the best of it in the famous streams about Bakewell, Chatsworth, and Dovedale, even in those favoured spots the old-fashioned sportsman with the wet fly will often find his lure quite as killing.

The clear limestone streams, such as the Dove and the Wye, and those rigorously preserved tributaries of the latter, the Lathkill and the Bradford, with their steady flow maintained by large underground springs, are similar in the trout they breed and the style of fishing they require to the southern chalk streams. Dovedale and the banks of the Wye at Haddon and Bakewell are places for the artists of the craft ; the fish are constantly being plied with the latest thing in flies, and are familiar with all the mysteries of stalking and casting. The inexpert fisherman will feel as much out of place there as a clumsy oarsman would at Henley. The Upper Derwent and its tributaries the Ashop and Alport, Ladybower and Noe, are altogether different in character, resembling the streams of the Yorkshire moorlands, or even the mountain rivers of Wales and the Lakes. Here the dry fly will be useful now and then, but two or three wet flies on a cast will be far more serviceable. The Manifold before it approaches the Dove is of an intermediate character ; not unlike in general to its limpid neighbour, it will yield a bigger basket of not quite such fine trout to the angler with a fair amount of skill. Lower down, the Derwent and the Trent, and the smaller streams too in a minor degree, abound in long reaches of deep, still water, where coarse fish are most abundant, though very big trout—as, for instance, at Matlock—are by no means rare. In its Derbyshire lengths the Trent is a very interesting river—noble, Thames-like reaches alternating with broad, sparkling scours, where the chub rises well to the fly early in the season.

The Mayfly comes out well on the three principal trout-streams, and if the imitation does not take, other flies, dressed small, are then very killing. The trout season opens in April and ends in September, the best time being May and June. Grayling fishing begins in August, and continues to December; the best month is October. South-country flies are of very little use in Derbyshire, and the visitor who wants good sport should apply to one of the local fly-tiers for advice. Here is a list of recognized authorities:—John Fosbrooke, Hartington; J. G. Eaton, Matlock; W. Evans, *Izaak Walton Hotel*, Dovedale; S. Thompson, tackledealer, Derby; R. Hensbergh, keeper, Haddon Hall; J. Banks, Spring Gardens, Buxton. Two reliable manufacturers of rods and tackle, well acquainted with local requirements, are Messrs. Foster Brothers, Ashbourne, and Messrs. G. Wood and Co., Sheffield. The best book on the subject is W. M. Gallichan's "Fishing in Derbyshire and Around" (F. E. Robinson), 1905.

Much of the fishing is private, and on such waters as the Lathkill and Bradford it is very strictly preserved; but permission to fish may be obtained on most of the streams either by staying at certain hotels or by paying a charge rarely exceeding half a crown a day. The following list shows which inns, boarding-houses, etc., have the right of granting tickets:—

**On the Dove**—Upper Dove:—*The Charles Cotton*, Hartington. Dovedale:—*New Inn Hotel*, Alsop-en-le-Dale; *Izaak Walton*, Ilam; *Pereril and Doe and Partridge*, Thorpe.

Below Dovedale:—Messrs. Foster Brothers, Ashbourne.

**On the Manifold** :—*Crewe and Harpur Arms*, Longnor; *Izaak Walton*, Ilam.

**On the Derwent**—Upper Derwent:—*Ashonton Inn* (for Derwent and Ashop); *Snake* (for the Ashop, good brook-trouting); *Ladybower Inn* (for the Ashop and Ladybower brook); *Yorkshire Bridge Inn*, *Derrent Hotel*, and *Marquis of Granby*, Bamford. (The Noe is strictly preserved.)

Chatsworth waters:—*Chatsworth Hotel*, Edensor; *Peacock, Rutland Arms, Wheatsheaf, Grand Hotel and Hydro*, Baslow.

Darley Dale waters:—*Square and Compasses Inn*, Darley Bridge; or Secretary, Darley Dale Angling Club, Darley Dale.

Matlock and below:—Tickets from Hon. Sec. Matlock and Cromford Angling Association; *Homesford Cottage* and *Derrent Hotel*, Whatstandwell; *Hurt Arms*, Ambergate; *Red Lion*, Belper.

**On the Wye** :—Near Buxton this fine river is at present ruined by sewage. Haddon Hall fishery:—*Rutland Arms*, Bakewell; *Pearock*, Rowsley.

**Ruivard Lake** :—Excellent coarse fishing, including good pike. 1s. tickets at railway station. Boats, 5s. a day; or 2s. 6d. for half a day.

**Damflask Reservoir** :—Tickets, 2s. 6d. each, from Mr. W. Terrey, Town Hall, Sheffield. Good river trout.

**Combs Reservoir** :—Nearest station, Chapel-en-le-Frith. 1s. tickets obtained at *Hanging Gate Inn*. Some trout in this reservoir, as well as coarse fish.

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## ROCK CLIMBING.

Though there are no mountains in Derbyshire, the district is an excellent playground for rock climbers, and it would be unfair to many of the more difficult gritstone problems to rank them merely as practice scrambles. The climbing is almost entirely confined to the precipitous edges and the solitary groups of monoliths that form so characteristic a feature of the millstone grit; but a few climbs are found on the mountain limestone, though they are nearly always of a highly dangerous nature owing to the constant disintegration of this rock under the action of the weather. The finest climbs, perhaps, are on the edges of the lofty plateau of Kinder Scout, and permission is required from the landowners to approach them. The long range of edges overlooking the Derwent on the east offers innumerable problems and fancy climbs of moderate height and all degrees of difficulty. Many others can be found on the most westerly of the gritstone escarpments, the Roaches; and from Matlock as a centre several groups of interesting rock climbs can be reached, every one within the compass of a half-day's excursion. Just on the outskirts of the district, at Breedon in Leicestershire, where a mass of dolomitic limestone is unhappily being steadily and surely removed by quarrying, and taking the climbs with it; on the Hemlock Stone, near Nottingham; on the Laddow Rocks, which lie on a tongue of Cheshire thrust up between Lancashire and Yorkshire, but belong to the hill system of the Peak; and at Wharncliffe Crags, near Sheffield, there are numerous climbs of striking and varied interest.

**Near Matlock.**—There are few scrambles on the limestone cliffs which form the paramount feature of the scenery at Matlock; the safe ones are quite uninteresting, and anything else should not be touched. On the **Black Rocks**, however, above Cromford, a capital series of climbs on sound, reliable grit are within easy reach. This picturesque assemblage of indented crags is a Pennine edge in miniature, towering about a hundred feet above the woods at its base, and commanding delightful views of the Derwent gorge and the country about Matlock. Beginning at the south end, the scrambler will come across several short chimneys and clefts, with longer climbs as he proceeds north. The Sand Gully is rather difficult—it will be recognizable by its name. Pine Tree Gully, with its huge boulder at the foot, to be surmounted by either the inside or the more sporting outside route, is easier, but rather sensational. Between them is Stonnis Crack, a narrow fissure cutting vertically across a smooth face of rock, and probably the stiffest problem in the district. Its formidable appear-

ance will prevent any one from attempting it without a rope from above. The many remaining scrambles, several of them severe trials of strength and skill, need not be particularized ; as in other climbing resorts in the Peak, abundant nail-marks on the dark gritstone will advertise their whereabouts.

A pleasant walk of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles along the highroad, and then by lanes that follow the hill-crest, leads to Alport Heights (1,018 ft.), on the side of which, a little way below the cairn, is the **Alport Stone**, a solitary obelisk overlooking Wirksworth and the Ecclesbourne valley, and with wide views over south Derbyshire to the hills of Staffordshire and Charnwood Forest in Leicestershire. The Stone has two climbs : the easy one, formidable to look at, is up the longest corner ; and the difficult, not half so bad-looking, is on the lowest corner.

From Wirksworth Station, or by the road branching off to the west just below the Black Rocks, a lane can be reached which keeps not far from the High Peak Railway until within a mile of Brassington (Wirksworth,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  m., Cromford, 7 m.), passing the long escarpment of the **Harborough Rocks** on the way, one of the finest view-points in the Midlands. These are composed of dolomitic limestone, and are not very high, but abound in scrambles of all grades of difficulty ; all safe because a fall on the soft turf would not be a serious matter. **Brassington Rocks** are two romantic tors of the same limestone, on the far side of Brassington, which form a still happier hunting-ground for the climber of chimneys, arêtes, and peaks in miniature. What appears at a little distance as a smooth, perpendicular wall may be ascended with ease by the deft use of finger-holds, the surface being pitted all over with cup-shaped hollows, the sides of which are perfectly sound and good. Beware of a fall on the jagged, blade-like flakes of dolomite beneath the crags. This is one of the best spots in Derbyshire for the botanist ; in summer the fantastic pinnacles are festooned with flowering creepers and the rocky terraces ablaze with purple orpine.

It would make an excellent week-end ramble to visit the Black Rocks, the Alport Stone, and the Harborough and Brassington Rocks, and then take a cross-country route to Winster and **Robin Hood Stride**, passing several small outcrops of interesting rock on the way. The Stride can be reached by a charming walk from Darley Dale Station, across Darley Bridge, and by a lane turning right in the village and following the ridge of Cowley to Birchover. This commands views both of the Derwent valley up and down, and of the copse-clad depths of Wensley Dale, and is far more interesting than the highway to Winster. A detour may be made to include a little "bouldering" on the Andle Stone, a cubical monolith on Stanton Moor, with an extremely difficult balancing problem on the corner nearest the iron steps. The best pedestrian route from Matlock Bridge is by the footpath between the railway and the Derwent, across the meadows to Wensley, where the Winster road may be taken, or a field-path crossing the dale to

Cowley, by which the delightful lane to Birchover is reached, or a route found up the marshy bottom of the dale.

Of the two gritstone pinnacles of **Robin Hood's Stride**, one has an obvious easy way up, and two less obvious and much more difficult climbs; the other cannot be ascended even on its shortest side without a very athletic effort, and some risk if the rope is not used. The latter has long been called the "Inaccessible," probably because it is such a contrast to its brother. On the face away from the platform surmounting the tor between the pinnacles there is a sporting climb of some forty or fifty feet, beginning with a peculiar wrestle up the vertical edge of a buttress which has worsted many good men. The traverse along the front of the pinnacle near the top is comparatively easy, but a little trying to one's powers of balancing. Plentiful scrambles may be got by hunting for them amidst these whimsical piles of rock, and some first-rate "bouldering" can be enjoyed on the biggest of the detached masses.

A few stone's-throws away, **Cratcliff Tor** impends over the wooded dale, and offers almost as many temptations to the scrambler. The best thing on it is the perpendicular gash called the Owl's Gully, rifting the front of the Tor. It is not a difficult climb, but the step across the yawning chasm from the owl's nest, though safe, has often been found sufficiently thrilling. Weston's Chimney, a regular "fat man's misery," which is most sporting if taken by the outside edge; the North Climb, just north of the Owl's Gully; and Hermitage Chimney, leading from the summit of the Tor to the ledges overhanging the anchorite's cave, are all rather short but extremely interesting and pleasant climbs. Any one who has done everything on the Tor\* and the Stride, and also solved the odd problems on Row Tor, the wood-shrouded mass of gritstone behind the *Druid Inn* at Birchover, on the other side of the valley, will not want to go far for more scrambles that day.

**Kinder Scout.**—Some fairly long climbs for Derbyshire may be found at the **Downfall**, to visit which spot leave should be written for; and the same remarks apply to Fairbrook Naze, the other group of climbs on the Scout. Either spot can be visited time after time without exhausting its possibilities, and the climbing is of a high order of interest and general difficulty. Coming up the Runge or clough of the Kinder stream to the Downfall, you will notice a bold pinnacle on the south side at the beginning of the crags. This affords a couple of easy scrambles and one of superlative difficulty—the last being up the outside edge looking towards the stream. Several easy scrambles up good, clean rock lead to the top of the cliffs a little east of this point; but the crags grow rapidly steeper until the routes on this side of the gorge, up from the sheep-track threading its way between the rocks, become extremely difficult. In a recess not

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\* A serious, almost a fatal, accident took place on one of these climbs in 1909.

far from the Downfall a stream has cleaned the disintegrating millstone grit, and marked a route of moderate difficulty ; and half-way up the cliffs, in a hollow among dark rocks, the beginning of the "Twopenny Tube" will be noticed. Right in the angle of the Downfall and the wall of its gorge begins a very sporting climb, which finishes among the great baulks of gritstone that hang in such a threatening manner on the edge of the ravine. On the north side, climbs of different heights, but nearly all pretty difficult, begin at once as we pass the stream just below the fall, and continue as far as the crags extend on this side : practically all are chimneys of miscellaneous design.

The climbs at **Fairbrook Naze** are situated on the northern side of that fine promontory, and extend a long way towards the edges overlooking the headwaters of the Ashop. A common type of scramble here is the deeply-recessed chimney, sometimes half a cave, with huge, overhanging roof playing the part of a chock-stone, and offering stout resistance to assault. As a rule, the difficulties are all over when this is surmounted ; but in several cases a crack climb goes on to the top, or an open face climb starts up another tier of crags. The farther west we go, the more grotesque become the misshapen rocks, and the more whimsical the climbs : the connoisseur of gritstone scrambling will find among the multifarious problems offered some astonishing curios. Everywhere on the edges of the Scout scrambling of sorts may be looked for ; it is almost superfluous to specify any other likely spots. To avoid trouble, it is always well to secure permission beforehand, as the plateau is a grouse moor.

Permission is desirable also for most of the climbs on the edges that stretch along the brink of the Derwent valley from Baslow to the heights above Slippery Stones. There are one or two little problems on the Eagle Stone, behind Curbar Edge ; and farther north, about Stanage Edge, and on the moors behind Derwent Edge, many strange monoliths and groups of monoliths will be found offering intricate puzzles to their would-be conqueror. On **Froggatt Edge**, especially on the range of cliffs behind the Chequers, there is a great choice of scrambles—chimneys and cracks (many of them tough pieces of work), rock-towers, and a few face climbs. **Higgar Tor** furnishes an equally attractive collection, and there are more on Black Edge, one of the most striking portions of the far-extending Stanage Edge. **Stanage Edge** proper is full of delightful climbs, many of them nearly 100 feet high, and all sporting enough to make mere height a secondary consideration. A fall from these cliffs would, without a miracle, certainly prove fatal ; and every scrambler will do well to take as many precautions as if he were climbing on Scafell or Lliwedd, until he has learned all the tricks of gritstone climbing.

**Wharncliffe Crags** (Deepcar or Oughtby Bridge stations, Great Central).—On this long line of gritstone crags, almost verging on a suburb of Sheffield, more than fifty climbs and problems of various kinds are found. Some are scarcely to be described as

climbs, but are interesting trials of muscle or tests of nerve : a rope should certainly be used for the more difficult. Both Wharncliffe Crags and the rocks on the Staffordshire **Roaches**, likewise just outside the district of the Peak, are typical Pennine edges, and afford the same kind of sport as the climbing resorts described above in fuller detail. A still more interesting series of gritstone climbs is on the **Laddow Rocks**, on the edge overlooking the valley of Crowden Little Brook from the west, a spot reached by a walk of three miles from Crowden Station on the Great Central. A right-of-way goes along the top of these crags, but attempts have been made to deny access to the climbs. One disadvantage here is that the grit is liable to rapid disintegration, and not only is there a danger from loose stones, but the holds continually get choked with sand and decaying vegetation, so that frosty weather is really the only safe time for tackling some of the problems. These climbs are favourites with Manchester cragmen, and the most popular are fairly well nail-marked. One or two of the most severe are something like 80 feet high ; a number of shorter ones are to be found on the lower tier of rocks below the main cliff ; and there are various others on a minor outcrop of grit, Rakes Rocks, between Laddow Moss and Crowden.

The rocks at **Castleton** (*e.g.* Mam Tor and the Winnats) are dangerous ; experienced climbers avoid them. A graduated list of climbs in the district, and fuller particulars about the majority of those enumerated above, will be found in "Moors, Crags, and Caves of the High Peak," by Ernest A. Baker, 1903 (*J. Heywood*, 3*s. 6*d.**). (See also p. xxx.)

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### CAVE EXPLORING.

On *pp.* 158–162, 164–5, under the head of Castleton, Bradwell, etc., will be found descriptions of those portions of the great caves of Derbyshire which are easily accessible to the tourist, and the caves at Buxton and Matlock are likewise dealt with on *pp.* 9–10, 93. The present section is intended for those who wish to go a little further into these darksome regions, and desire some guidance in following in the footsteps, or in going beyond them, of the explorers who have during the last few years found numerous passages and cavities of extraordinary interest far beyond the most distant points that were formerly deemed inaccessible. Derbyshire takes a good third place among the limestone districts famous for caverns. Somersetshire possesses the most beautiful caves in Great Britain, and comes first perhaps in all-round interest. Yorkshire contains the deepest pot-holes, and for those who love a spice of danger offers most chances of adventure. Derbyshire has examples of every type of cavern, and among them can show more than the other two put together of those stupendous underground chambers, with rugged sides and a soaring roof, the summit of which has been seen by no human eye.

Only at Mitchelstown Cave in Tipperary and Marble Arch in Fermanagh can be seen a suite of vaster cavities than those open to the ordinary tourist, who need scarcely soil his boots, in the Peak Cavern.

In 1902 Peak Cavern was very thoroughly explored by the Kyndwr Club, a body of rock climbers, ramblers, and speleologists, who from 1900 to 1904 carried out an interesting series of investigations among the underground stream-beds—wet and dry—of the Peak district. This cavern had been explored in 1895 by M. Martel, in the course of a somewhat hurried visit to Ireland, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire, and plans and vertical sections of both this and the neighbouring caverns were drawn up by this skilful investigator, who did not, however, succeed in getting very far beyond the point reached by the ordinary sightseer. The Kyndwr Club has explored, by means of ladders, ropes, and some difficult climbing, a number of lofty cavities in the roof of the enormous vestibule and in the great mass of rock between it and the hillside above. Some pretty stalactite grottos were found here, though Peak Cavern as a whole is strikingly lacking in these beautiful incrustations. In the Swine Hole, a passage branching off from the vestibule on the east, the lower course of the stream has been seen which comes in from the Speedwell Mine at the head of the cavern and disappears in a swallet between Roger Rain's House and the Five Arches. During the exploration a man was lowered through an opening in Cave Dale which passes across the cavern at a high level, and made his way into the Orchestra, thus proving the existence of a second entrance to this cavern. Attempts were made to reach the roof of the huge rift called the Victoria Cavern, the stemples placed there by the miners in days gone by being utilized by a plucky band of scramblers, who attained a height of 100 feet. There is a disused mine-shaft on the moor hundreds of feet overhead, and this may afford entrance some day from above. Close by this branch of the cavern is a pool of water which M. Martel described as a siphon. The club proved that this was not a siphon at all—launching a boat and pushing their way through to an intermediate cave, and on along a flooded passage until the rock closed in at the sides, and it was necessary to wade. A series of interesting passages were explored beyond this point, and some very ancient relics of lead-mining discovered.

Still more interesting work has been carried out at various times in the Speedwell Cavern. No exit has yet been found from the gloomy pool lying in the Bottomless Pit, but by proceeding partly by boat and partly by wading, exploring parties have reached a distance of 2,400 feet in the old workings and natural caverns beyond the Bottomless Pit—a total of 4,640 feet from the entrance. At this point is another of those gigantic cavities which are such a characteristic feature of the Derbyshire caves, called the Cliff Cavern. It is 80 feet long by 50 feet wide, and the most powerful illuminants have failed to reveal its roof. Two

waterfalls tumble in here, the passages from which they fall being as yet unexplored. Five hundred feet below this point the main stream enters the cavern on the west, its source a pool 50 feet deep, which siphons up from under a wall of rock. The two streams, having united, flow on down a savage corridor, with a narrow watercourse joining it on the left, and at a point 1,067 feet from the Bottomless Pit enter the passage cut by the miners of the old Speedwell Company. Some of the water gets away down swallets on the eastern side, but the bulk of it overflows into the Bottomless Pit. To see every part hitherto explored of the Speedwell series would take eleven hours of hard going, and while there is more work to be done, any further exploration will entail a formidable amount of hardship and exertion.

To get a general idea of the underground water system of Castleton, the speleologist should make a careful examination of the upland valley, 600 feet above the village, enclosed by Rushup Edge on the north, the limestone downs culminating in Elden Hill on the south, and the connecting ridges on the east and west. The waters rising on Rushup Edge flow over the Yoredale shales until they come in contact with the limestone, along the line of a great fault. The moment they impinge upon the calcareous strata the streams begin to burrow, and a numerous series of swallets is produced, most of them impenetrable to man. At Manifold, near Sparrowpit, at the Marble Swallet, and at Giant's Hole, not far from Windy Knoll, an entrance can, however, be effected, and the course of the streams followed for a certain distance. The most interesting of these openings is Giant's Hole. Following the descending stream along a narrow rift from 5 feet to 20 feet high, the explorer comes in 270 feet to a partial choke, which has been passed once or twice in dry weather, when it has been possible to crawl through the pool under an arch about 18 inches high. Beyond it the cave can be followed for another 140 feet ; but here another choke is encountered, and the passage beyond is under water. Neither here nor at Manifold has any one yet succeeded in penetrating far into the great system of passages and cavities traversed by the streams on their way to the valley at Castleton. It has been proved that most of the water swallowed in this locality finds its way into first the Speedwell and then the Peak caverns.

Elden Hole, an ancient pet-hole, now dry, resembling those of Ingleborough, is also in all probability connected with the Castleton series of caves. It has an almost vertical shaft 200 feet deep, at the bottom of which a slope of rocks leads down into the bottom of a great chamber 65 feet deeper, finely adorned with curtains of stalagmite. Right at the bottom is a channel about three feet wide, which may have communicated with the underground streams just described. It is now choked with blocks of limestone, and the whole sealed up with stalagmite, so that if an open passage exists beyond dynamite will be required to force an entrance thereto. Elden Hole was twice descended by the

Kyndwr Club in 1900, the first time by means of ropes and the ordinary tactics of rock climbing, the second time by means of a windlass. On the former occasion the present writer spent nine hours in the hole, and was got out with great difficulty long after nightfall. Descents have since been made by means of rope ladders, but the various explorations have not been unattended with unpleasant incidents, owing to the dangerous loose stones with which the sides of the pit abound. Many other swallets and pot-holes exist in a condition more or less silted up on Elden Hill, Gautries Hill, and the adjoining portions of the limestone table-land, many of them promising interesting results to the explorer ready to devote time and hard work to the task of clearing the entrances ; and when the methods of their Somersetshire colleagues are adopted by the local speleologists, most interesting results may be looked for.

The Blue John Mine and the natural caverns into which it furnishes an entrance stand apart from the other Castleton caverns. Their ramifications extend almost from top to bottom and from side to side of Tray Cliff, the limestone hill on the north side of the Winnats. The lessee, Mr. Royse, is himself an ardent speleologist, and will point out to those desirous of going further than the ordinary tourist the two routes leading into the nether regions, where some of the finest scenery of this beautiful cavern is to be found. Passing the railing in the Variegated Cavern, the caveman will scramble down a slope cumbered with rugged blocks of limestone, and, hard by a swallet into which tumbles the little stream that has been accompanying him down, he may either climb a steep gallery on the left and come eventually to a low rift through which it is possible to see into the Fairy Grotto, or go straight forward to a great bank of clay threaded by the " Rabbit Hole." This brings him, after some arduous scrambling through pipe-like holes, into a deep cavity with a rocky curtain separating it from one still deeper. The last is a most picturesque chamber, rugged and lofty, and dominated on one side by a superb stalagmite fall. The stream at the bottom has never been followed for any distance.

Another route begins at a much higher point in the mine, where a break-neck staircase used by the Blue John miners leads down into the New Cavern, and on into an interesting series, where lie on the one hand the exquisite Fairy Grotto, the most beautiful thing of its kind in the Peak, and a wonderful fissure, ascending some 150 feet into the rock, and lined with magnificent masses of shining stalagmite. The Blue John is a maze of natural and artificial passages, and will afford almost inexhaustible entertainment to those fond of worming their way into unknown regions.

The Bagshawe Cavern at Bradwell is also independent of the Castleton series. Most visitors go no further than the Dungeon, a subterranean pot-hole, 20 feet deep, forming the link between what are known as the Upper and the Lower Series, two chains of caverns that were the original channel of the river which emerges in the village. The cave ordinarily open to tourists

extends in a northerly direction above both these series, and is entered by means of disused workings for lead. In times of heavy rain a huge flood of water comes along the Upper Series, pours into the Dungeon, which is then a grim, swirling pool, and fills the whole of the Lower Series ; indeed, every cranny of the limestone becomes glutted with water, which bursts up like a fountain all over the fields, and even along the roads in the valley. At ordinary times only a few pools are encountered in this upper channel, all of which may be easily avoided ; and the explorer makes his way in comparative dryness to a point where the roof comes down, and he sees before him a broad stream flowing in from a distant swallet, passing under the rocks, re-emerging, and rushing down a tunnel-like cavern towards Bradwell. This passage has not yet been followed for any distance.

Below the Dungeon the ancient river course is a series of rugged passages, arching chambers, and low tunnels, some of them occupied by lakelets that must be passed by wading. There is one branch that leads eventually back to the main passage, and then the cavern forks, the left branch leading to a pool, and the other to a point where the stream may be heard flowing out into the dale not far away. Some 3,000 feet of passages have been explored in this cavern, many of them very beautifully adorned with stalactite, and an excellent plan was prepared from actual survey in 1902 by Mr. J. Porter. Explorers should be careful to mark the way back in this cavern, as the present writer was once instrumental in rescuing two men who had gone astray and might have had to spend a considerable period in a distant chamber without illuminants. As already indicated, the Bagshawe Cavern is liable to dangerous floods.

Poole's Hole at Buxton has several passages beyond the portions shown to tourists, and the same may be said of the Matlock caverns, which, however, consist too largely of old workings to be very interesting. Another cave reached through artificial passages is that in the Golconda Mine, near Brassington, and there is at least one cavern in the same locality not yet explored. Those who do not object to the discomforts caused by large quantities of clay and mud may be commended to try the cavern in Middleton Dale, below Eyam. This was, and still is at times, the exit of a stream which plunges into the chasm of the Waterfall, near Foolow. Certain openings in the sides of that chasm lead into passages underneath the pool, and excavation would probably open out a series of important caverns between this point and the dale at Stoney Middleton. Another region that promises results to such as do not flinch from the toil of excavation is that bordering upon the Dove near Earl Sterndale, where many dry ravines and caverns like the Owl Hole, now blocked up, are the relics of a water system which now lies underground, and converges upon the great rising of subterranean waters at Crowdecote.

In Ricklow Dale, the upper branch of Lathkill Dale below Monyash, a great square-shaped cavern discharges in wet weather

a big stream, forming the highest sub-aerial source of the Lathkill, which in normal times begins a mile lower, bubbling up in the bed of the valley at the junction with Cales Dale. In dry weather the explorer may crawl in for 280 feet, and will find himself in a lofty rift-chamber connected with a second, heaped high with a chaos of tumbling rocks. These rift-chambers have never been climbed, but there are indications of galleries in their upper portions. At the bottom of Cales Dale a natural tunnel runs into the bosom of the hill for 300 feet, and there opens into an interesting series of passages and chambers, where one may study the whole process by which innumerable streamlets come together in the depths of the strata to form a good-sized stream. At a point 200 feet higher up the hillside an older cave exists, no doubt the predecessor of the one just described: its dry passages look a promising place for digging in search of animal remains. A few miles away, about Winster, there were two very large caverns known to the old lead-miners; but as it is impossible to say which among the numerous shafts hereabouts gave access to them, they are for the time being entirely lost, like some of the famous caverns in Somerset. Some of these shafts are 100 fathoms deep. An accessible cave in this neighbourhood, with some unusual features due to the presence of volcanic rocks, is Jug Hole, between Wensley and Matlock. There still remains a vast unexplored field in Derbyshire for the persevering caveman, and accident or careful research will doubtless bring to light many interesting caverns in the future.

The following works deal with the subject in a fuller manner, and contain plans and illustrations that will be found useful:—

“Moors, Crags, and Caves of the High Peak.” By Ernest A. Baker. Illustrations, and Plan of Bagshawe Cave. 1903. 3s. 6d. Heywood.

“The Netherworld of Mendip: Explorations in the Great Caverns of Somerset, Derbyshire, etc.” By E. A. Baker and Herbert E. Balch. Illustrations. 7s. 6d. Baker, Clifton.

“The Underground Streams of the Castleton District.” By Harold Brodrick. In report of Southport Society of Natural Science. 1904–5. (Plans of Peak and Speedwell Caves.)

“Irlande et Cavernes Anglais.” By E.-A. Martel. (Plans of Peak, Blue John, and other Caves.)

A recent work gives an excellent synopsis of climbing in the district “on millstone grit”—viz.: “Some Gritstone Climbs in Derbyshire and Elsewhere.” By John Laycock. 3s. 9d. net. Refuge Press, Manchester.

## SOUTHERN AND CENTRAL SECTION: MATLOCK AND CENTRAL DERBYSHIRE.

(*With Approaches.*)

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### Derby.

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**Stations:**—*Midland*, 1 m. from centre of town; also used by the L. & N. W. and the North Stafford Co. *Ref.-rooms* on all platforms. *Dinner* (12-3), 2s. 6d. *Great Northern*,  $\frac{1}{2}$  m. from centre of town. The two stations are  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles apart, but connected by electric tram.

**Hotels.**—*Midland*, (first-class), adjoining Midland Station; bed and att. from 4s., bkfst. from 2s., din. from 2s. 6d. *Royal, St. James, Bell, County*, etc., in centre of town. All very fair fam. and comm.

**Electric Tramcars** now run from the Midland Station and Market-pl. (1 m.) to every road (except that to Mansfield) out of Derby.

**Theatre**, Babington Lane. **Market Day**. Friday.

**Derby** itself is a large and flourishing town of 124,000 inhabitants, but of no special interest to the tourist. It is the headquarters of the Midland Railway Company. Their station, plain and unpretentious in style, having been from time to time enlarged but never rebuilt, is in its appointments and arrangements a model. An interesting feature is the display of a report at the telegraph office, showing the direction of the wind and the state of the weather at the chief Midland stations from Carlisle to the S., E., and W. of England at 8 o'clock every morning. The works and offices of the Company occupy an area of about 420 acres. The Great Northern Company have a convenient station on the opposite side of the town.

In its **churches** Derby well exemplifies the old saw that “distance lends enchantment to the view.” The fine Perpendicular tower of **All Saints**—one of the highest (174 ft.) in the kingdom; the smaller, but very graceful one of the Roman Catholic Church, **St. Mary's**, a masterpiece of Pugin's, and the tapering spire of **St. Alkmund's** rising between the two, are effective objects both in themselves and in their contrast with one another, from all points whence a general view of the town is obtainable; but the body of St. Mary's is scarcely worthy of its tower, that of St. Alkmund's is commonplace, while that of All Saints', besides being ugly in itself, is, in its relation to the tower, simply barbarous, although built by Wren's greatest successor, Gibbs. The church contains the monument of “Bess of Hardwick” (d. 1608; see p. 24). **St. Andrew's**, by Sir Gilbert Scott, though severely plain, is one of the purest and most impressive modern churches in England.

The **Corporation Art Gallery** in the Strand; open, 10-9, Free, except on Tuesdays (3d.) and Thursdays (10-5, 1d.), and the

**Museum** (10-9, except Tu.; free) in the same building, are worth a visit, containing the finest collection extant of "Crown Derby." They are an annexe of the **Public Library** in the Wardwick, with which they form a palatial group of buildings which was presented to the town by the late Mr. Michael Thomas Bass, M.P., in 1879, at a cost of £30,000.

A unique feature in the Institution is the Duke of Devonshire's collection of **Derbyshire Literature**, numbering several thousand books, pamphlets, etc., which was to have been placed in the "Devonshire" room, but is located in another apartment; and one of the most interesting parts of the building is the **Committee Room**, the walls of which are covered with fine oak panelling, historically valuable as coming intact from the apartment in Exeter House where the Pretender held his last council of war prior to his retreat to Scotland in "the '45." In Friars Gate is the Midland Counties **Deaf and Dumb Institution**—a fine building and a noble charity.

The **Theatre**—in Babington Lane, off St. Peter's Street, centre of town—is a fine modern building. The new **Municipal Technical College** of Science and Art is in the parallel street—Green Hill. On the Ashbourne Road, about one mile from the Market Place, is the **Railway Servants' Orphanage** for the Fatherless Children of Railway Servants.

A pleasant stroll may be obtained in the **Arboretum** (open daily, free of charge), nearly a mile south of the centre of the town, on the Osmaston Road.

There are two great industries at Derby that are attractive to the visitor, and both are thrown open daily to public inspection. They are the antithesis of each other. In one is to be seen miracles of mechanism at the extensive **locomotive works** and the **carriage and wagon works** of the **Midland Railway Co.**, employing some 10,000 men: at the other the artistic eye is taken captive by the art-pottery of the **Royal Crown Derby Company's** productions, which are the poetry of porcelain. The China Factory on the Osmaston Road, near the Arboretum, is specially worthy of a visit by the stranger who has an hour to spend in the town, as the works are only seven minutes' walk from the Midland station—right across the main thoroughfare. Crown Derby China has held an unsurpassed position in the ceramic world since the manufacture of porcelain was begun in the town in 1750. It fell into a moribund condition about fifty years ago, but was revived with superlative success by the present company in 1877. Their productions surpass in purity of "body," richness of design, and opulence of colour, the most famous "pieces" of the artist-workmen employed by the Duesburys of the last century.

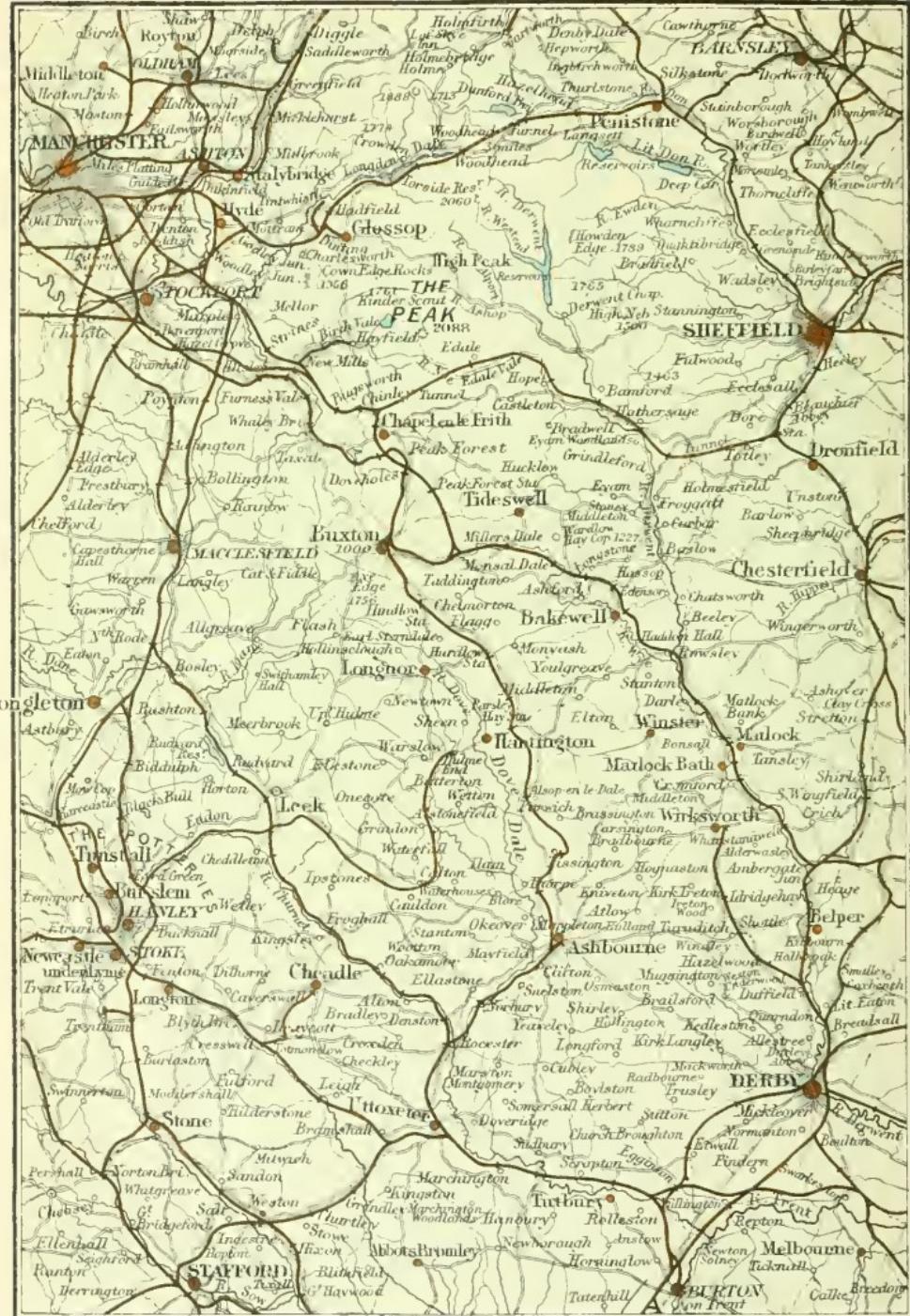
### Derby to Matlock and Buxton (*by rail*).

*Derby to Ambergate Junction, 10 m.; Matlock Bath, 16; Matlock Bridge, 17; Rowsley (for Chatsworth and Haddon), 21½; Bakewell, 25; Miller's Dale Junction, 31; Buxton, 36½. Time: 1 to 1¼ hrs.*

In breadth and grandeur of scenery the railway from Derby to Buxton is surpassed by the Callander and Oban, the Highland between Perth and Inverness and between Dingwall and Kyle of Lochalsh, the West Highland extension of the North British to Fort William, the Settle and Carlisle, and the Cambrian between Barmouth and Dolgelley; but in picturesque combination of rock, wood, and river, it is second to none in the kingdom. Those in a hurry to reach Buxton will find such of the Manchester and Liverpool expresses as stop at Miller's Dale amongst the most comfortable and best-appointed trains running. The leisurely traveller, however, who is not too dignified to gratify his eyes from the window of a railway-carriage, may be excused for preferring the slower trains,



# RAILWAY MAP OF THE "PEAK" AND SURROUNDINGS.



as there is scarcely a station between Ambergate and Buxton which does not command a more or less romantic prospect. As far as Rowsley the line never deviates from the Derwent valley, and from Rowsley the Wye is lost to sight only for a few miles between Bakewell and Monsal Dale.

**Route.**—Issuing from Derby Station we at once cross the *River Derwent*, along whose green, wooded banks and those of its tributary, the Wye, lies the whole of our journey. The name Derwent probably signifies “fair water” (from the Celtic *dwr gwent*), and indeed wherever it occurs—in Cumberland, Yorkshire, and Derbyshire—it is a true index to the character of the surrounding country.

Across the Derwent the towers and spires of Derby town appear on the left of the line; its racecourse and the county cricket-ground on the right, beyond which we pass under the Staffordshire branch of the Great Northern Railway. The valley now becomes more clearly defined. On both sides gentle wood-crowned eminences appear, which mark the limit of the wide plain of central England, those on the left growing gradually higher and higher till they culminate in that long moorland ridge which forms what is called the “backbone of England,” stretching far northward, with but few breaks, to the waters of the Forth and the Clyde. The first station outside Derby itself is **Duffield** (5 m.), whose prettily situated church and churchyard adjoin the line on the right, half a mile short of the station.\* A tunnel succeeds, and then the line cuts through the town of **Belper** ( $7\frac{1}{2}$ ), between which and Ambergate it crosses the Derwent four times. At **Ambergate** (the site of a toll-gate on the Amber, a tributary of the Derwent; *Hurt Arms*) we diverge to the left from the main line to the north, and the hills close in on both sides—steep, high, and profusely wooded to their summits. That on the right is *Crich Hill*, an eminence of great geological interest (p. 16). On a ledge cut into the hillside above the station is a service reservoir (for 80 million gallons), a portion of the water-works (p. 155) for the supply of Nottingham, Derby, and Leicester. The next station—**Whatstandwell** ( $12\frac{1}{2}$  m.)—is popularly supposed to owe its name to native solicitude respecting its bridge, the constantly repeated query at the time of its erection “Wn’t stand well?” having grown into a formula. We give this explanation for what it is worth. More erndite scholars than ourselves derive the name from a certain Walter Stonewell, who lived here five centuries ago. In any case the natives have grown too wise to perpetuate tradition at the expense of breath. They call Whatstandwell “Stannil,” and the neighbouring hamlet of Alderwasley “Arrerslee.”

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\* At Duffield Bank,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile E. of station, Sir A. P. Heywood, Bart., has constructed a 15-inch gauge light railway, open for inspection. The total length is about a mile. The line runs up a gradient varying from 1 in 10 to 1 in 12, about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile long, to a level 80 feet above, whence it is laid out in the shape of an 8. On this Lilliputian line are three tunnels, two bridges, and a viaduct 91 feet long and 20 feet high. On occasion, eight long bogie cars can carry 120 passengers along this line.

From Whatstandwell the railway continues to follow the windings of the Derwent, revealing a good view of *Crich Stand* above a semi-circular combe on the right, and then passing through a short tunnel, before entering which it passes under the canal and over the river. On the beautiful greensward above, is Lea Hurst, formerly the home of Florence Nightingale.

On the left hand, immediately beyond the tunnel, the High Peak mineral line sets off in earnest, at a gradient of about 1 in 8, for its 30 miles of twisting and burrowing across the bleak limestone uplands of the district after which it is named. It is worked by the North Western Company in short lengths, but now, beyond Buxton, it is entirely disused.

A little short of **Cromford** (see p. 14), 5 miles beyond Ambergate, we obtain a charming glimpse of the bridge, village, and church of the same name, on the left hand. Beyond the bridge the Derwent issues from the narrow gorge along which it flows from Matlock. On its north bank are seen the grounds of *Willersley Castle*, the seat of the Arkwrights. The erstwhile cotton-mill, also visible, was built by Richard Arkwright in 1770, and was the first erection of the kind in Derbyshire. One wing of it was destroyed by fire in Nov. 1890, and the building was subsequently utilised as a laundry and brewery.

From Cromford to Matlock the distance is a mile, mostly underground. Above our heads and hidden from our profane gaze by the black tunnel, is a beautiful knoll overlooking the Derwent, on whose grassy sward happy lovers "walk," and from whose headlong crags despairing ones "leap." A few yards beyond the tunnel, **Matlock Bath** bursts into view on the left hand, in a cup-shaped hollow, from which rise the *Heights of Abraham* and *Great Masson*. The station commands an excellent view of the whole, but, if our train be an express, we have scarcely time to catch a glimpse of it before we enter another tunnel at the foot of the perpendicular face of the *High Tor*. Out again in a few seconds, we have another peep into the narrow defile on the left, and then, again crossing the Derwent, we pass or stop at Matlock Bridge. The *High Tor* has retired on the right to make room for the strath of Darley Dale, up which we travel for the next 4 miles. The village of **Matlock Bridge**, pleasantly placed on the green hill-slopes, is well seen as soon as we have passed the station. The square, fortress-like mansion crowning the hill to the south of the village is *Riber Castle*, built by the late Mr. Smedley, whose Hydro—very barracky in appearance—is conspicuous on the opposite slopes. Hard by is the Matlock Hydro.

The district of Matlock known as **North Darley** is growing even more rapidly than is prosperous Matlock, and the Urban District Council is taking every step towards making it a further success as a health and residential centre.

**Darley Dale** affords space for quiet contemplation after the hot haste and rapid alternations of Matlock. It is wide, green, and quietly beautiful. Half-way up we pass on the right, amid the

trees, St. Elphin's School and the **Station** (17 m.) of Darley Dale, and note on the left hand, half a mile further, the church and churchyard, in which is a veritable patriarch of trees—a yew said to be more than 2,000 years old.\* It is second only to the famous yew of Fortingall, in Perthshire, which is supposed to have seen between 2,500 and 3,000 summers, and is pronounced on the best authority to be the "oldest authentic specimen of vegetation in Europe." Though second in antiquity, however, the Darley Dale veteran is by no means second in the way it carries its years. It still stands erect without the aid of such crutches as serve to prop its poor crippled elder brother in the north. Four feet from the ground its girth is 33 ft. At Darley are the recently-erected Whitworth Hospital and Whitworth Institute (right of the line, *see p. 23*), and beyond it, on the right of the line, is *Stancliffe Hall*, formerly the residence of Sir Joseph Whitworth, but now a preparatory school. The house is built behind a quarry, once transformed from an ugly scar into a picturesque combination of rocks and shrubs, but now restored to the same base uses. Other disfiguring quarries rise behind.

The stone from this quarry was used in the building of St. George's Hall, Liverpool; the Albert Memorial, Hyde Park; the Thames Embankment, the fountain basins at the Crystal Palace, King's College Hospital, and Spurn Lighthouse.

As we approach **Rowsley** a vast breadth of siding accommodation is passed on the left of the line. Between it and the station the meeting of the Derwent and Wye, two of England's fairest streams, may be seen on the same side of the line. There is something as pleasant as it is foolish in the thought of the river, which has hitherto cheered our way, thus gracefully introducing us to its sweetest tributary, before itself bidding us farewell, as it does a few yards beyond the station, where we cross it for the fourteenth and last time. Giving a last look, we have a short vista on the right hand of the valley down which it flows from the highest moorlands of the Peak, through the lovely vale of Hathersage, and past the resplendent domain of Chatsworth. The last-named is three miles up the valley, and the only part visible is the Hunting Tower on the hill behind the house.

From Rowsley, sweeping round to the left, we enter the Wye valley at once. *Haddon Hall* is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles on our way, but the *railway* passes behind it through a tunnel, the construction of which was a condition insisted upon before the iron monster was permitted to invade such sacred territory. Emerging therefrom we have left Haddon behind and still invisible, but we gain ample amends in the beautiful valley with its serpentine stream below, and the town and spire of **Bakewell** coming into prominence on the left. The conspicuous mansion on the far side of the valley is Burton Closes. A pleasanter-looking town than Bakewell we know not. It distinctly asserts itself without being in any way pretentious. The stream in front and the wooded hills behind are in thorough

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\* Modern research throws doubt on the alleged longevity of oaks and yews, reducing the career of the oldest oak to some 400 winters, and of the oldest yew to perhaps twice that extent.

harmony, graceful and unobtrusive. Before entering the station the railway presents an effective view of the whole.

From Rowsley to Buxton it is almost all "collar-work." Beyond Bakewell we leave the Wye valley, and proceed through a somewhat less interesting country past **Hassop**, under *Longstone Edge* on the right, by **Longstone Station**, and then through a tunnel, at the end of which, with a suddenness characteristic of this route throughout, a full-length view of the most beautiful reach of Monsal Dale breaks upon us *on the left*, the viaduct over the river—the Wye again—being crossed almost before we leave the tunnel. Here the valley sweeps abruptly round to the north-west, and the railway follows its course past **Monsal Dale Station**, beyond which a very pretty vista of the sweetly-wooded little glen called *Raven's Dale* is presented on the right. The Wye valley between this and Miller's Dale is sadly spoilt by mills and dams, but for which it would vie with any in Derbyshire—except Dovedale—for striking beauty.

Two tunnels, a very short distance apart, succeed Monsal Dale. From *between* these and *immediately beyond* the second the river is seen far below on *the right hand*, winding between steep wood-covered hills on one side and sheer limestone cliffs on the other, both lovely peeps. Beyond the latter the valley straightens, and the railway ascends high above it on the left. At **Miller's Dale Station** (recently enlarged) we may have to change carriages. Then comes another tunnel, and *immediately* beyond it on the *right hand* a glimpse, beautiful as it is momentary, down the gorge of *Cheedale*. This is the finest bit of scenery within ten miles of Buxton, but from the railway it comes and goes like a flash of lightning. We are in another short tunnel at once, and then follow the course of the Wye between steep limestone cliffs, graced with yew and ash and other trees, all the way to Buxton, branching off from the main Manchester line at a triangular opening of the valley four miles short of our destination. The most faithful disciple of Ruskin and Wordsworth can hardly fail to be struck with the great engineering skill which has pushed as easy-going a line of railway as any in the country through this most rugged of valleys, as well as by the character of the principal works upon it, which by their light and elegant appearance often enhance rather than detract from the natural beauty of the scenery. A mile short of Buxton we pass, on the left, the Lover's Leap, as the narrow entrance of Sherbrook Dell is called, and then the sewage and gas works. Entering the town, we pass under the viaduct of the new High Peak extension of the L. & N.W. Company.

For **Buxton** see p. 86.

## Matlock.

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**Railway Stations** (Midland) at Matlock Bath (for hotels), Matlock or Matlock Bridge (for hydros), 1 m. apart. Buses to chief hotels and hydros. From St. Pancras in  $3\frac{1}{4}$ - $3\frac{1}{2}$  hrs.: Manchester,  $1\frac{1}{2}$ - $1\frac{3}{4}$  hrs.: Birmingham, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ -2 hrs.



## ENVIRONS OF MATLOCK

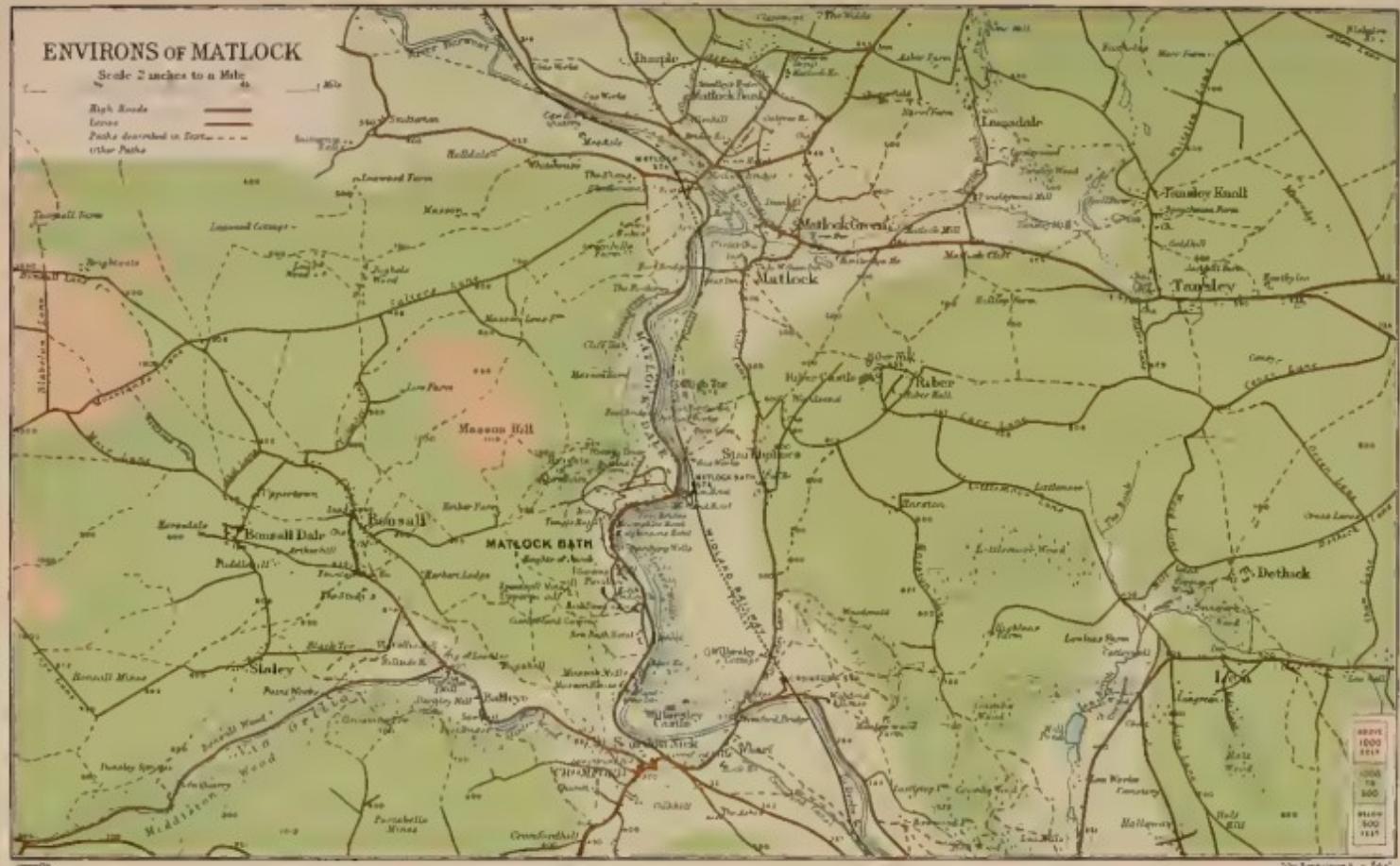
Scale 2 inches to a Mile  
4 miles

High Roads

Leaves

Paths described in Text

other Paths



**Hotels**:—*New Bath, Royal* (hotel and hydro); from 12s. a day inclusive; bed and att. from 4s.; table-d'hôte, 4s. 6d. to 5s. *Bath Terrace, Temple*. All the above are on the Terrace, 8–10 min. walk from the station. The *New Bath* and *Royal* have baths (*see below*).

**Devonshire, Hodgkinson's**, in main street, 5 min. walk from station, small but good second-class.

**Midland**, close to Matlock Bath Station; frequented by excursionists.

**Crown, Old English**, at Matlock Bridge.

Numerous private hotels and boarding-houses in all parts of Matlock.

**Hydros**:—*Matlock House, Smedley's, Rockside, Oldham House, Chesterfield House*, etc., on Matlock Bank, above Matlock Bridge; approached by tramcar (1d. and 2d.) from foot of hill, close to Matlock Bridge Station; ends near Matlock House. Matlock is exceptionally well supplied with hydros.

**P.O.** Head Office, near Matlock Station; open 8–8; *Sun.*, 8.30–10 a.m. **Chief del.**, 7 a.m.; *first. desp.* 9.15 a.m.; *last*, 10 p.m.; *Sun.* 7.30. **Tel. Off.**, 8–8; *Sun.*, 8.30–10. Sub-offices at Matlock Green (last desp. 9.15), and Matlock Bank (last desp. 9.30).

**Baths**:—*Fountain*, in main street, swimming, hot, etc.; also at *New Bath Hotel*, swimming, hot, etc.; and *Royal Hotel*, hot, Turkish, etc.

The **Pavilion** and **Grounds** behind Terrace are now an appendage of the Royal Hotel.

A new **Golf Course** (18 holes) was laid out in 1903 on Masson-side. It is regarded as one of the finest in the Midlands. On the day of opening, a new **suspension bridge** was also opened connecting Matlock Dale with the High Tor, and a walk called the “Serpentine” to lead up to it.

**Boating**:—At Matlock Bath and Matlock (Matlock Bridge). The best reach is alongside the Lovers' Walks.

**Omnibuses** (2d.) between *Matlock Bath* (Terrace) and *Matlock* (*Matlock Bridge*) every 15 minutes between 10 and 8.40; also between Matlock and Cromford (3d.). **Tram** (1d. and 2d.) from Matlock to Matlock Bank. The steepest cable tramway in the world, 1 in 5½; the rise for half a mile being 300 feet.

**Carriages**:—One-horse, 3s. an hour; two-horse, 5s.

**Distances**:—Ashbourne, 12 m.; Bakewell, 10; Buxton, 22; Castleton, 4; Chatsworth, 10; Derby, 16; Dovedale, 14; Haddon Hall, 7½; Manchester, 45; Sheffield, 32 (rail), 23 (road); Birmingham, 58; London, 144.

**Public Conveyances** to Haddon and Chatsworth, Dovedale, Hardwick Hall, Wingfield Manor, Eyam, Monsal Dale, Lathkill Dale, and Via Gellia. Return fares from abt. 3s. to 5s. (*See Yellow Inset.*)

**London Papers** arr. 8.45.

**Pop.** (Matlock and Matlock Bath), 8,547.

The district which goes by the name of Matlock consists of Matlock Town, Matlock Bridge, Matlock Bank, and Matlock Bath, and extends along the valley of the Derwent for upwards of two miles. The scenery of this part of the valley is perhaps the most romantic in Derbyshire. All the hills which contribute to the beauty of Matlock are overtopped by others within a very short distance, but they drop so abruptly into the valleys as to gain an impressiveness out of all proportion to their height. The river flows through a narrow gorge which begins at Matlock Bridge and ends at Cromford, a mile south of the centre of Matlock Bath. Both **Matlock Bridge** and **Matlock Bank** lie a little to the north of this gorge, at the southern end of the strath of Darley Dale; but **Matlock Bath** is in its very centre, just where the river suddenly sweeps round to the right, and the surrounding hills shut out all the world besides. On the right bank, as you descend the stream, the slopes

rise green and steep and sylvan, and it is on this side that nearly all the village is built; on the left bank, except for a break of a few hundred yards, sheer precipices of limestone variegated with ivy and yew and such other trees and plants as find a genial soil in that kind of rock, rise almost from the water's edge. Scotch tourists may be reminded of Dunkeld, though the cruel treatment which the Derwent has suffered from the weirs and dams which obstruct its course has quite spoilt whatever chance it might otherwise have had of holding its own against the lordly Tay.

The space between the parade and the river has been laid out as a garden connected with the Lovers' Walks by a Jubilee footbridge. There is nothing to pay for the use of them.

That Matlock should be overrun with trippers during the holiday season is the inevitable penalty of its beauty and accessibility, and it is idle to deny that on bank holidays and such-like occasions the ordinary tourist requires a philosophic spirit. The place, however, contains abundant accommodation for all classes of visitors, and those whose purses or legs are long enough to carry them to the various spots of interest in the neighbourhood may always escape from the periodical incursions of the *profanum vulgus*.

While on this subject we would enter a friendly but firm protest against the reckless extent to which some of the caterers for public amusements advertise their own particular attractions. The place is small, and huge advertising-boards and posters are proportionately unsightly. Nothing tends more to keep the better class of visitors away than this unfortunate practice. If public spirit could induce moderation in this respect, reduce the size of the "Petrifying Wells" and "Cave" announcements, and at the same time give real assistance to visitors by the erection of modest finger-posts at many points round the village where at present the pedestrian is almost always perplexed, it would be a happy day for Matlock.

**Pavilion and Gardens** (*ordinary adm., 6d.*). These cover an area of about 15 acres, and extend upwards from the New Bath, Terrace, and Royal Hotels, almost to the Bonsall footpath. The whole overlooks the valley, and the views, especially from the higher parts, are very fine, the chief feature being the richly-wooded limestone cliffs which beetle over the Lovers' Walks and the Derwent. The *Pavilion* itself is a fine building, with a spacious central saloon, adapted for concerts, promenading, etc., and with wings on each side. It also contains, in the way of apartments and appliances, whatever may be needed for indoor recreation when outdoor is denied. In front of it is the *Terrace*, extending the length of the building, and fronted by a handsome balustrade. The gardens are laid out with a maze of winding walks, planned so as to change the steepest of slopes into a gently rising promenade. The difficulty has been, not to produce picturesqueness—rock,

wood, and rugged unevenness of surface already provided that—but to avoid destroying it; and how far success has been attained the visitor must judge for himself. High up, in the north-east corner of the grounds, are the *Romantic Rocks*, a strange group of huge isolated fragments, which have been torn away from the adjacent hill-side without losing their equilibrium. Walks wind between them. In this part of the grounds, too, is the *Fluor Spar Cave*, close to “Jacob’s Hillock” (p. 10 (3)). The Victoria Cavern, 250 yards long, is not now shown.

**The Baths.** The *Fountain Baths*, on the main road in the centre of the village, include a large swimming bath in a lofty and cheerful room; with hot baths, shower baths, and douche baths. There are also good swimming and hot baths at the New Bath Hotel and the Royal Hotel. The latter has also Turkish, Russian, and other kinds of baths. In the gardens of the New Bath Hotel is a very remarkable old lime-tree.

**The Petrifying Wells.** These abound in and about the Museum Parade. As the admission is only 1*d.* most visitors will like to witness an operation of Nature which can be seen only in this and a few other places. To be thoroughly petrified requires, we believe, about two years. In this street there are also a large number of museums, or shops, for the sale of the spar ornaments and articles of use made in the locality.

**The Caves.\*** These are to a great extent old mining excavations, though some part of nearly every one is the result either of violent natural disruption or of the characteristic wearing away of limestone rock by water. Those whose standard of subterranean impressiveness has been fixed by the Castleton caverns, or of beauty by the famous caves at Cheddar, will probably think lightly of these hybrid Matlock ones; but caverns, after all, are rare in tourist districts, and whatever motive may prompt you to go in, there is also a certain pleasure in getting out again. If it is not a “trip” day you should decidedly make at least one underground excursion. To geologists these caverns are specially interesting, and the comparative absence of stalactitic formations is often atoned for by the abundance of dog-tooth crystallizations and the frequent outcrop therein of the precious metal in search of which the openings were originally made. The minimum charge for admission is 1*s.* or 6*d.*, parties being charged at a reduced scale according to their number. It is well to strike a bargain before entering. As to position, four of them, the Cumberland, the Speedwell, the Fluor Spar, and the Devonshire, are on the hill-side, behind the Pavilion grounds; two, the Rutland and the Great Masson, on the Heights of Abraham, near the Victoria Tower; and one, the Grotto Cavern, underneath the High Tor.

(1) **The Cumberland Cavern** (*minimum charge, 1s.*). This is the longest and least artificial of all. The shortest way to it from the Parade is by a steep footpath, commencing with some steps adjacent to the Bath Terrace Hotel and skirting the far side of the Pavilion grounds. Another route is to

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\* The charges for admission are subject to variation.

ascend at once after crossing the bridge from the station, and to take the Cromford footpath, between which and the Pavilion grounds the cavern is entered. It consists of a labyrinth of artificial passages, with many steps connecting several natural chambers fairly extensive but deficient in height. The first of these chambers has its roof as flat and horizontal as the floor is the reverse. The end of the cavern displays a chaotic collection of rocks of all shapes and sizes. The total length is 600 yards. Fossils abound.

(2) The **Speedwell Cavern** (*minimum charge, 6d.*). This is a few yards beyond the divergence of the lower Bonsall and Cromford footpaths, close to which is the cottage of the proprietress. It may be approached by the same routes as the Cumberland. It is upwards of 400 yards long, entered by many steps, and chiefly remarkable for the quantity of calc or cubic spar—called dog-tooth. A few small stalactites are pointed out, some effective transparencies, and a little well.

(3) The **Fluor Spar Cavern** (*minimum charge, 6d.*). This, also on the lower Bonsall footpath, may be reached either from the station by the same route as that already described to the Cumberland Cavern, or by the zigzag path leading up from the near (east) entrance to the Pavilion grounds. It is entered from an artificially formed level called "*Jacob's Hillock*" at the top of this path. The area, like the footpath behind it, commands a very fine view across the valley. It is in the same proprietorship as the cave, but the only charge is for visiting the cave, which, as usual, is entered by many steps. The length of the excavation is about 40 yards. It contains barytes, veins of lead ore, fluor-spar, and calc-spar. As a feature a little gallery is shown, a copy in miniature of the one in the Peak Cavern at Castleton.

(4) The **Devonshire Cavern** is on the direct Bonsall path, a few yards beyond the point at which it strikes up the hill from the more circuitous one. Its most remarkable feature is the immense slab of rock, quite flat, which forms its roof and slopes at a considerable angle. It contains a large quantity of stalagmite, also fluor-spar and calc-spar. The floor is a débris of rock and boulder.

(5) The **Buttland Cavern** (*adm., 6d.*). This is the largest of the Matlock caverns. It is approached either by the Holme Road, after crossing the river from the station, or from the Waterloo Road, near Hodgkinson's Hotel. The guide's cottage is at the east entrance to the Heights of Abraham, in Masson Road. There is a very pretty bird's-eye view of the valley between Matlock and Cromford from the roadway opposite the entrance to the cavern, which begins with an artificial passage nearly 80 yards in length. Then comes a chamber about 100 yards long and reaching in one place a height of 120 feet, and branching into two towards its end. On the sides there is a fair quantity of fluor-spar and carbonate-of-lime spar. Perhaps the most striking object in the cave is the pillar which, with the ribs of the arches it supports, resembles the gnarled trunk of an oak tree. The cave is lighted with gas.

(6) The **Old Roman Lead Mine and Great Masson Cavern** is just above the Heights of Abraham, on the way to Masson. Its entrance is reached by a passage between two rocks, and visitors may pass through it on to the upper part of Masson. The cavern is about 70 yards long and attains a height of 90 feet. It contains fluor-spar and dog-tooth crystals.

(7) **High Tor Grotto** (*adm., 6d.*). This cavern, though small, is the best for crystallization in Matlock. It is under the High Tor,  $\frac{1}{2}$  m. north of the station, and is entered from the main road by a foot-bridge across the Derwent.

A passage of 12 yards or so leads to the natural cave, which has been lowered in the first part and raised in the last, to admit a walk through it. The limestone strata, resting on clay, dip inwards from above the entrance till they sink below the level of the river outside. The dog-tooth crystals are very abundant, some parts of the surface being entirely made up of them. About 12 feet above the roof is the High Tor tunnel, and the trains, as they pass through, produce a sound like thunder. At the farther end the opening becomes lower than the level of the river, to which the water inside always corresponds. This cave was discovered by an old man tracking a rabbit in 1820.

Yet another cave has lately been opened *opposite* the High Tor.

The **Heights of Abraham** (*adm., 6d.*) This steep acclivity rises directly from the north side of the Museum Parade, and is reached by several narrow roads, one—Holme Road—striking up, after crossing the river, from the station. Broad zigzag walks lead to the top of it, whereon is the *Victoria Tower*, more conspicuous than graceful, but commanding a very fine view. Near to the Tower are the *Rutland Carern* and the *Old Roman Cave*.

Visitors should extend their walk from the tower to the top of *Masson*, about half a mile distant, and recognizable by its clump of trees. Its height is 1,076 feet, and it commands a wide and beautiful all-round view, including the valley of the Derwent north and south of Matlock, and the smaller dales which strike up westwards to the high ground between it and Dovedale. A path connects Masson with the highest part of the Bonsall track (*p. 12.*).

The **High Tor**, 673 ft. above the sea, 380 above the river (*adm., 4d.*). Carriages can enter at the Starkholmes Gate, and drive over to Matlock Town and Bridge (or *vice versa*). For approach by the new Suspension Bridge, see small type, *p. 7.* The walks are broad and dry. This rock dominates the gorge between Matlock Bridge and Matlock Bath, and contributes more than any other object to the romantic character of the Matlock scenery. Its upper part is quite perpendicular, and the lower consists of screes overgrown with scrub and timber of larger dimensions. The approach for pedestrians is across the river by the bridge leading to the station, and under the line between the station and the tunnel, or by a footbridge  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile on the road to Matlock Bridge. The walks skirt the edge of the cliff—in places a little below the highest ground.

Through the green slope, a little behind the scarped front of the tor, runs a deep fissure only a few feet wide, and so narrow at the top as only to admit a streak of daylight. This is called the *Fern Cave*, and is in one part ten feet deep. The entrance (*adm., 1d.*) is near the Starkholmes Gate, and the first part is a real cave. From the gate to the entrance you can pass through another deep and very narrow cleft called the *Roman Care*.

The **Lovers' Walks** (*1d.*). Along the east side of the Derwent, opposite Matlock Bath, a line of cliffs extends, considerably lower than the High Tor, but similar in character. The picturesque effect of these cliffs is greatly enhanced by the ivy which spreads itself all over them, the yews which grow out of their crannies, and the wood which covers the scree at their feet. There are an upper and a lower walk along them—the latter by the river-side. These walks are entered by a new footbridge connecting them with the pleasant little promenade which has lately been laid out between the Parade and the river near the station, or by ferry-boat. The promenade and footbridge are memorials of Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

**Strolls** (2-3 miles). (*a*) From Crown Square (Matlock Bridge), W. side of river, *via* Pig Tor, new Promenade, Knowlestone Gardens, Cliff House, and, through

the woods, to Matlock Bath. (b) From Smedley's to Lady Grove, Sydnope Hall, and Two Dales. (c) From Smedley's to the Wishing Gate, Tansley, and Lumsdale Woods.

### Excursions.

For interesting and varied walks there are few places in the kingdom equal to Matlock. Public footpaths are so numerous as almost to baffle description. With the aid of our map, however, specially made for the purpose, and the following directions, we hope to introduce visitors to the most charming of these expeditions. All of them worth making are hilly, but any fatigue is amply compensated for by the exquisite views they command. It may be as well to warn ladies who object to climbing walls that the stiles are chiefly remarkable for their narrowness, especially on the west or limestone side. Six inches is considered a liberal allowance to squeeze through.

#### **Bonsall, 1½ m.; Cromford, 3; Matlock Bath, 4.**

A more delightful ramble than this can hardly be imagined. In less than two hours it brings before the eye every beautiful object that is typical of Matlock scenery. The view is curtailed only northwards, in which direction Masson interposes its superior height.

There are two routes, of which the second (b) is the longer and prettier :—

(a) *Direct.* Ascend from the station by Holme Road; from the Terrace by Waterloo Road, which rises from Hodgkinson's Hotel, and West Bank, passing on the left the Prince of Wales Inn, a little above which the route from the station is joined. At the next fork, 100 yards higher up, turn sharp to the right. After passing the Devonshire Cavern and some old lead-mines, you enter a lane that leads from Ember Farm (on the right) to Bonsall, joining the Bonsall and Cromford lane opposite Bonsall Church. The view during the descent is charming.

(b) Either take the left branch—straight on—at the fork above the Prince of Wales Inn (*see above*), or ascend from the Terrace Hotel as to the Cumberland Cavern (p. 9), above which the two tracks join. On the former path, above the N.W. corner of the Pavilion grounds, is *Jacob's Hillock*, with access to the Fluor Spar Cavern (p. 10), and an entrance to the Pavilion grounds. The view from this part of our walk is very charming, and must have been much more so before the valley below was so filled with houses and the free course of the stream held back by weirs. The "Lovers' Walk" cliffs look their best.

Beyond the "Hillock" the lane forks. Continue upwards to the right. Passing through a stile you reach by a wide footpath the brow of the hill, and a view of the valleys which converge upon the Derwent at Cromford opens up in front. Chief amongst them is the Via Gellia (p. 41), a winding V-shaped glen with finely wooded sides and here and there a limestone cliff cropping out above them.



## SECTION MAP N°1



This valley, in contrast and combination with that of the Derwent stretching southwards to Ambergate, and the charming retrospect over Matlock itself, make up a prospect of a high order of beauty. Riber Castle crowns the hill behind us ; south of it is Crich Stand.

Our route now joins the lane leading up from Cromford, and in a few hundred yards enters **Bonsall**, a quaint and sweetly-placed little village with a very picturesque little church, a gabled inn built 1677, *The King's Head* (there is also a *Queen's Head*), a cross representing a very ancient market cross, on a pedestal of thirteen steps, and drinking fountains innumerable. We may go far before we find a village combining so picturesque a situation with so much that is interesting in itself. The spire of the church (13th and 14th centuries, much restored 1863) is octagonal, and belted in two places with ornamental girdles, which give it a very pleasing appearance.

Dropping into the valley from the village, we pass an elegant fountain opposite the entrance gates to *Bonsall Manor House*, and descend at once to the lower part of the Via Gellia (p. 41), past the "Pig of Lead," and in a short time enter *Cromford*, which we shall describe in our next excursion.

This walk may be very pleasantly prolonged by taking a foot-path close to the entrance to Bonsall Manor House and crossing by it into the Via Gellia (*see below*), or by climbing from the latter to the Black Rocks, which are the subject of our next description.

**Variations in returning** :—(a) Retrace your steps as far as the church, and thence either continue along the lane, which ultimately becomes a mere path, to Cromford (p. 14) and return by road through Scarthin Nick; or descend through the churchyard by obvious paths into the Bonsall and Cromford main road.

(b) Proceed to Slaley and the Via Gellia as in the following :—

**Slaley** and the **Via Gellia** (5 m.). Proceed as in the (b) route to Bonsall (*above*) till you enter the lane that comes up from Cromford. Turn towards Cromford for 80 yards ; then through a stile and slantingly down the hill-side by a narrow path which drops into the Bonsall Road at some cottages. Opposite these a finger-post directs to Slaley by a road which soon affords a bird's-eye view of the Via Gellia. At Slaley turn left a few yards past *Slaley Hall*, an old thatched house. Hence a good path descends a field on the left and then at a stile branches into field-tracks. Follow the right-hand one under the wall. At the end of three more fields the path reaches the boundary-wall of the steep wooded slope of the Via Gellia. Forty yards further, close to Dunsley Spring, go through a wooden stile on the left (the path straight on continues along the wall-side and will take you into the "Via" higher up, at Hollow-church Way). Hence the path, short, very pretty and steep, drops into the Via Gellia close to a tufa quarry, whence it is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles back to the Matlock Hotels.

**Cromford**, 1 m.; **Black Rocks**,  $2\frac{1}{2}$ . The Black Rocks command the best view of Matlock from the south, and should either be made the object of a special excursion, or taken in com-

bination with the above described walk to Bonsall Dale. (For the climbing, see *p. xxi.*)

The village of **Cromford** (Inn: *Greyhound*, run by the Derbyshire Public House Trust Co., Ltd.) lies  $\frac{3}{4}$  m. south of the chief Matlock Bath hotels, and is entered by a gap—*Scarthin Nick*—in the rock, just beyond the point at which the river turns away to the left through the grounds of Willersley Castle. From this gap a narrow isolated limestone ridge extends about half a mile eastwards. The most picturesque part of Cromford lies at the east end of this ridge, where the church, whose architectural blemishes are concealed by a complete covering of ivy, and the three-arched bridge, with round arches on one side and pointed ones on the other, materially assist Nature in producing a picture. The grounds of **Willersley Castle**, which rise from the north bank of the river hereabouts, are open to visitors by ticket on Mondays (from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.).

The erstwhile *Cotton Mills* (*p. 4*) here only call for notice by reason of their size, and the fact that they were the first built in Derbyshire.

From the open square in the centre of Cromford village, we ascend by the Wirksworth road till we have left the last row of houses a few hundred yards behind us. Then turning through a gate on the left we follow a cart-track with a plantation on the right, and cross the High Peak railway. The Black Rocks, or Stonnis, as they are sometimes called, rise directly from the other side of the line. The path works round them to the right, and on reaching the edge brings us face to face with the view.

Wherever the millstone grit crops out it affords favourable opportunities for obtaining views, and this peculiarity is nowhere better exemplified than by the **Black Rocks**. Behind them the ground rises to a somewhat greater elevation, and is covered with evergreen wood, but in front the entire geography of the Matlock district is seen at a glance. The rocks standing boldly out from the surrounding slopes, and often projecting in a way which suggests field-guns, afford a natural platform which no human contrivance could excel.

The great charm of the view centres in Matlock Bath, and the course of the Derwent above and below it. Where the river first appears, we have the High Tor rising almost sheer from its banks on the right, and the green, sylvan Heights of Abraham sloping more gently, but still steeply, on the left. Above the latter is the beech-crested Masson. Then we trace the river-course through the bowl in which Matlock lies, hemmed in by limestone crags on one side, and separated from Bonsall Dale and the Via Gellia by a lofty green ridge on the other. At Cromford, which is mapped out just under our eyes, the stream escapes from its gorge and flows through the rich park-like scenery of Willersley Castle, which is the most beautiful, if not the most conspicuous, architectural adornment of the scene. Riber Castle, whenever it forms part of a view,

is perhaps the most imposing erection in the district. Its square towers and solid walls rear themselves on the summit of a hill perfectly destitute of foliage, their size and massiveness making them more prominent than even Crich Stand, which occupies a similar but somewhat higher plateau a few miles further south.

By strolling through the wood behind the rocks for a short distance you will obtain a comprehensive view of the Derwent valley between Ambergate and Cromford, and a pleasing impression of Wirksworth (p. 17).

The return route may be varied in more ways than one; firstly, you may pass through the large mining village of Middleton, more conspicuous than inviting as seen from the rocks, and descend by road or path into the *Via Gellia*, whence Matlock is reached by road through Cromford or by footpath through Bonsall—the latter a delightful route (p. 13); secondly, you may drop into the Wirksworth valley, and after visiting the town cross the hill to the Derwent again, reaching Matlock either on foot through Cromford or by rail from Whatstandwell Bridge (p. 3). Distances:—Black Rocks to Middleton,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  m.; Via Gellia, 2; Bonsall,  $3\frac{1}{2}$ ; Matlock Bath, 5. Black Rocks to Wirksworth,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  m.; Whatstandwell Bridge Station,  $4\frac{3}{4}$ .

**Dethick**, (by path,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  m.; road,  $4\frac{1}{2}$ ). The latter is by Cromford; thence two miles along the Crich road; then up to the left by the mills and to the right at the third turn. The tower of Dethick church is conspicuous.

*By Path.* After crossing Cromford Bridge and passing under the railway at Cromford Station, take a footpath on the left and follow it right up the hill to a wood. The retrospect is very charming. When in doubt, keep up and along the inner side of a boundary-wall of the wood. At a fork, keep to the left-hand steep track and cross Harston lane by two stiles close to some holly-bushes. Crich Stand is conspicuous to the right and Dethick Church below in front. In the second field turn left and pass through Highleas Farm, whence a cart-track, succeeded by a pleasant lane, drops into the road at the fork for Dethick.

*Dethick* consists of a few farms and a *church*, parts of which belong to the early 13th cent., but the tower to the 16th, as is shown by the date 1532, on the west front. This tower was built by Sir Anthony Babington, whose grandson gave his name to the Babington conspiracy in favour of Mary Queen of Scots. Around the building are numerous coats-of-arms of the Dethick and Babington families, and parts of their old mansion and a barn erected by Sir Anthony adjoin.

From the green in front of the church a return to Matlock Bath may be made by footpath and lane either by Tansley (1 m., *inn*) or Riber. Distances:—By Tansley,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  m.; by Riber,  $3\frac{1}{2}$ .

**Lea Hurst** (*by the canal*), a very pleasant round of 6 miles. Turn left along the Crich road, after passing through Scarthin Nick. In  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile you come to the canal terminus on the right.

Take a path just beyond it and in about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile get on to the tow-path at a bridge. Just beyond a wharf this path crosses the river by an aqueduct and the Lea branch of the canal by a foot-bridge, after which, skirting Lea Park on the left, it crosses to the other side of the canal and (2 $\frac{1}{2}$  m. from Cromford) enters Gregory tunnel. Here turn up the breast, and when, in a few yards, you look down into a basin of the canal at the other end of the tunnel, turn up left by a pleasant path which ascends through the park and passes between some trees and thatched cottages, and then, leaving Lea Hurst (*below*) on the left, enters the main road in the village of **Holloway** (*Yew Tree Inn*). Hence back to the Matlock hotels by road is 3 miles. The map will show how to include Dethick (p. 15) in the same walk at an addition of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles.

**Crich Stand.** (6 m. by road.) A thoroughly pleasant walk or drive from end to end. Those who wish to shorten it may take the train to Whatstandwell Bridge (3 $\frac{1}{2}$  m., p. 3), and thence reach Crich in about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles :—(a) By a path which begins  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile north of the station; (b) by ascending the hill by road from the station until opposite the village Institute, and there turning left along a cart-track as far as a rivulet, after crossing which turn right through a wood by a footpath (a) which leads into the main road. In either case the return may be agreeably varied by descending from Crich village (*small inns*) to Ambergate Station. Crich village is half a mile south of the Stand, and Ambergate 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles further. About half-way enter a by-road through a gateway opposite the hamlet of Fritchley.

*Route.*—This passes through Cromford village (p. 14), and thence to the south of the singular ridge of limestone which separates it from the river to the church and bridge. The scenery about here is very charming. Willersley Castle has been already mentioned (p. 14). After passing under the line at Cromford Station, we continue for a long mile side-by-side with the river, and then leave it to climb the hill on which, opposite the village of Holloway (3 m., *Yew Tree Inn*), stands **Lea Hurst**, formerly the home of Florence Nightingale. The house, Elizabethan in character, is beautifully placed on the brow of the hill and to the right of our road. Beyond it we keep high up along the hill-side, and enjoy a charming view across the Derwent valley. The tower called **Crich Stand** (50 ft. high) crowns the hill on our left. Its base is 955 feet above sea-level, and higher than anything else within a circuit of several miles. In fact, except in the north and north-west, where the higher uplands of the Peak rise more or less near at hand, it commands an unobstructed view in every direction, the possibilities including Lincoln Cathedral and Belvoir Castle.

In the summer of 1882 a tremendous landslip occurred here, breaking up the brow of the hill into a confused tract of ridges and chasms, removing a portion of the Cromford road many yards, as well as utterly destroying a house upon it, and even threatening the existence of the Stand itself. A fruitless effort was made to raise a subscription to move the tower to a safer spot, farther along the hill-top from the huge limestone quarry on the south end,

which is threatening its very existence. The doorway has been bricked up to avoid risks to visitors, and the view-point on the top is now inaccessible.

Crich contains some interesting features in its 14th century *Church*—a Norman font, a stone lectern, and various monuments.

From the Stand we may devise a variety of routes :—(a) Descend by footpath to Whatstandwell Station (*inn*),  $1\frac{1}{2}$  m. distant. (b) Continue through the village of Crich (*inns*) to Ambergate (3 m.), taking in the last mile a foot-road to the right which leads past the lime-kilns to the station. (c) Follow the Alfreton road as far as Wingfield Manor ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  m.) and Station ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  m.), whence you may return to Matlock by rail. (For Ashover, see p. 21.) There is a delightful view from the footpath along the edge of the gritstone rocks at the highest part of the ridge which descends from Crich to Ambergate.

**Wingfield Manor** is both in appearance and situation a most attractive ruin. It occupies the brow of a green hill abundantly wooded, to a great extent with evergreens, and overlooking the valley of the Amber. It dates from the reign of Henry VI., and shares the stereotyped history of the residential ruins of the country: it was a prison-house of Mary Queen of Scots, and Cromwell dismantled it. Within its walls the futile Babington conspiracy for the liberation of the Scottish Queen was hatched.

The ruins, which are extensive, consist of two enclosed courts, entered by a fine gateway. Perhaps the most striking feature in connection with them is the diversified sky-line which they present, produced by the lofty tower, the gable ends of the banqueting hall, and the outside walls. Queen Mary is said to have occupied rooms on the west side of the inner court, which contains amongst other good features a fine octagonal window. Part of the interior has been converted into a farm-house. The finest thing of all is the well-preserved crypt, below a magnificent chamber that may have been either the banqueting hall or the chapel. The building is open on week days (admission 6d.), and at 1 p.m. on Sundays (1s.).

There are *village inns* at Crich, Whatstandwell, and Wingfield, as well as a larger one (*Hurt Arms*), with very fair accommodation, at Ambergate Station.

**Wirksworth** (pop. 3,888;  $2\frac{1}{2}$  m. from Matlock Bath). The direct road is dull, unless the Black Rocks (p. 14) be taken on the way, and the flanking hills abound in limestone quarries. Far better to take train to Whatstandwell ( $3\frac{1}{2}$  m.); thence walk over the hill to Wirksworth ( $3\frac{1}{4}$  m.), and walk back over or under the Black Rocks and through Cromford. The *Derwent* at Whatstandwell (*see above*), the *Red Lion* at Wirksworth, and the *Greyhound* at Cromford are comfortable resting-places. Wirksworth Church well repays examination, and the valley-views from the high ground on both sides of Wirksworth are very pretty.

From Whatstandwell Station cross the Derwent and take the road to the right from the bridge, and the first uphill to the left. Soon you have a charming view over Lea Hurst and towards Matlock. The road passes on the right a clump called the *Hag*, and then

reaches its highest point (750 ft.) at cross-roads, Wirksworth with its huge limestone-quarries appearing suddenly far down in front. Both road and path to it are obvious.

The **Church** (*key at cottage S. side*) shows all manner of architecture, and was well but incompletely restored by Sir Gilbert Scott in 1876. The unfinished part is the nave, in which, as far as it goes, a high-pitched roof has been substituted for the old obtuse-angled one with battlements. The original style of the building seems to have been E.E., and there are lancet windows in the chancel and the transepts. The east window, however, is Perpendicular, and others are Decorated. There are also plain round arches. The plan of the church is cruciform, and the most telling features inside are the Pointed arches with massive clustered shafts which support the tower. The chancel and transepts have lately been graced with many painted windows, and the general effect of these parts of the church is very pleasing. In the south wall of the chancel is a double piscina ; on the north are sedilia. Several recumbent effigies are noteworthy—one of Antoyne Lowe, Esqre., who served four sovereigns, Henry VII. and VIII., Edward VI., and Mary, (d. 1555) ; others in marble, of the Gell family, to whom we owe the “*Via Gellia* ;” the chief of these bears date 1583. Note also the two *fonths*—the 13th century one, in the north transept, restored for use in 1896, and the comparatively modern one in the south transept, which is dated 1662 and bears its years amazingly well. Most curious, however, of all the things to be seen are the fantastic mouldings which have been built into the walls of the south transept and the nave. The chief one, on the north side of the nave, was discovered under the chancel in 1820. It shows a variety of subjects—Christ washing the feet of the Disciples, the Wise Men, Roman soldiers, etc., and is held to be the oldest Christian memorial in the country (*vide Victoria Hist.*). These scrolls are remnants of an older church. The W. front has now been admirably restored by Mr. Temple Moore.

In the *churchyard*, close to the door at the south of the nave, is the tomb of Matthew Peat, who died in 1757, aged 109. Wirksworth abounds in reminiscences of George Eliot, and a memorial tablet to Dinah Morris may be seen in the Ebenezer Wesleyan Chapel (see also Ellastone, p. 57).

Except for a curiosity, called the *Miners' Standard Dish*, which was made in the same year that Flodden was fought, and is preserved in the Moot Hall, Wirksworth has nothing else to show the stranger. A branch line, 14 miles in length, connects it with Derby.

The road back to Matlock, over the hill, under the High Peak railway and to the left of the Black Rocks (p. 14), needs no description.

**Chesterfield and back.** *To Chesterfield by road, 12 m. ; by rail, 20.*

The most easterly ridge of the Peak country extends in a direction generally north and south between Matlock and Chesterfield,

dwindling away to its end in the little angle formed by the union of the Derwent and Amber at Ambergate. Except for the part which we have described in the foregoing excursion—to Crich Stand—this district is hardly of sufficient picturesque interest to require detailed description in a tourist's guide-book. The uplands are bleak and monotonous, and it is only along the course of the Amber, which in its upper part breaks the ridge into two, that real beauty of scenery is to be found. We shall, therefore, confine ourselves to a brief account of the special objects of interest, and a few hints as to the best way of getting at them.

The pedestrian's best plan is, perhaps, to take the train to one of the stations between Ambergate and Chesterfield, and to walk back. By so doing he keeps the best of the scenery before him. The half-way house of the walking party should in any case be **Ashover** (*n.* 21), one of the prettiest villages in the county. It is distant from Stretton Station 3 miles, from Clay Cross  $3\frac{1}{2}$ , and from Chesterfield  $7\frac{1}{2}$ . The last-named has the advantage in the number of trains stopping at it, and its fine cruciform church is interesting, apart from the hideous corkscrew spire. Otherwise, it is as uninteresting a town as can well be imagined. The Matlock road, however, commands fine and extensive views during the first four miles, which are almost entirely on the rise. *For footpath, Tansley to Ashover, see p. 21.*

The road from Clay Cross has no special interest till it crests the hill a little south of Ashover. Then a scene of great beauty bursts suddenly on the eye. From Stretton a pretty country-road follows the valley of the Amber. *'Bus abt. 3 times a day each way. Conveyances at "Railway" Inn, close to station.*

*The Route.*—Quitting Matlock the train enters a tunnel, from which it emerges into (1 m.) *Cromford Station*. Then, after running side by side with the river for a long mile, it goes by another tunnel underneath the hill on which stands Lea Hurst, and passes the terminus of the High Peak mineral line on the right hand. A good view of Crich Hill and Stand (*p.* 16), rising above a semi-circular combe, is then obtained on the left hand, and after passing (3½ m.) *Whatstandwell Station*, rail, road, river, and canal run side by side all the way to **Ambergate** (6 m.). At Alderwasley (pron. "Arrerslee") the scenery is greatly spoilt by two huge chimneys rising from the centre of the valley.

Half-an-hour's waiting at Ambergate (Inn : *The Hurt Arms*) may enjoyably be spent in taking a little walk up the hill. From the inn pass under the two most westerly of the station bridges, and a few yards short of a third bridge turn up the lane on the left, which goes past the lime-kilns. After crossing the river and canal you will come to a footpath which takes you behind the lime-kilns and across the canal again into the Matlock road, a little north of the station. During the walk you cross an inclined plane leading from the top of the hill to the lime-kilns. The ingenious plan on which the trucks are moved up and down this plane is worthy of passing notice.

From Ambergate the Chesterfield line turns to the north-east, and after passing through a short tunnel, affords a view of Crich Church and Stand on the left hand, succeeded in a very short distance by Wingfield Manor (*p.* 17), which shows its tower and gable-

ends, rising from a grove of evergreens on a gentle slope, to great advantage. Beyond it is the village of *South Wingfield*, a full mile from the station (10 m.), close to which, however, is the church.

Between Ambergate and Wingfield is **Bull Bridge**, a curious specimen of engineering. The railway crosses the River Amber, and is itself crossed by the Cromford Canal; and a road which runs parallel with the railway (and is also crossed by the canal) in its turn, a few yards further on, goes under the railway and over the river.

Nothing noteworthy now presents itself until we reach (13 m.) *Stretton*, the nearest station for Ashover (p. 21). The road thither, a very pretty one, needs no description. Between this and the next station is the well-known *Clay Cross Tunnel*, one mile long. At the station of **Clay Cross** (16 m.) the main Midland line from London converges. Considering the immense quantity of coal which the Clay Cross district produces, the usual unsightly indications of such a district are few. The "black country" element only shows itself intermittently. The town itself is more than a mile away, over the tunnel. Chief Inn: *Victoria*.

To reach **Ashover** ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  m.) from Clay Cross you strike westwards from the station, and in about 10 minutes take a path in front of *Tupton Hall*, which brings you out at a junction of roads, where is an inn. Thence follow the Ashover high-road for about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles, at which distance take a lane to the right. By so doing you get the beautiful view over the Amber valley referred to in our introductory remarks to this route. The path *via* Press also is good.

Between Clay Cross and Chesterfield the only noteworthy objects visible from the line are *Wingerworth Hall* and *Church*, situated on the slope of the hill to the left. The former is a large white mansion in the Italian style. It was garrisoned for the Parliament in 1643.

Before entering the station at **Chesterfield** we obtain a full view of the extraordinary twisted spire of the Parish Church. "Looks as if it had a spinal complaint," a fellow passenger once remarked to us. To travellers it is the most unfailing source of conversation we know. At a rough guess 60 through-trains a day will pass by this route between sunrise and sunset, and it is seldom that a fairly filled compartment gets past without one of its occupants hazarding a guess as to how the deformity arose. There can be little doubt that the woodwork underneath the outer case of lead was put in before it was properly dried, and that consequently it warped. Setting aside its deformity, we should be sorry to see the twisted steeple restored or put straight; to touch it would be an act of vandalism, as it is probably the loftiest lead spire surviving from the middle ages. In other respects the church is interesting. It is mainly of the 14th century, and among its chapels the Foljambe and the Calton chapels have some remarkable and beautiful features. The hagioscope and the screen work should be observed.

The hotels in Chesterfield are: the *Hotel Portland*, *Angel*, both in the Market Place,  $\frac{1}{2}-\frac{1}{2}$  m. from stations, and *Station*. Pop. 37,429.

**Chesterfield to Ashover,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  m. ; and Matlock Bath, 13.**

The long line of hills between Chesterfield and the Derwent valley is crossed by roads which reach the latter at Baslow ( $8\frac{1}{2}$  m.), Rowsley ( $9\frac{3}{4}$  m.), Darley Dale (10 m.), and Matlock Bridge (10 m.). The introduction of railways into the district has reduced the second and third of these almost to the condition of grass-roads in their highest parts, about 1,000 feet above sea-level, but the other two—to Baslow and Matlock respectively—are still good carriage-roads. To the tourist in search of scenery they are none of them to be recommended throughout, but the route which we are going to describe—by road as far as Ashover, and thence by a cross-country track—is really interesting. The milestones, as usual, misrepresent the distance. Reckoning from the centre of the town half a mile should be added to the number given on each, and from the railway stations, 1 mile.

All these roads are identical to begin with, taking a direction due west out of Chesterfield. One mile from the Market Place that to Matlock, Rowsley, and Darley Dale strikes out of the Baslow one at right angles, and for the next  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles is mostly on the rise. Then, a short distance from a road-side inn called the *Red Lion*, the Darley Dale and Rowsley road strikes off to the right. The Matlock one goes straight on, and in another 2 miles drops to the little hamlet of Kelstedge (2 small inns) in the Amber valley. Hence we see the church of Ashover about a mile away on the left. A road diverging in the same direction leads to it.

**Ashover** (Hotels: *Red Lion*, the rest small, but comfortable; *Ambervale Boarding House*, *Ashover Hydro*) is delightfully placed in the best part of the Amber valley, but except its church, which is very pleasing in situation and outward appearance, it contains nothing calling for special remark. Inside the church is a leaden font adorned with figures, one of the few such in England; it is late Norman in date. Outside, the visitor may remark a stone coffin. Above the village is the comfortable and well-situated *Ashover Hydro*.

In walking from Ashover to Matlock you may either rejoin in a mile the high-road which you left at Kelstedge, or you may cross the moor to Tansley, and thence continue over the high ground past *Riber Castle*, whence you will drop into Matlock Bath by the path which passes south of the High Tor and goes under the railway a little north of the station. In either case, start from Ashover by a stone footpath, which you may see from the churchyard climbing the green hill opposite. From the top of this path the high-road is easily regained. For Tansley (inn) the pleasantest route is by a narrow lane, a little to the right of Overton Hall, and on by a footpath which climbs obliquely over the refuse of an old mine to the top of the ridge and there enters another lane, reaching in another mile the high-road from Matlock Bridge to Stretton Station, at a point 3 miles from the former, and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles short of Tansley.

## Chatsworth and Haddon.

Map opp. p. 13.

Among all the artificial adornments of the Peak of Derbyshire, these two places rank immeasurably first in popular regard. Their proximity to each other brings them within easy scope of one excursion. We include them in this particular section of our volume, because Matlock is the nearest to them of the centres which we have chosen, though perhaps as great a number of tourists visit them from Buxton. As, however, there are many smaller places at which good tourist accommodation is obtainable, within a shorter distance of one or both of them, we append a distance table :—

	CHATSWORTH.			HADDON.		
	By road.	On foot.		By road.	On foot.	
Bakewell	...	4	...	3	...	2
Baslow	...	2½	...	1½	...	6½
Edensor	...	½	...	½	...	5½
Matlock Bath	...	10	...	9½	...	7½
Rowsley	...	4	...	3½	...	1½
Buxton	...	1½	...	—	...	15

All the carriage-routes to Chatsworth reach it from the west side of the river, whereon, half a mile from the House, and close to the village of Edensor, is the *Chatsworth Hotel*, a large and favourite hostelry. No one is allowed on the direct drive which passes between the Baslow and Rowsley ends of the Park, along the east side of the river, close to the House. The gain which pedestrians obtain in several instances arises from their being able to use a direct footpath leading from Baslow to the House, and running parallel with the drive; from their avoiding the winding road between the bridge at the Rowsley end and that opposite the House, and from the convenience afforded by the footpath across the hill between Chatsworth and Haddon. We have been at special pains to describe this path in both directions, because it is as great a pity to miss it as it is a difficulty to find it. The walk is a charming one, affording lovely views over the richest portions of the valleys of the Derwent and the Wye, and to many tourists it will bequeath the happiest reminiscence of their day's excursion. It is, perhaps, easier to follow from Haddon to Chatsworth than in the reverse direction, the difficulty in going from Chatsworth being to get out of the park at the right point.

**Pedestrians** who visit **Haddon** first should not forget the footpath which starts at the Wye Bridge, one mile beyond Rowsley, and leads directly to the Hall.

The **railway** from Matlock to Rowsley is described on page 4.

The **road**, when we get fairly away from Matlock Bridge, where are railway-works, quarries, gas-works, etc., proceeds almost level all the way to Haddon or Chatsworth. Approaching Darley Dale

(p. 46) it passes the *Whitworth Hospital*, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  m. further on the *St. Elphin's Church of England School*, in extensive grounds, built as a private residence and having a very remarkable staircase. Then, with grounds reaching to the station, we pass the handsome **Whitworth Institute**, which provides entertainment, intellectual and athletic, for the sparsely populated neighbourhood, but is not of much practical value to the outsider.

Next, on the right, are passed **Stanslie Hall**, formerly a mansion (in Tudor style), now a preparatory school. There are *inns* at Darley Village, a little right of the main road, and at the S. end of Stanslie,  $\frac{1}{2}$  m. farther (the *Grouse*).

**Rowsley to Chatsworth.** Omnibuses from the Edensor Hotel and the Baslow Hydro meet several trains at Rowsley. These are the only conveyances privileged to use the direct drive. There is always an abundance of private conveyances at Rowsley Station. Pedestrians may take either side of the river from Rowsley. The footpath along the west side is rather the shorter, and in dusty weather the pleasanter of the two routes. By the road-route on the east side you obtain a beautiful view up the river, including Chatsworth itself, very soon after leaving Rowsley. Then just opposite the little *Church of Beeley*, which has lately been prettily restored, take a wide footpath to the left. This cuts off a corner, and ends at the bridge at the south end of the park, after crossing which you join the footpath along the west side of the river, and may proceed by the water's edge to the bridge opposite the House.

For the approaches to Chatsworth from Bakewell, see p. 103; from Haddon (direct), p. 34. The footpath from Baslow starts from a by-road near the junction of the Sheffield and Chesterfield roads. There is also a path from the *Peacock*. Notice the rhododendrons.

**Cycles** are not allowed on the Chatsworth paths, but may with advantage be used on the road west of the river.

## Chatsworth House.

Map opp. p. 13.

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The **House and Grounds** are open (at the Duke's pleasure) from 11 a.m. till 3.30 p.m. on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays (from May to the second Thursday in August, and on Whit-Monday and August Bank Holiday). A charge of 1s. is made in lieu of the payment of gratuities to the guides, which is now prohibited.

Of the appropriateness of this palatial mansion to the natural features of the ground on which it is built, it is hardly our province to speak. Those who accept a palladian style of architecture as suitable to any and every kind of scenery will go on piling up their favourite epithets as long as the building exists and they are

alive to see it, while others will gratefully recognize the liberality which throws the house and its artistic treasures open to all comers, and allows them to wander at their pleasure through the glades of its really beautiful park. Let us hope this will be long maintained. The only demurror which we would venture to put in is against the artificial treatment which the Derwent has undergone in its course through the grounds, whereby its channel has been converted into a series of fish-ponds. In this respect it offers a strange contrast with the neighbouring Wye. The latter stream, left to its own devices between Bakewell and Rowsley, winds and sparkles past the leafy glades of Haddon with a joyousness which can hardly fail to communicate itself to the heart of every passer-by.

It is, perhaps, hardly fair to compare, without reservation, Chatsworth with Haddon—a comparatively modern inhabited building with an old uninhabited one. *Quæque antiquissima optima*—“the oldest the best”—is a widely accepted motto, and to no art is it more applicable than to architecture, domestic as well as ecclesiastical.

**History.**—The last thing that Chatsworth, the first that Haddon suggests, is history. The glamour of newness about the former is almost painful. Under its spell even the grand works of the old masters which it contains look as if they were scarcely a hundred years old, and the rosary of King Henry VIII. is as bright and fresh in its appearance as if it had been made yesterday. Yet Chatsworth has a history, and one by no means devoid of interest. It formed part of that wide domain, including also Haddon and Castleton, which William Peverel received from his supposed father, William the Conqueror. Then it passed through two families whose names are not sufficiently suggestive to modern ears to be worth mentioning, into the possession of the Cavendish family. The first representative of that name to hold it was Sir William Cavendish, second husband of the famous “Bess of Hardwick,” whose passion for building was attributed to a superstitious belief on her part that she would never die as long as she continued doing so. She finished the building which last occupied the site of the present one, and then married her fourth and last husband, the Earl of Shrewsbury. It was at this time that Mary Queen of Scots occasionally resided at Chatsworth, and the reason ascribed for her being so often brought here would still hold good under similar circumstances—viz., the remoteness of the locality from large towns where conspiracies might be conveniently hatched. After this Chatsworth was held alternately for King and Parliament during the Civil War. The present building was begun in 1687 by the fourth Earl of Devonshire and finished in 1706. Here again the quasi-newness of Chatsworth strikes us forcibly. Few people could imagine from its present appearance that it was anterior to the crescents of Bath and Buxton. The great north wing, by Wyattville, was added by the sixth duke, and finished in 1820.

**Description.**—Almost everything pertaining to Chatsworth, both

inside and outside, may be described as splendid and magnificent, and it will save visitors the vexation of having these words constantly before their eyes, if they will kindly realise this fact at once, and excuse us for not repeating them with each work of art to which we shall draw passing attention. They apply to every square yard of the outside of the mansion, and the only part of the inside which does not merit them, even to a still greater degree, would seem to be the passages and staircases connecting the different suites of rooms. These hardly consist with the style of the rooms themselves. One thoroughly beautiful and distinguishing characteristic of the interior is the exquisite *wood-carving* found in the Chapel and the suite of State Rooms. Whether this carving is to be ascribed, according to popular tradition, to Grinling Gibbons, or, according to "accounts rendered," to the Derbyshire-born-and-bred Samuel Watson, we must leave abler authorities than ourselves to settle. Of parallel interest with the wood-carving are the *frescoes* which adorn the walls and ceilings of the principal rooms. Here we must again turn "heretic" for a moment, and with the remembrance even of the Doge's Palace at Venice, as well as the Duke's at Chatsworth, venture upon a humble opinion that the painting of ceilings is a mistake, implying a wanton disregard of Nature's "honest rule" that a man should stand upright and look straight before him. Obliterate intervening history, and fancy an observant critic a century hence visiting Chatsworth. He would write somewhat as follows:—"The customary attitude of the higher classes of European society during these centuries of refinement was a supine one; their chief paintings were executed on the ceilings of their mansions, and they lay on their backs to admire them." Those who have crooked their necks at Chatsworth will understand what we mean.

As to the *paintings* on canvas, and *sketches in sepia* at Chatsworth, we content ourselves with enumerating the chief masters who executed them—to offer the slightest criticism would be an impertinence. They include Titian, Giorgione, Tintoretto; Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Andrea del Sarto; Raffaelle; Albert Dürer; Memling; Correggio; Paul Veronese; the Caracci, Guido Reni, Domenichino, Guercino; Holbein, Rubens, Teniers, Van Eyck, Rembrandt; Claude Lorraine, Salvator Rosa; Poussin; Murillo; Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Sir Edwin Landseer.

*Sculpture* is another of the features of Chatsworth. In this department of art we meet with the masterpieces of Canova, Westmacott, Chantrey, and Thorwaldsen.

The **Exterior** consists of one large rectangular block erected by the first Duke of Devonshire, and a long wing of one story rising to three at its end added by the last but two. Its style is Classical throughout, Ionic pillars rising between each set of gilt-framed windows, and a pediment, adorned with the Cavendish arms, crowning the central ones. On both sides of the pediment extends an open balustrade, surmounted by statues and urns. The words

of Cibber the sculptor, which we quote from "Murray," are very amusing with regard to this part of the ornamentation. He says, "For two statues as big as life I had £35 apiece, and all charges borne; and at this rate I shall endeavour to serve a nobleman in freestone." The identification of all these figures we must really leave to the visitor and the guide between them.

The **Interior**. Entering at the north end of the modern wing, through gilded iron gates, we obtain our guide at the Porter's Lodge and cross the courtyard to the **Sub-Hall**, a small apartment with a tessellated pavement, and a ceiling adorned with a copy of Guido's "Aurora," by Miss Curzon. Here, too, are several busts and a statue of Domitian.

From the sub-hall we pass through the *North Corridor* to the **Great Hall**. This room is 60 feet long, and nearly half that width. The floor is of black-and-white marble mosaic. Round three sides runs a gallery, above which the walls are frescoed with scenes from the life of Julius Cæsar, by Verrio and Laguerre, culminating in a representation of his apotheosis on the ceiling. In the centre is a large table, the top of which consists of one slab of Derbyshire marble, and in the way of curiosities we have a long *Turkish canoe* presented by the then Sultan to the sixth Duke.

Hence passing through the *South Corridor*, in which we may notice the "English Club Room," said to be by Hogarth, and a *sarcophagus*, we enter the

**Chapel.** This apartment is wainscoted with cedar, carvings of flowers, fruit, foliage, and corn depending between the panels and over the upper doors. The floor is of black and white marble in mosaic. The *altar*, which is at the west end, is of Derbyshire spars, and on it are sculptured figures of "Faith" and "Hope" by Cibber. The painting above it is the "Incredulity of Thomas," by Verrio. Those round the room, above the paneling, represent various scenes in the life of Christ, the "Ascension" being depicted on the ceiling.

From the chapel we are conducted up two narrow flights of stairs through the *Etching Gallery*, noticing as we pass a fragment of the foot of Hercules, about two feet long in itself, into the **State Apartments**, which occupy the third story, and have a south aspect over the garden. In the view thus gained the beauty of the valley and the formality of the gardens are equally noticeable. From the second doorway of this suite a full-length view of the whole of it is obtained, doubled by a mirror at the farther end. The floors are of oak parquetry throughout, and the *wood-carvings* are a special feature. Two of them occupy the same position as those of Queen Mary in the previous hall. The first of them which we enter is the **State Dressing Room**. Herein is a masterpiece of wood-carving, with which Gibbons is still accredited by our conductor. It represents a cravat of point-lace, amid other objects as beautifully executed as they are inappropriate. The "china maniac" will find much to interest him in this room.

The principal subject of this ceiling is the "Flight of Mercury on his mission to Paris." That of the next apartment, the **Old State Bedroom**, is "Aurora chasing away the night." Herein is the canopy of the bed in which George II. died, worked by Mary and her attendants, and on either side of it are the *coronation chairs* of George III. and Queen Charlotte; also one of Louis the Fourteenth's wardrobes. The walls of this and the next room are hung with leather relieved with rich gilding.

The **State Music Room** is the next in the suite. The *fresco* on the ceiling represents the story of Mars and Venus. Here, too, are the *coronation chairs* of William IV. and Queen Adelaide. A *cabinet* of precious stones contains, among countless other beautiful ones, a piece of emerald which, we are told, is the largest in the world. Behind a door, kept artistically half open, hangs a *fiddle* by which Verrio, it is said, successfully played off on his rival Gibbons the very trick which Parrhasius played on Zeuxis 2,300 years ago. The thing is as real as if it were seen through a stereoscope. Hence we pass to the **State Drawing Room**, the walls of which are hung with *Gobelin tapestry*, representing Raffaelle's cartoons. The ceiling shows "Phaethon driving the horses of the Sun." Here are the coronation chairs of George IV. and Queen Caroline.

In the **State Dining Room**, which we next enter, the *wood-carving* attains its climax in strings of game hanging down on each side of the fireplace. On the ceiling are the "Fates cutting the thread of life." The central table has on it, among other treasures, the *rosary* of Henry VIII. and its case. At the side is a *malachite clock* presented by the Emperor Nicholas of Russia.

Amongst the other ornaments of this suite we may mention full-length portraits of the first Duke of Devonshire and others of royal or noble blood, in the full pomp of their robes of office; innumerable tables and cabinets, inlaid or enamelled; a set of ivory chess-men; a model of a Russian farmhouse; and amongst the curiosities a gentle reminder of the "bag and baggage" policy, which in its time found favour with the house of Cavendish, in the shape of a *Turkish portmanteau*.

This magnificent room, erected by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, was opened on the occasion of the visit of the Princess Victoria, travelling with the Duchess of Kent, in 1832. The next royal visit to Chatsworth was paid in 1843. The Princess had become Queen Victoria, and she was accompanied by Prince Albert and the Duke of Wellington.

We now descend again, and pass through the **Picture Gallery**, in which will be found works by the old and modern masters we have already enumerated, and by many others of almost equal repute.

One picture which attracts a good deal of attention, chiefly from its strong distinctions of light and shade, is the "Monks at Prayer." There are also Holbein's "Wheel of Fortune," and the "Marriage of the Doge" by Paul Veronese. In the **Red Velvet Room**, just beyond, are Landseer's "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," and the same artist's "Laying down the Law;" also an unfinished sketch by Sir Joshua Reynolds, representing the "beautiful Duchess" as a baby. The baby hardly does justice to its after-self.

In traversing the passages from the picture gallery we may notice a large picture of the celebrated race-horse "Flying Childers," an equine "Colossus,"

under whose "huge legs" his pigmy rivals almost look as if they might literally "walk." In connection with this curious painting, it may be interesting to give a copy of the "certificate" of the age of the horse. It is as follows: "September ye 28, 1719. This is to certify that the bay stoned horse his Grace the Duke of Devonshire bought of me, was bred by me, & was five years old last grass, & noe more. Witness my hand, Leo Childers." Then we enter the

**Sculpture Gallery.** Here, amongst a host of figures between which only the critical eye will distinguish anything beyond the nicest shades of merit, we may, perhaps, draw attention to the "Endymion" and "Mother of Napoleon" of Canova; Thorwaldsen's "Venus;" Schadow's "Spinning Girl;" and "A wounded Achilles" by Abrecina. In the centre of the room is a huge *Mecklenburg vase* by Canteen, and in one corner a real Derbyshire gem,—a *vase*, which, though comparatively small, is the largest sample of "*Blue John*" (p. 161) handiwork in existence. Note also table of Derbyshire marbles in 1,000 pieces, the "Nymph and Woodman," by Schwanthaler (1848), and the colossal lions.

We now enter the **Orangery**, the transition room from indoor to outdoor Chatsworth. In it, besides what its name implies and many other specimens of choice exotics, are beautiful sculptures, and a huge quartz crystal. Then, issuing into the open air, we are handed over to another guide, who introduces us to the **Gardens**.

Among the apartments not shown to the public is the **Ball Room**, a magnificent apartment which may be used as a theatre. It has a fine drop-curtain, depicting Old Chatsworth.

**Gardens.** If we once admit that Art does not out-step its province in entering into direct competition with Nature in Nature's own department—that there is nothing impudent in the cockney pleasantry that a beautiful landscape is *almost equal* to the transformation scene in a pantomime—we may derive unmixed pleasure from the Chatsworth gardens. Indeed, in some parts of them Art has almost become second Nature, so forgiving a spirit has the latter manifested in overgrowing hand-built rockeries with her own green livery, and effacing the signs of artificial treatment. In others, however, she has been openly defied. You cannot make a flooded stone staircase—the *Grand Cascade*, to wit—kept constantly swept and garnished, anything but a travesty on a natural cascade, nor a copper willow-tree that squirts water on refractory visitors anything but an artificial shower-bath. But the chief object of attraction in the gardens is the **Grand Conservatory**, a glass building erected by Sir Joseph Paxton, and which was the original of the Great Exhibition building of 1851. It is nearly 300 feet long, 120 feet wide, and 65 feet high. In it the rarest exotics, from the fan-palm, gaunt and heavy-topped, to the maidenhair fern, the most beautiful thing in the building, find a congenial home. There is one cactus-like plant—the American aloe—which is fabled to take a hundred years to flower, and then to die.

Of the many fountains in the gardens the chief is the *Emperor Fountain*, named in honour of the Czar of Russia, who visited Chatsworth in 1844. When it plays, which it does only on special

occasions, it shoots up water to a height of 267 feet—higher, we believe, than any other fountain in Europe. It is fed by ponds on the lofty hill-top behind.

High up on the hill-side, behind the house, is the late Elizabethan **Hunting Tower**, 90 feet high, a square turreted tower commanding a splendid prospect, and surmounted with flying colours when the Duke is at home. Hence a fine woodland and hill-top walk leads to Beely. Behind the house also, is the *French Garden*, and in front of it the *Italian*—both all a-glow with flowers in their proper season. Between the latter and the house we make our exit, the last things specially pointed out to us being a trio of fairly grown trees planted by various members of the Royal Family.

On our way to Edensor, for which take the broad footpath on the far side of the bridge, to the right of the carriage-drive, we notice on our right hand, close to the river, a relic of old Chatsworth—a low square-walled enclosure, surrounded by a moat, and called **Queen Mary's Bower** from its having been a favourite place of resort with that ill-fated lady during her sojourn at the second Chatsworth Hall, erected by Sir William Cavendish and "Bess of Hardwick." Upon it grow several trees, amongst them a fine yew.

**Edensor.** This "model" village, locally called "Ensor," lies on the opposite side of the river to Chatsworth, on the road to Bakewell, and just outside the park. The church, built from the designs of Sir Gilbert Scott, supersedes an old one taken down in 1867; but parts of the ancient fabric were incorporated in the new, among them certain Norman pillars and the 14th-century south porch. It has a fine spire and is well proportioned throughout. The village displays all sorts of architecture from the Norman to the Swiss "cottage ornée," and basks under the gentle feudal sway of the lords of Chatsworth. To realise that its elegant villas are the residences of people of the "butcher and baker and candlestick-maker" order is a difficult matter. (For hotel see p. 22. The cottagers are not allowed to make tea for visitors). In the church (E. end of S. aisle) is a stained window in memory of the late Lord Frederick Cavendish, one of the two victims of the Phœnix Park outrage of 1882. The chief figure is that of Christ as the "Man of Sorrows."

**Edensor to Bakewell Station, 2 m.; Town, 2½.** A beautiful walk. The carriage route is a mile longer, and far inferior in interest.

Take the road through Edensor village, passing to the right of the Church. A continuous ascent of more than a mile begins at once. From the hill thus gained both the Wye and the Derwent valleys appear to great advantage. A little beyond the crest of the hill the road splits, turning abruptly both right and left. From this point an obvious footpath descends steeply through a wood to Bakewell station and town.

**Chatsworth to Haddon Hall (3½ m.). Pedestrian Route. For general remarks see p. 22, and Map, p. 13.**

From Chatsworth cross the river by the stone bridge opposite the house to Edensor (*above*), which you should certainly take a peep at on the way. The hotel lies to the right of the village, just out-

side the park. From it or from the village, keep along the main drive southwards for  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, passing the drives from the house, and then, after a bend in the road, cross the park to the belt of wood opposite. The direction is almost in a line with Chatsworth. Enter the wood from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile above and right of the road by a stone step-stile, whence a plain path climbs through it, and emerges by a similar stile on to open ground. Looking ahead from this second stile, you will notice a clump of beech trees on the top of the hill beyond an intermediate valley, and slightly to the left of your previous direction. This clump you must make for. Your way to it is by an obvious cart-track to the bottom of the valley, just short of which you pass through a gate and over a stile on the right. Thence, leaving the farm called *Calton Houses* on the left, you pass along the dam of a little pool\* and ascend to the clump through a pasture dotted with numerous thorn-trees. The beech-clump is on the highest ridge of the hill which separates the Derwent from the Wye. Beyond it you enter a field with a wall on the right hand. Cross the field diagonally, and pass through the wall at the first gate. A beautiful view over the Wye valley now discloses itself in front. From the gate continue along the ridge, with the wall on your left for about 200 yards, and then descend diagonally through the wood (recently much disfigured by wholesale cutting) by a steep but evident track, which brings you out through a gate on to an old grass-road from Rowsley to Bakewell. In front of you as you pass through the gate is a narrow little ridge, with a grass-road across it, separating two opposite valleys, both of which must be avoided. Cross the ridge, and on the far side of it turn to the right, along a grass-road, between two stone gate-posts. This road passes in succession on the left hand a plantation, a farm, and the old bowling-green of Haddon, and comes out at the refreshment room close to Haddon Hall.

## Haddon Hall.

*Map, opp. p. 13.*

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\* Light refreshments in building behind guide's cottage.

However many and strong conflicting opinions may be formed about Chatsworth, there can be no question as to the claims of Haddon. Unless it be Raglan Castle in Monmouthshire, or Stokesay in Salop, we can think of no unmonastic building in the country which takes so firm a hold on the admiration. It has all that retirement and coyness of situation which Chatsworth lacks. Trees partially hide it from every point of the compass, and in conjunction with its own broken architectural outline divest it of all that formality of aspect which might appear incongruous with the diversified character of its natural surroundings.

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\* Possibly dry, but often the haunt of wild duck.

**History.**—William Peverel, once held to have been a natural son of the Conqueror (*see also* under Castleton, p. 157), received also from the king the Manor of Bakewell, wherein lies Haddon. From his descendants the Ville of Haddon, as it was called, passed during the reign of Henry II. into the family of Avenell, which had already held it for some time as a fief. About the time of Richard I. the male line of the Avenells became extinct by the death of William Avenell, who, however, left two daughters. One of these presented a moiety of the Manor, as her marriage portion, to Richard de Vernon. The Vernons continued to hold high festival at Haddon for four centuries. During that time the other moiety of the Manor reverted to them. In the middle of the sixteenth century Dorothy Vernon, daughter of Sir George Vernon, who was dubbed from his magnificent hospitality, “King of the Peak,” married John, afterwards “Sir” John Manners. The story of their elopement is of modern origin, and entirely fictitious; but as long as the door is there, and the steps with the darkling grove of yew at their foot, the tale will doubtless live, and visitors will cherish it as devotedly or obstinately—which you will—as they cherish the romances of the faithful hounds of Beddgelert and Helvellyn.

Sir John Manners was the second son of Thomas, the first Earl of Rutland, and by the decease of the seventh Earl without issue his grandson succeeded to the title. The “Lords” of Rutland occupied Haddon as a residence till the beginning of the eighteenth century. Then they gradually forsook it for the more princely castle of Belvoir. Since then, though as much private property as ever, it has practically become a possession of the people, who justly regard it as one of the most precious heirlooms of mediæval England.

As to the dates of the various parts of the building—the entrance tower and the nave and aisles of the chapel exhibit late Norman details. Then comes the central block, consisting of the banqueting hall and the culinary offices, all of which, as well as fragments of other parts, are of the fourteenth century, and a hundred years in advance of the extreme eastern and western ranges. The mixed house-and-garden architecture, which, from a picturesque point of view, constitutes the chief artificial charm of Haddon—the south façade, the terraces, the steps, and balustrade—belong to the late Tudor period and the 17th century.

A noticeable point about Haddon, and one which removes it still further from all suspicion of formality, is the admirably chosen site on the *slope* of the hill, the west range of the building sinking some 20 or 30 feet lower than the east.

**Description.** The drives from the Bakewell road, the foot-path from Rowsley way, and the route across the hills from Chatsworth all meet on the east side of the bridge close to the guide's, or rather the *Custodian's Cottage*, a house in thorough keeping with the characteristic style of the hall itself. On the trimly kept

grass-plot in front of it are a couple of small yews clipped into the shape of the Manners and Vernon crests, a peacock and a boar's head. Close by is the main gateway under the Norman Tower. A trio of gargoyle heads projecting from the upper part of this tower are called the *Three (sic) Muses*. Over a doorway on the right are a number of *carred shields* containing the bearings of the Vernon family. Inside the gateway the immense hoop of an old *brewing tub* hangs from the wall. Then, after peeping into a gloomy little chamber which served as the *Porter's Lodge*, and which contains a very uncomfortable-looking bedstead, we enter the lower courtyard, the first door on the right of which leads into an apartment called by misnomer the **Chaplain's Room**. The contents are by no means ecclesiastical according to modern ideas—jackboots, pewter plates (the best of which have, however, been removed to Belvoir Castle), a matchlock, a holster, a leather doublet, to wit. The real chaplain's rooms were above ; they are not now shown. Passing onwards through the court we enter the **Chapel**. The *bell-turret* rising above the entrance is singularly chaste and beautiful. The chapel itself has a nave and aisle in the late Norman style, and a Perpendicular chancel. Its noteworthy contents are a *Norman font*, a *holy-water stoup*, an old *vestment chest*, some *family pews* of characteristic discomfort, and remains of painted glass given by Richard Vernon in 1427. The stained glass was nearly all stolen in 1828. In the side-wall is a *squint*, in alluding to which we catch Sir Walter Scott tripping. From it, he says (*Peveril of the Peak*, ch. vi.) the lady of the house, who, like John Gilpin's wife, "had a frugal mind," could attend to religious and culinary matters at the same time. Now, unless the good lady was gifted with that "patent hextra double million magnifyin' glass microscopic" power of vision which, in Sam Weller's opinion, would have enabled her to see across the courtyard through a couple of eighteen-inch stone walls, this must have been impossible. The lords and ladies of Haddon had not, comparatively, a large space of their establishment set apart for religious exercises, but while engaged in them we doubt not that they gave them their undivided attention.

We may here hint that the "meat-safe" doors, which have lately been placed in this court, have an incongruous appearance.

Crossing the courtyard to the central portion of the building we enter a passage separating the kitchen from the banqueting hall. In the vestibule is a **Roman Altar**, dug up in the neighbourhood some centuries ago. In the **Kitchen** two huge *fire-places* suggest quite a Saxon prodigality of good fare. Next to them the *salt-box* (used for wood for the fires), the *chopping block*, and the *mincing bowls* are the most noticeable cooking utensils. Opening out of the kitchen are three *larders*, in the farthest of which is a *salting trough* made of one block of wood.

The **Banqueting Hall**, into which we now pass, measures 35 by 25 feet. Round two sides of it runs a 17th century gallery, with a panelling of oak to which several antlers are attached. At the

far end of the room is a *dais*, like that of a college hall, whereon is a worm-eaten table at which the "quality" feasted while the humbler members of the household occupied the lower floor. On the walls are two old *paintings*, one of Martin Middleton, a forester of the Vernons, and the other, restored, of a racehorse. There are pictures too, of the first Earl of Rutland's gamekeeper, and the keeper of the wine-cellars. On one side of the doorway through which we entered an *iron ring* bears witness to the penalty inflicted on a guest who failed to take his proper quantum of liquor in the old days of rude hospitality. To it his wrist was fastened while the *arbiter bibendi*—the toast-master—and other guests poured the "precious liquor" down his doublet.

Contiguous to the banqueting hall is the more modern **Dining Room**, oak-panelled and containing an *oriel window* which looks out on to the garden. The ceiling of this room, originally frescoed, has been plastered over. In the window-recess are carvings of Henry VII. and his wife, and Will Somers, the jester. The upper part of the panels is ornamented with *boars' heads* and *shields of arms*, and over the fireplace the motto "Drede God and honor the kyng" is inscribed. On the window-sill opposite the door is an ancient *wine-cooler*.

In the landing at the head of the steps leading from the dining room to the drawing room, time-worn *paintings* represent "Abraham offering up Isaac," the "Reproof of Peter," "Time devouring his Children," "Prince Rupert and Eugene," and "Sir Francis Manners, 6th Earl."

The **Drawing Room**, which is above the dining room, is surrounded by *tapestry* from three to four centuries old, above which is a *stucco cornice* in four tiers. Notice also the *fire-dogs*. The recessed window commands a lovely view.

After a period of disarrangement extending over several years, the famous Gobelin tapestries of Haddon Hall are complete again. They are specially cared for by the Duchess of Rutland (Lady Victoria Manners has published a little book describing them), and the whole are now in excellent repair.

The **Earl's Bedchamber**, which is entered from the drawing room, is tapestried with scenes from the hunting field. Beyond it is the **Page's Bedchamber**, chiefly remarkable for the view from its window, including Dorothy Vernon's footbridge.

Returning through the drawing room on to the landing, we mount by a flight of solid oak steps, made from the root of one tree, into the

**Ball Room or Long Gallery**, the largest and most pleasing apartment of all. It measures 109 feet by 18, and has a recess half-way up it 15 feet by 18, with a glorious window. This room, too, is wainscoted with carved and inlaid oak. Over the fireplace is a large picture, copied from Rubens, of the "Presentation of the head of Cyrus to Tomyris," the Scythian queen. At the far end of this room is a cast of the face of *Lady Grace Manners*, who died at the

age of 93—a most determined asserter of “woman’s rights” if looks go for anything. The floor of this room was made from the trunk and branches of the tree whose roots supplied the steps leading up to it.

In the **Ante Room**, next entered, we find paintings of Queen Elizabeth, Charles I., etc., and one of “Wild Fowl,” copied from Schnyder; also the “Bear-Hunt.” Here is the door through which Dorothy is supposed to have eloped.

Hence we pass to the **State Bedroom**, in which a stately four-poster is shown as the bed of *Queen Elizabeth*, and afterwards, during its temporary removal to Belvoir, of *George IV*. By the side of the bed is the first Earl’s *cradle*. The walls are hung with *tapestry* from Mortlake, in Surrey. The subjects are taken from *Æsop’s Fables*. Over the fireplace is a most grotesque *bas-relief* of “Orpheus charming the beasts.” In the window-recess stand the *dressing-table* and a *looking-glass* of the “Virgin Queen.” This room has a fine oriel.

The last room of any interest shown to visitors is the **Old State Room** (with tapestry, “Samson and Delilah,” “Diana,” etc.), whence we climb by a cork-screw staircase to the **Eagle**, or **Peverel’s Tower**. On the first flight of this tower is an old *rack* for stringing bows. The prospect from the pinnacle above is lovely in the extreme. Below us we have a bird’s-eye view of the courts and ranges of the Hall itself, beyond which we trace the windings of the Wye, backed by the richly-wooded eminences extending from Stanton Moor to Longstone Edge. The panorama is rich rather than grand.

Descending again, we are admitted by Dorothy Vernon’s steps to the **Garden**. In the upper part of this is an avenue formed by noble elm and sycamore trees, and floored with aconite. Below this is a second terrace, called the *Winter Garden*, crowded with ancient yews, so venerable in their dignity that they appear as if they were the ancient possessors of the soil. Hence we obtain by far the most beautiful and lasting impression of the exterior of Haddon. The south facade, partly overgrown with ivy, is seen at full length. A beautiful open *balustrade* separates this from the *Lower Garden*, which lies immediately under the Long Gallery and the Dining and Drawing Rooms. Hence our exit is through a door and down a flight of steps. *For path to Rowsley, see p. 46.*

**Haddon Hall to Chatsworth (3½ m.). Direct Pedestrian Route. (Map opp. p. 13.)**

The wood-crowned hill-range separating the Wye from the Derwent between Haddon and Chatsworth is broken by two or three lateral valleys which have the effect of making this route very difficult to find, and missing it involves a good deal of vexatious labour. It is, however, an exceedingly pleasant and remunerative walk, and much to be preferred to the roundabout road-routes either by Bakewell or Rowsley. We have marked the track care-

fully on our map, and with the following directions no one can well miss it.

From Haddon climb the hill by a path starting from the top of the steps close to the refreshment room, and crossing a cart-track which winds up in the same direction. Then (5 min.) you pass to the left of the old walled-in bowling green and a farmhouse. Hence continue the walk along a green lane, which brings you (15 min.) to another gateway, 150 yards beyond which, on the left, is a little ridge separating two opposite valleys, one of which looks towards Bakewell, the other towards Rowsley. Cross this ridge, and on the other side of it enter the wood through a gate. Then climb by a green cart-track as directly as it will take you to the top of the higher ridge before you, turning right near the top, up a track with a drain on one side of it, and a wire fence on the other. This ridge is the main one between the Wye and the Derwent, and the highest point on your way. It is wooded to the summit, along which runs a stone wall. Follow this wall northwards for nearly 200 yards till you come to a gate in it. The views southwards and westwards from about here are very charming. Pass through this gate, and cross the long field diagonally by a faint cart-track to another gate at the far corner of it. This opens into a beech-plantation, through which there is a cart-road for a few yards. Emerging from the trees, you look down a lateral valley into the main Derwent valley on the right hand. In front and below you, in the lateral valley, but at first unseen, is a farm called *Calton Houses*. Your path, now very indistinct, drops through hawthorn bushes into the valley, at the bottom of which it passes through a little shrubbery, and over the dam of a small pool—perhaps dry—to the left of the farm, ascending again at once, and joining a cart-road from the farm. Climbing this road, you cross a broad green drive, at the end of which, 200 yards to the right, is a modern lodge, the “Russian Cottage.” Beyond the drive you come to a belt of wood which the cart-road enters by two gates, inside which the path crosses a stone step-stile on the right. Cross the stile and descend by a plain and direct footpath, which enters Chatsworth Park by another stone step-stile. Chatsworth House presents a very imposing appearance at the bottom of the valley straight before you; the handsome spire of Edensor Church lies a little to the left. Crossing the park for some distance, you enter the main drive and in five minutes more reach Edensor village (p. 29). The hotel is beyond the village, just outside the park. The direct public drive to the House leaves Edensor a little on the left.

**Haddon to Rowsley, 1½ m.** Pedestrians should take the footpath along the east of the Wye. It enters the high-road at the Wye bridge, 1 mile short of Rowsley Station.

## Hardwick Hall.

*(General Map.)*

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**By Rail** :—From Chesterfield (G. Central) to Heath (2 m. from Entrance Lodge), 6½ m.; (Midland to Hardwick Station), 13. *Excursion Tickets* are issued from Sheffield to Heath, 1s. 6d.

From Hardwick Station (Mid.) to Bolsover Station is a run of 13 to 14 minutes.

**By Road** :—From Matlock, 17 m.; Chesterfield, 7; Clay Cross, or Doe Hill Station, abt. 5.

Open daily from 11 to 5 (11 to 1 Sats.), except when the family is in residence.

This celebrated mansion, though it lies several miles away from any part of the Peak District, is often and deservedly visited by sojourners therein. From Matlock the journey there and back is easily made in a day. Of the nearer places Chesterfield is the most convenient to hire from, and Clay Cross Station may be recommended as the best starting-place for cyclists or pedestrians, who, if disposed to make a day of it on this side of the district, may with advantage continue northwards from Hardwick along the high ground to Bolsover, and return thence to Chesterfield Station. Clay Cross Station is a mile from the town. *Distances* :—Clay Cross to Hardwick Hall, 5 m.; Bolsover, 10; Chesterfield Station, 16½. *Comfortable Inn* at the entrance to Hardwick Park. *Country inns* at Bolsover, etc. Railway extensions have, however, reduced the necessary walking to a minimum, and there is nothing special in the scenery.

**Carriage-route from Matlock**, 17 m. This is the same as that described to Crich Stand and Wingfield Manor on p. 17. From South Wingfield it crosses the railway close to the station, and passes through the small town of Alfreton (*George Hotel, c.t.*), leaving Alfreton Park on the left. Hence it drops to and crosses the main Midland (Erewash Valley) line, beyond which there is a pleasant prospect westwards during the rise to Tibshelf (*Inns*). A short two miles further the route from Clay Cross, described below, is joined at the *Shoulder of Mutton Inn*, and in yet another two miles we reach the *Hardwick Inn*, and the entrance to Hardwick Park.

**Pedestrian Route from Clay Cross Station.** This commences with a road which crosses the line by a bridge at the south end of the station, and bends southward to *North Wingfield Church*, whose chaste tower is a prominent object. In half a mile we double to the right round the church and rectory (*Inn on the north side of the churchyard*), and then turn left again at a sign-post directing to Pilsley. The road then entered upon crosses a brook in half a mile, and about the same distance further we diverge again to the left (the second turn beyond the brook) and enter a lane which, after passing an inn and going under a mineral branch of the Midland Railway, in 1½ miles strikes into the Chesterfield and Tibshelf road. Follow this road southwards, towards Tibshelf, for half a mile, and then turn left again at the *Shoulder of Mutton Inn* (*Hardstoft*). So far our route, though over a pleasantly undulating country, has been too much associated with coal-mines to be thoroughly enjoyable.

The rest of it is along a grass-bordered lane with a fringe of trees on either side. As we proceed, the towers of Hardwick Hall, crowning a well-timbered eminence, appear in front. From the end of the lane we take the farther of the two roads to the right, and in a few hundred yards reach the **Hardwick Inn**, at the entrance to the Park.

From the entrance-gate to the hall it is about half a mile, by a drive which makes a wide sweep in order to break the abruptness of the direct ascent. The first buildings passed are the *Stables*, on the right hand, a range so extensive and handsome as to suggest that the beast was as well looked after as its master in the palmy days of Hardwick hospitality. Then, on the left of the drive, we reach the remains of the **Old Hall**, dating from the first half of the 16th century. They consist of little more than one side of the shell, and that seems to be held together by the tenacity of the ivy which overgrows it in profusion, and which relieves its austerity. A little further the present Hall rises on the right hand. It is entered through a square-walled courtyard now laid out as an ornamental flower-garden.

### *The Hall.*

The general appearance of the exterior is far more regular and formal than that of most existing specimens of the picturesque period of architecture which it represents. The Hall was built in the last decade of the 16th century by the famous Bess of Hardwick, whose initials, E. S. (Elizabeth Shrewsbury), are part of the design of the stone fretwork which crowns the six towers. We have already in our description of Chatsworth (*p. 24*) commented on this remarkable woman's mania for building. As her rent-roll reached a sum which would now-a-days be fairly represented by £200,000 a year, amassed chiefly from the jointures of her four husbands, she was enabled to gratify it to her heart's content. She began to be married at 14, and the last of the dauntless four was the Earl of Shrewsbury—whence the initials.

In front of the main entrance there is a short colonnade, terminated at each end by the two towers which face this way. Then entering the *Hall*, we have, directly in front of us, a statue of Mary Queen of Scots, by Westmacott. Underneath is an expressive inscription, of which the last half runs as follows:—

“A suis in exilium acta, 1568  
Ab hospite neci data, 1587.”

“Exiled by her own people, given to death by her hostess” suggests anything but an Elizabethan view of the treatment received alike from friend and foe by the unhappy queen, in connection with whom we may further remark that she never visited Hardwick at all. The present mansion was not commenced until a few years after her execution. The several souvenirs now located here may have been removed from the old house at Chatsworth, in which she took a brief holiday on more than one occasion, during the long years of her captivity at Sheffield Castle under the espionage of the Earl of Shrewsbury. Other features of the Entrance Hall are

the oak wainscoting and modern tapestry, the large fireplace and the antlers. Over the door by which we entered is the *Minstrels' Gallery*. Hence we proceed by the north staircase to

The **Chapel**, a small apartment hung with painted tapestry, after Raphael's cartoons, representing the life of St. Paul, and displaying some specimens of 14th-century needlework. Beyond it is

The **Dining Room**, which occupies the north-west angle of the building. It is a spacious apartment, with a deep recess serving as a billiard-room. Over the chimney-piece are the everlasting initials, "E. S.," and the motto, "The conclusion of all thinges is to feare God, and keepe His Commaundementes." The walls, wainscoted with oak, are hung with a multitude of portraits, including the first Lord Walpole, and (one of many in various parts of the building) Georgiana, the "beautiful Duchess," who was the wife of the fifth Duke of Devonshire. We are also introduced to "Bess" herself, by a portrait which certainly fails to explain her magnetic attraction for the male sex.

From the Dining Room we pass through the *Minstrels' Gallery* wherein is a fine specimen of the horns of the Irish elk, into

The **Drawing Room**, another spacious and comfortable-looking apartment. The effect of the large windows of Hardwick is much more pleasing from the inside than the outside. This room is also wainscoted to a considerable height with oak, but the space above is hung with portraits almost concealing the tapestry, which represents the history of Esther and Ahasuerus. Amongst the portraits we may notice those of Sir William Cavendish, second husband of "Bess," Charles James Fox, Sir Joseph Paxton, Countess Spencer, mother of the "beautiful Duchess," and Jeffrey Hudson, the celebrated dwarf. A door opens out of this room into the **Duke's Bedroom**, which is hung with tapestry representing Abraham and Isaac, the Judgment of Solomon, etc. Hence we ascend another flight of steps to

The **State Room**, or **Presence Chamber**. This extends along a great part of the west front, and measures about 65 by 31 feet, exclusive of a roomy recess. The tapestry, covering more than half the height of the walls, represents scenes from the *Odyssey*. Much of the Hardwick tapestry has been carefully restored by expert fingers during the last year or two. Above it is a plaster frieze in high relief—subject, a stag hunt. The furniture is of the late Stewart period, and includes a *Cabinet* dating from the reign of Charles II., and an old table brought from the ruins, and curiously inlaid so as to constitute a board for several games. At the north end of the room are a canopy-chair and a footstool of black velvet, richly embroidered; and in the recess stands the *State Bed*, adorned with crimson velvet and ostrich plumes. From this room we enter

The **Library**, which is hung with tapestry, and, amongst a number of portraits, contains one of the Duchess of Portsmouth, as well as another of "Bess." The *German Goblets* on the chim-

ney-piece are worth notice. From the window of this room there is a charming view. Hence, passing through the **State Bedroom**, hung with old silk tapestry, we proceed to

**Mary Queen of Scots' Room**, as it is called from the circumstance that the furniture was used, and much of the needle-work is said to have been wrought, by that ill-starred lady, the specimens including the silk embroidery of the bed, the quilt, and the covering of the chairs.

Passing on through the *Blue Room* we notice on our way representations of the marriage of Tobias, Vulcan, Neptune, and the meeting of Jephtha and his daughter; and then we enter

The **Picture Gallery**. This, perhaps the most delightful room in the house, extends along the whole eastern side of it except the parts occupied by the towers. It is 166 feet long, and from 22 to 41 (in the recess) feet wide. Eighteen huge windows in this apartment are said to contain more than 25,000 panes of glass, whence the couplet:—

“Hardwick Hall,  
More glass than wall.”

Two fine chimney-pieces are surmounted by allegorical representations of Justice and Compassion. The walls are crowded with portraits, amongst which we may mention full-length ones of Queens Elizabeth and Mary at the south end—the latter, if we may trust history, as flattering a likeness as we may hope the one of the renowned “Bess,” not far off, is the reverse; one of Arabella Stuart, who was granddaughter of “Bess” through the issue of the latter’s second marriage; the celebrated full-length portrait of Mary Queen of Scots, taken before trouble and confinement had marred her good looks; two of the “beautiful Duchess,” one as her “ain sel,” and the other as Diana—floating about in a cloud; Hobbes, the philosopher; William Lord Russell; and one of the family of Charles I., which includes the most remarkable baby ever introduced to public notice. In various parts of the gallery most of the kings and queens since the Tudor period may be seen, and there is such an array of Dukes of Devonshire that their own descendants might be excused for “mixing” them.

From the Picture Gallery we descend by a *Staircase*, whose walls are hung with tapestry representing the love and fate of Hero and Leander.

From the leaden *Roof*, to which it is only worth while to ascend in perfectly clear weather, the view is rich and extensive. Crich Stand is a prominent object westward, and with a strong glass Lincoln Cathedral may be discerned in the opposite direction.

From the Hall to *Bolsover* by road is nearly 5 miles; first, by the drive which strikes north-eastward through the Park, and then, due north for  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, into Hucknall Lane. Keep along this eastward for  $\frac{1}{2}$  m., and you will enter a road which goes due north to Bolsover about  $\frac{1}{4}$  m. east of the edge of the ridge all the way.

Bolsover is also reached by rail from Chesterfield (*Mid.*) in 25 to 30 min. 3 or 4 trains a day. The station is at the foot of the hill.

**Bolsover Castle** occupies a most commanding site, the view extending over a considerable breadth of pit-spoiled lowland westwards to the lofty moors which rise between Chesterfield, Sheffield, and the Derwent valley. The present *Castle* was built early in the 17th century by Sir Charles Cavendish, younger son of "Bess of Hardwick," on the site of a Norman castle which owed its existence, like the famous "Castle of the Peak," to William Peverel, natural son of the Conqueror. There are traces of this Norman castle in the basement story of the present one. Beyond its site, however, there is nothing specially noteworthy about it, except some chimney-pieces of extraordinary beauty; but the remains of the **Palace**, which adjoin it, are interesting. This structure was also commenced by Sir Charles Cavendish, but not completed by him. It was remarkable for the size of its rooms, the dining-room measuring nearly 80 by 33 feet. It was visited several times by Charles I., partially destroyed by the Commonwealth, repaired after the Restoration, and left to fall into its present condition in the next century.

The *Chesterfield* road starts down the hill on the north side of the Castle, and there is no risk of losing the way. Entering Chesterfield, it goes under the line,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile S. of the Midland station. Staveley (G.C. sta., 4 m.) may be reached partly by footpath.

**Barlborough** can be reached by rail and road from Bolsover, or from Chesterfield *via* Eckington Station ( $6\frac{1}{2}$  m.); the village and church are 2 miles away, and the hall half a mile from the village. The church is of Norman foundation, and contains interesting monuments of the Nevilles, Lords of Furnival, and of Sir Richard Pipe, erst Lord Mayor of London. Note the heraldic shields on tower and chancel. Barlborough Hall is an Elizabethan building of remarkable design, built in 1583 by Francis Rodes. The way from the village is by a delightful avenue of limes.

### Matlock Bath to Dovedale or Ashbourne. (Maps pp. 13, 55).

**Road route** :—*Matlock Bath to Cromford*, 1 m.; *Grange Mill*, 5 (*—Ashbourne*,  $14\frac{1}{2}$ ); *Tissington*, 12; *Dovedale (Peveril, Thorpe)*, 14; (*Izaak Walton*), 15. Cyclists, see p. vi., *Pink Inset*. It is a very up-and-down route, with some rough bits, but highly interesting.

**Pedestrian route** :—*Matlock Bath to Bonsall*,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  m.; *Grange Mill*,  $4\frac{1}{2}$ ; *Ballidon Moor*,  $7\frac{1}{2}$ ; *Parwich*,  $9\frac{1}{2}$ ; *Tissington*,  $11\frac{1}{2}$ ; *Thorpe*,  $13\frac{1}{2}$ .

*Reverse route described on page 74.* For routes from the new railway stations at Tissington, Thorpe Cloud, and Alsop-en-le-Dale, see *Dovedale Section*, pp. 61–65.

Carriage-folk have hardly any choice of routes between Matlock and Dovedale, unless they go in one direction by Wirksworth and Ashbourne, which adds 4 miles to the distance, making the journey a round of 32 miles. Pedestrians, however, can choose from several. The best are through Parwich, whence they may proceed

by road and footpath either to Load Mill, which is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles above the beginning of Dovedale proper at Dove Holes, or they may follow a path to Tissington and the "Peveril," or from Tissington enter the dale in its central part under Tissington Spires.

(1) Start by the route to the *Via Gellia* described on p. 12, or, if you wish to visit Bonsall, by the direct route thither (p. 13); thence down through the village to the fountain and straight on by path (left-hand branch at fork) to Slaley.

(2) *By the Black Rocks.* Shorter but rather less interesting. Underneath the Black Rocks (p. 14) you leave the Wirksworth road, and follow that which crosses the south end of Middleton village and for the next two miles proceeds as near as may be to the side of the High Peak railway, crossing it a long half-mile beyond Middleton. A little beyond the crossing the line goes through a short tunnel. The pedestrian's nearest way is also through the tunnel, which is wide enough for two lines of rail, although there is only one, but trespassing is not always allowed. A mile beyond the tunnel the line strikes away to the right from the top of the Hopton Moor Plane, and the road continues straight on to Brassington (*6 m. from Matlock*). From the small inn in this village we turn to the right along a lane which almost skirts the south side of Brassington Rocks (p. 75), and in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles reach the high-road as described below.

The carriage-route bends sharply to the right at Cromford (p. 14) and, at the *Pig of Lead*, enters

The **Via Gellia**, locally known as the "Via Jelly"—a deep, winding valley, bordered by wood, overhung in places by limestone cliffs, and a good deal spoilt in its lower parts by industrial works. It forms a favourite drive out of Matlock, "a big road for t' quality i' t' summer time," as we once heard it described in Bonsall. The name, a misleading and unfortunate one for a Derbyshire dale, is due to its constructors, the Gell family of Hopton Hall, near Wirksworth. It is still famous for its lilies of the valley, and has a wealth of other flowers too. Geologists will be interested in a vein of toadstone (lava) in a dingle traversed by a small stream, on the right going up the valley. Nearer Winster are two volcanic necks, and chunks of the black toadstone will be noticed in many places among the gray limestone blocks in the dry-built walls. Four miles from Cromford the dale, after passing ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  m.) the *Lilies Inn*, reaches the upland plateau of the High Peak at *Grange Mill*, where is a roadside house, the *Holly Bush*. Here the Ashbourne and Dovedale road turns to the left, and in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles (*pub.-ho.*) passes under the High Peak railway. Then follows a long winding descent between the Brassington Rocks and White Edge. The carriage-road on to Tissington (p. 65) or Ashbourne needs no description. From Tissington it passes through an avenue, crosses the Buxton and Ashbourne road, and turns for Thorpe and Dovedale at the *Dog and Partridge*.

Pedestrians should take a cart-track to the right  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles beyond the railway, and just opposite the by-lane from Brassington mentioned in the detour above described. This track crosses the south end of White Edge to the tiny village of *Bullidion*, whence a footpath, starting about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile up the lane to the right, leads up into another lane at right angles and is continued by a lane down a pretty valley, at the foot of which is **Parwich** (*Wheatsheaf Inn*, close by Hall; see p. 75).

Hence (a) for **Load Mill** (*Mill Dale*) proceed by path and road to the

large farm of *Parwich Leas* (1 m.), a little beyond which a path strikes up on the left and, leaving the church and farms of *Alsop-en-le-Dale* below on the right, ascends diagonally into (2 m.) the *Ashbourne* and *Buxton* road, which it enters at a house about 100 yards short of a road that strikes off to the left and drops by a very steep pitch to (3 m.) **Load Mill**. Hence the chief road rises again to **Alstonefield** (4 m.; for **Wetton** and **Thor's Cave**, p. 70). A second road follows the river-side to **Hill Dale** (4½ m.), where it strikes up a narrow gap to the right for **Wetton** (7 m.; p. 70). For the path from *Mill Dale* down *Dovedale* to *Ilam* and *Thorpe* see p. 112.

(b) A footpath, succeeded by a lane, leads from *Parwich* to *Tissington* (2½ m.; p. 65), whence an avenue enters (3 m.) the *Ashbourne* and *Buxton* road, after crossing which proceed by a footpath in your previous direction. Then, crossing another road, you come out close to the drive up to the *Peveril Hotel* (4½ m.; p. 65).

(c) For route from **Tissington** into central part of **Dovedale** see map and p. 66.

### Matlock Bath to Winster, Rowsley, Bakewell, &c.

(*Map p. 13.*)

*Matlock Bath to Winster, by road all the way (or by rail to Darley Dale Station, 3 m., and thence by road), 6 m.; Rowtor Rocks, 8; Robin Hood's Stride, 9½; Alport, 11½; Over Haddon, 13½; Bakewell, 15½.* An up-and-down road for cyclists between *Darley Dale* and *Alport*.

There is a great deal of beautiful scenery to be met with by those who devote a day to this route with its many ramifications. Carriages may be taken by *Winster* to either *Rowsley* or *Bakewell*, and by getting out and walking a mile or two here and there, their occupants may include in the day's excursion the greater number of the special objects of interest—*Rowtor Rocks*, *Robin Hood's Stride*, *Cratcliff Tor*, to wit; but only the pedestrian can gain all the possible enjoyment from the day's excursion. In describing the most remunerative route for him to take, we shall at the same time accommodate ourselves to the requirements of carriage-people.

First, the carriage-route from *Matlock Bath* to *Winster* is 6 miles. The pedestrian will save three of these and lose nothing by taking train to *Darley Dale Station*; but if he prefers to walk, he should take the footpath starting between the railway and the river, and crossing fields to *Wensley*. Quitting the train here, and turning to the right from the *Winster* road in about 200 yards, he may reach in ½ mile the patriarchal yew of *Darley Dale* (see p. 4). It has two trunks, and, considering its age, shows remarkable vigour and vitality. The churchyard which contains it is one of the most pleasantly characteristic in the country, and the south transept window of the church contains beautiful glass by *Burne Jones*, representing “The Song of Solomon.” Then, retracing your steps to the *Winster* road, you cross the *Derwent* by a four-arched bridge, and ascend through the village of *Wensley* (*Inn*). Here is a modern church built on Norman lines. On the left rises the grassy isolated hill of **Oaker**, an eminence which calls for passing remark not only from its singular position—isolated and volcanic in appearance—but also from the history or fable which attaches to it. On the top, far away from their fellows, there once stood two sycamore trees,

now there is only one.\* With regard to these twin trees, Wordsworth, in a graceful sonnet, akin in language and sentiment to Coleridge's beautiful lines about "Severed Friendship," in *Christabel*, accepts the tradition that they were planted by two brothers, who parted on this spot never to meet again,—

"Until their spirits mingled in the sea,  
That to itself takes all—Eternity."

At the foot of this hill the carriage-road from Matlock converges with our route. The rest of the way to Winster is along the side of a pleasantly wooded valley. Several chimneys on the other side indicate the position of lead-mines. One of these, called *Mill Close*, was once described to us as the "wonderfullest mine as ever was." It has been known to produce ore at the rate of £800 worth a week. It is  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile N. of Wensley. Before hitting the lode, the first proprietor of it was so nearly ruined that his friends had to subscribe for tallow candles in order to enable him to continue his explorations.

**Winster** is a large village, once a town with a considerable market, consisting of one wide street and two or three smaller ones climbing the hill on the left. There are two comfortable inns, the *Angel* and the *Crown*. Opposite the former is the *Old Market Hall*, now restored and under the care of the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest.

**Direct Route from Winster to Robin Hood's Stride**, 1 $\frac{2}{3}$  m. Follow the Bakewell road for nearly 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and then take a path to the left, which climbs by a hill past a small farmstead on the right, and then doubles round the north side of the "Stride" to the table of rock which forms the summit. The two tower-shaped rocks which mark the extent of the "stride" are conspicuous all the way.

The carriage-road from Winster to the *Druid Inn* (Rowtor Rocks) is very devious. Pedestrians should follow a path which commences with a short lane a few yards west of the *Angel Inn*, and crosses the valley to the village of *Birchover*. At the only fork, take the branch over the flags. In  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile it enters a lane which climbs a steep pitch to Birchover. From the top of this lane turn to the left, and in a few hundred yards you will reach the *Druid Inn*, through which **Rowtor Rocks** are entered. There is nothing Druidical about them, but in shape and disposition they are even more eccentric than the average curiosities of the gritstone formation. There are well-worn passages up and down and through the midst of them, and the inevitable "rocking stone," and what is more, they command a beautiful view. Just opposite and across the valley are the twin turrets of Robin Hood's Stride and Cratcliff Tor. A yew-tree at the foot of the precipice of the latter marks the position of the Hermit's Cell. Then, over the lower line of hill northwards, we see Youlgreave with its fine church-tower, Over Haddon, and the spire of Bakewell Church. In the northwest the dull outline of Axe Edge cuts the horizon, and due north

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\* At the Diamond Jubilee (1897) the Parish Council planted another to continue the tradition.

Longstone Edge bounds the prospect. Less than half a mile southwest the Bradley Rocks present almost equal irregularities of shape. For the entertaining scrambles on the many outcrops of grit in this neighbourhood, see *Rock-climbing Section*, p. xxii.

**Over Stanton Moor to Rowsley, 4 m.** Instead of following up our present main route you may return up the hill through Birchover village, and taking a sharp turn to the left in half a mile make your way by a fair road across *Stanton Moor*, a plateau which contains several isolated blocks of grit-stone. The most remarkable is one in a field on the left hand, a little distance from the road, and about a mile from Birchover. The proper name is the **Andle Stone**, but it is locally, and not inappropriately, dubbed the *Twopenny Loaf*. ("Andle" is good Derbyshire for anvil.) Steps and iron handles worked into the rock enable you to reach the commanding view-point afforded by its level top. Another queer monolith is the *Cork Stone*. Returning to the road, you reach in another mile the picturesque little village of **Stanton**, which in addition to the charm of its situation on the slope of a densely wooded hill, boasts a Gothic church with a spire, a fine hall, and a small inn, named after the celebrated racehorse, "Flying Childers." Of that equine wonder there is a local tradition that in his advanced years he would never rest without a cat on his back.

The view from Stanton over the valley, and up the Bradford stream to Youlgreave and Middleton, is delightful, and those who continue their walk to Rowsley will obtain during the steep descent to that village, a still finer, if not so charmingly rustic a prospect, over that portion of the Derwent valley in which the Wye joins the main stream.

**Druidical Remains**, etc. Looking westward from *Stanton Prospect Tower*, which overlooks Darley Dale  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles S.E. of Stanton village, you will see two Notice Boards about 200 yards distant and 20 yards apart. The nearer one marks the **Piper's Stone**, which is inscribed with a small cross; the farther one is in the **Nine Ladies' Circle**.

The **King Stone** is a square block measuring from 7 to 8 feet all ways, with a coronet carved on its eastern face and a large "Y" and "1826" beneath. It stands between Stanton and the Tower, a little way from the latter.

From the "Druid" our road drops again to the valley through which runs the Bakewell road. Crossing this and its tiny stream we at once attack **Cratcliff Tor** and Robin Hood's Stride. The former consists of huge masses of disrupted gritstone, of which its summit forms quite a cyclopean table. At the foot of its sheer part and just above a rustic farmstead is the *Hermit's Cell*, a shallow cave, walled-in, and guarded by a larger and a smaller yew. Inside is a notched crucifix, the figure showing no great dilapidation. On a bright day the spot is a charming one, and suggests that hermits as well as monks had a decided eye for the picturesque.

From Cratcliff Tor to **Robin Hood's Stride** is scarcely a stone's-throw. The latter extraordinary arrangement of rock is also called *Mock Beggars' Hall*,\* and indeed one may, with very little strain, imagine the Autolycuses of past years being taken in by the artificial appearance of its façade and turrets when they first saw them. The stride which Robin Hood must have taken to get the place named after him—*i.e.* the distance from turret to turret—is perhaps 10 to 15 yards. We have already seen that "Little" John, by the measurement of his grave at Hathersage, was 10 feet high; so putting the two facts together, we have

\* A name which also occurs in Mid Kent and at the mouth of the Mersey.

incontestable evidence that "there were giants in those days." One of the turrets is scaleable only to experts, and the other is rather a puzzle to those not familiar with the scansorial facilities offered by the grit.

The view from the Stride covers very much the same ground as that from Rowtor Rocks (*p. 43*), except that it is more extensive towards the west. The village on the high ground to the south is Elton.

From the "Stride" the pedestrian should go N.W. by a path that enters a road which descends to Alport along the ridge. By so doing he enjoys a view all the way, of which a direct descent into the valley involves the loss. About half-way to this road and only a few hundred yards from the Stride he will notice four stones standing on their beam-ends in a field. The field containing them is called "Nine Stone Close," but three full-size ones and a "cub" are all that is left to represent the nine. The mystic number nine is often associated with these primitive monuments.

The road lies between these stones and a farm-house to the west of them. Once in it, there is no mistaking the way to Alport. It commands an interesting view over the Bradford valley on the left. The hamlet of **Alport** is at the junction of the Bradford and Lathkill rivers. It contains a fair-sized inn, the *Boarding House Hotel*, principally occupied by visitors on boarding terms. The village of Youlgreave (*p. 74*) conspicuous by its handsome church-tower, is on rising ground half a mile to the left. Both the Lathkill and the Bradford are famous for trout, but are strictly preserved by their ducal owners, and only that enterprising class of sportsmen who "fish till they are themselves catched," as we had it put to us by a local authority, will think of disregarding the prohibition.

From **Alport** to **Haddon Hall** by carriage-road is nearly  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles along the narrow little *Dakin* valley, which opens on to the wider valley of the *Wye*  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile S.E. of the Hall. A direct path, starting from the junction of roads  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile on the way, cuts off half a mile.

From Alport to Over Haddon the way is either by road through Youlgreave, or by a direct footpath along the river-side. Pedestrians who are not anxious to see Youlgreave church should adopt the latter. The pleasantest route is by a private green drive on the east side of the river, but the authorized one is on the west. It passes through a succession of distressingly narrow stiles and enters in a mile the high-road from Ashbourne to Bakewell. This part of the Lathkill is prettily diversified with wood and limestone cliffs, and contains a long, picturesque "rapid," partly natural and partly artificial, about half-way between Alport and Over Haddon.

Crossing the stream by the road we have just mentioned, the pedestrian will find a footpath on the left hand a few yards beyond the bridge. This path ascends through two or three fields to the **Lathkill View Inn**, one of the most pleasantly situated little hosteries in Derbyshire, and possessing a certain amount of accom-

modation. It stands on comparatively high ground, and commands a lovely view up and down the Lathkill. Those who do not intend visiting Over Haddon on another occasion should certainly make a detour of about 5 miles, there and back, up the Lathkill valley from this inn. The way is described on p. 49. This portion of the Lathkill valley almost reaches the Dovedale standard of beauty for about half a mile.

There is a direct footpath from the inn to Haddon Hall, distant 2 miles—a charming walk in dry weather.

Hence the road is direct and needs no description. It crosses a slight ridge, and during the descent to Bakewell affords a fine view across the Wye valley. *For Bakewell, see p. 47.*

**Matlock Bath to Bakewell and Buxton.** (*Maps, pp. 13, 94.*)

**By Road:**—*Matlock Bath (Hotels) to Matlock Bridge, 1½ m.; Rowsley, 6; Bakewell, 10; Ashford, 11½; Taddington, 15; Buxton, 22. Reverse route described on p. 102.*

**By Rail,** see p. 4; **Cycle,** see p. viii, *Pink Inset.* Excellent to Ashford; then long ascent to Taddington and descent from Topley Pike, 4 m. short of Buxton—last part very good.

The Buxton road passes out of Matlock through the gorge between the High Tor and the Heights of Abraham, continuing side by side with rail and river to **Matlock Bridge**, and then passing between the river and Matlock Bank along the level strath of *Darley Dale*. On the hill which rises behind the High Tor the huge fortress-like mansion of *Riber Castle* presents a most formidable appearance, while across the river and rail, on the left hand, the remarkable isolated hill called *Oaker* is made very conspicuous by the lonely trees which crown it (see p. 42). Beyond *Darley Dale Station*, near which is a small inn, the *Grouse*, we should diverge to the left by a footpath across the line, for the sake of visiting *Darley Churchyard* and its venerable *yew* (p. 4), beyond which we rejoin the main road and, passing the meeting of the Derwent and the Wye, reach **Rowsley**. Here is the *Peacock Hotel*, a fine old Elizabethan hostelry with a lawn sloping to the Derwent.\* The *Station Hotel*, just below the station, is more for trippers. *P.O., last desp. 8; Sun., 5 p.m.*

**Rowsley to Bakewell by the old road,** 3½ m. This is the pleasantest variation on the modern high-road, especially in hot or dusty weather. The track, in its higher parts a grass one, strikes northwards close to the *Peacock*, and going under the railway, passes the new and prettily placed little church, Norman in character. Then it winds upwards and reaches three gates, beyond which, after passing through the left-hand one, it continues through a wood on a comparative level to the *col* which is crossed

\* On a window, in a small back sitting-room, the following criticism sums up the visitors who have inscribed their names:—

“Whene'er I see a man  
Who has written his name on glass  
I know he owns a diamond ring  
And his father owns an ass.”

Over the porch outside is the inscription JOHNSTE 1652 VENSON.

by the pedestrian route between Haddon and Chatsworth. For the way to Haddon, see p. 22; to Chatsworth, p. 23.

From this point there is a beautiful view both in front and behind. The *col* separates two short valleys, one opening on to Rowsley, the other on to Bakewell. Our road does not cross the *col*, but drops along the right-hand side of the latter valley, and the rest of the way is quite plain.

One mile beyond Rowsley we cross the Wye by a neat bridge, on the near side of which the river-side path to Haddon ( $\frac{1}{2}$  m. distant) strikes off. The course of the Wye between Bakewell and Rowsley is singularly tortuous and picturesque. To travel the distance along its banks would be half-a-day's journey. It is the "brimming river" all over, and both in respect of its many windings and bright rippling surface, contrasts strikingly with its neighbour over the hill, the Derwent, which is about to swallow it up at Rowsley.

Beyond the bridge the road from Youlgreave and Winster joins ours on the left, and then we pass the drive to Haddon on the right. The turrets of the hall rise above and between their sylvan surroundings in the most seductive fashion. Nothing else—unless it be the mansion of Burton Closes on the left as we approach the town—is specially noteworthy till we enter

## Bakewell.

*Map opp. p. 13.*

—:o:—

**Hotel** :—Rutland Arms, (good; 'bus). **Inns** :—Castle, Red Lion, Wheatsheaf, Queen's Arms, &c., all from  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  m. from the station. *Pop.*, 3,078.

\* \* \* The inns are clean and comfortable.

**Distances** :—Ashbourne, 16 m.; Buxton, 12; Castleton,  $12\frac{1}{2}$ ; Chatsworth, (carriage) 4, (foot) 3; Dovedale (Thorpe), 15; Haddon Hall, 2; Rowsley Sta.,  $3\frac{1}{2}$ ; Matlock Bridge,  $8\frac{1}{2}$ ; Matlock Bath (Sta.),  $9\frac{1}{2}$ . Matlock Bath (hotels).

**P.O.** : Box closes abt. 7.45 p.m.; **Sun.** also. **Tel. Off.** open 8-8; **Sun.**, 8-10.

**Bakewell**, as we have before hinted, is, perhaps, the most pleasantly situated town in Derbyshire—just the kind of one to which a tourist, after exploring during the day the hills and dales around, likes to return for his night's repose. There is nothing either wild or grand about the immediate vicinity. Swelling uplands, hills draped to their summits with wood, and rich meadows with a sparkling stream winding through their midst, form the picture. There is fishing in the Wye at 2s. 6d. a day for such as apply at the *Rutland Arms*.

The only architectural object of interest in Bakewell is its fine **Church**. We were going to add "old," but the reconstruction—in 1841—of its most prominent part, the spire, and the so-called restoration of the transepts and the tower have substituted incongruity for antiquity. The site, almost outside the town, and a few yards up the long slope which culminates in the wide uplands of the High Peak, was well chosen.

The building is cruciform, and has, besides its octagonal spire, a tower of the same shape. It is of various styles. The oldest portion is the west doorway, Norman, and one of the few Norman

features allowed to remain by the restorers. The original nave dates from early in the twelfth century, but its Norman arches have been supplanted by Gothic ones. During the alterations a large number of highly interesting Saxon remains were discovered, including some incised slabs and fragments of stone carved after the curious interlacing scroll fashion of the fragment of a cross mentioned below. Many of these remains are to be seen in the porch on the south side of the nave. A curious and by no means graceful peculiarity is the way in which one of the transepts starts from the centre of a window. The chancel has two east windows.

The most interesting objects in the interior are the *old font* in the south aisle, octagonal in shape and showing traces of elaborate sculpture—figures of apostles, saints, etc.; and the **Vernon Chapel**—founded in 1360—in the S. transept, which contains several quaintly interesting monuments, amongst them a recumbent effigy, with S. S. collar and chain armour, of Sir Thomas de Wandesley, killed in the battle of Shrewsbury, 1403; an altar-tomb to Sir George Vernon, “King of the Peak” (*d.* 1561, *see p. 31*), and his two wives—one on each side of him, and each wearing a chatelain; kneeling figures of Sir John Manners (*d.* 1611) and the famous Dorothy, his wife (*d.* 1584), and, on the screen, effigies of Sir George Manners (*d.* 1623), his wife Grace, and nine children, among whom the baby will probably attract most attention. This monument was put up during the lady’s lifetime, and enclosed in a wooden case. Upon it is the text, “Christ is to me both in death and life an advantage.”

The glass between this transept and the S. aisle reflects parts of the interior in a striking manner. In this aisle is a mural monument to Sir George Foljambe (*d.* 1376) and his wife. He founded the Chantry of the Holy Cross attached to the Church, in 1366.

Among recent additions notice the reredos, carved in lime-wood, in 1882, and representing the Crucifixion and the Twelve Apostles; the chancel-floor of Derbyshire spar; the stalls, and a memorial window, by Burlison and Grylls, to Mrs. Barker (*d.* 1889).

In the graveyard, in the S.E. angle of the church, is an old Saxon Cross, similar in character to those at Eyam and Taddington, with scroll-work symbolizing the True Vine and rough sculptures—almost effaced—representing a man riding, probably Christ’s entry into Jerusalem.

In the churchyard also, near the porch, the following epitaph was formerly decipherable round a flat tomb:—

“Know posterity! That on the 8th of April, in the year of grace, 1757, the rambling remains of John Dale were, in the 86th year of his pilgrimage, laid upon his two wives.

“This thing in life might cause some jealousy,  
Here all three lye together lovingly;  
But from embraces here no pleasure flows,  
Alike are here all human joys and woes;  
Here Sarah’s chiding John no longer hears,  
And old John’s rambling Sarah no more fears;  
A period’s come to all their toylsome lives,  
The good man’s quiet, still are both his wives.”

The *Baths*, to which Bakewell is supposed to owe its name, are not now of much public account. They are in the centre of the town, the principal one about 30 feet by 16, and kept supplied by a flowing stream at a temperature of 60 degrees.

The Kennels of the High Peak Harriers—a famous pack of hounds—are at Bakewell. The Hunt meets at various places in the stonewall country during the season, notably at Monyash, Elton, Bull-i-th'-Thorn, Parsley Hay, and the Crescent, Buxton.

### Excursions from Bakewell.

(1.) **To Over Haddon and the Lathkill.** A beautiful stroll of from 7 to 8 miles there and back; a very prettily situated village, and one of the finest samples of glen scenery in Derbyshire. Tourists proceeding to Dovedale or Hartington from Bakewell, are advised to adopt this route, following the Lathkill to its source, a natural well in the limestone, and thence joining the main road at Monyash (p. 111; map opp. p. 13).

*Route.*—For Over Haddon climb the hill from Bakewell on the left of the church. In about a mile a guide-post puts you right for the rest of the way. A little short of the village you come suddenly on the *Lathkill View Inn*, which, as well as the view from it, we have described on page 45. Then, passing through the village and by the new and charmingly placed little church, you reach by a zigzag road the bottom of the valley, from which take the path along the north side of the stream. At first the glen is horribly blottedched and blurrred by the remains of some mines, but beyond them it takes a sudden turn; the path enters a wood, and you are in the best part of **Lathkill Dale**. The dale, or rather glen—for its north side is wooded from top to bottom—gains its impressiveness more from its exceeding narrowness, and the abrupt slope of its flanking hills than from any particular size or grandeur of detail. The strong part of it lasts from half a mile to a mile, and ends at an old mill, beyond which the slopes become more gradual, the wood ceases, and the only variety is caused by an occasional outcrop of limestone. Just above the mill, and beetling over a fine side-ravine, is a grand facing of that rock; but altogether the rock scenery, even in the best part of the dale, is far inferior to that of Dovedale.

The river entirely disappears throughout many picturesque reaches for a large part of the summer, the result of former lead-mining and the construction of several long “soughs,” or tunnels for draining the workings. The trout are carefully netted when the water shows signs of dwindling, and transferred to the deeper lower down stream.

From the mill you may ascend to the road by a winding lane, and return to Over Haddon, or—far better—continue up the dale, taking the right-hand branch to **Ricklow Dale**, where it forks, and passing the source of the river in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, you come to a chaotic assemblage of rocks heaped about in wild confusion—in reality an old quarry, but so weather-worn as to present quite a natural appearance. Hence to Monyash (p. 111) is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, to Over Haddon 3.

Those who wish to extend their walk may with great reward do so by following a path down the Lathkill from Haddon, as far as *Alport* (inn), whence is a delightful walk, either over *Robin Hood's Stride* (2 m.) to *Winstre* (4 m.) and *Darley Dale Station* (7 m.) by a route described the reverse way on p. 42, or to *Rowsley Station* by the village and moor of *Stanton* (p. 44).

(2.) **To Edensor and Chatsworth,** 4 m. by carriage, 3 m. by foot-road. See p. 103. Pedestrians should on all accounts take the short cut.

(3.) **To Ashford, Monsal Dale, Tideswell, and Castleton.** See next page.

(4.) **To Stoney Middleton** (6 m.) and **Eyam** ( $7\frac{1}{2}$ ). (a) The road passes by *Hassop Station* ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  m., *Inn*), and then climbs the beautiful little green col between *Longstone Edge* and *Bubnell Cliff*, near the top of which are *Hassop Village* and *Hall* (p. 104). Then, doubling round the east end of *Longstone Edge*, it passes *Calver* (small inn) and joins the route from *Sheffield*

and Baslow. For Stoney Middleton see p. 53; for Eyam, p. 116. The return may be made by Foolow and Tideswell (pp. 116 and 114).

(b) A more interesting pedestrian route (see maps opp. pp. 13, 119) is through Ashford ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  m.), past Longstone Station (p. 6) to **Longstone Village** (3 m.), which is in itself worth visiting. It has two inns—the *Crispin*, very neat, and the *White Lion*. The church (restored) is plain but in good taste. Fine yews adorn the churchyard. The village has its green, its stocks and its hall—now the Vicarage—seen through an avenue. Rich timber lines the road. Hence proceed by road or path over **Longstone Edge**, crossing it near some quarries at its highest and central part (abt. 1,200 ft.;  $4\frac{1}{2}$  m.). The descent on the north side is more gentle, and a direct old road—green and very faint in places—drops into Middleton Dale ( $6\frac{1}{2}$  m.) one mile west of Stoney Middleton and just opposite the divergence of the main road up to Eyam (7 m.). For Stoney Middleton turn right  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles beyond Longstone Edge.

(c) Another route continues along **Longstone Edge** to a point where three old droves meet, half a mile S.W. of the solitary farm of Bleaklow. By the farmhouse, follow a lane and then a field-path, which drops into Rough Side and Combs Dale, locally misnamed "Calm Dale," striking the main road half-way between Stoney Middleton and Calver. The distances are about the same as in route (b).

(5.) **Youlgreave**, 3 m. A very pleasant walk. Road all the way, but footpath preferable. Go to the left of the *Rutland Arms*, towards the church, and in 100 yards take the street on the left. This ends in a delightful shady little lane which leads up to the Cemetery. Turn left again alongside the wall, and you enter a footpath which in  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile re-enters the road. The telegraph wire follows the road all the rest of the way, but corners may be cut off by obvious footpaths. A mile short of Youlgreave (p. 74) the road drops sharply to the Lathkill.

The Buxton road strikes northwards from Bakewell, and as far as **Ashford** ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  m.) passes through a richly-wooded country more or less near the Wye, which is hereabouts utilized in all manner of ways, reservoirs and mill-races abounding. Close to its banks, on the right hand of our route, is *Ashford Hall*, a seat of the Cavendish family. There is a short cut beside the Wye, starting by the gasworks.

For **Ashford** see p. 105.

**Ashford to Monsal Dale Station (over the hill)**, 2 m.; **Tideswell**,  $5\frac{1}{2}$ ; and **Castleton**, 11. All routes described the reverse way on p. 167, etc. The road to Monsal Dale Station by the point from which there is such a lovely view of the valley cannot be mistaken (avoid the turning to Longstone Station). From Monsal Dale if you want to see down into the "S" winding of the Wye between it and Miller's Dale, take the left-hand route near *Cressbrook Mills*; if *Cressbrook (Raven's) Dale*, the right hand. The latter soon becomes a mere path climbing through the wood, on emerging from which you will see the village of *Litton* before you, and need no further direction.

Quitting Ashford we find the Wye valley still more contracted and the hills on each side steeper and higher, those on the left and in front being covered with wood from head to foot.

The road follows the windings of the river, crossing it in about a mile, and affording glimpses up one or two most tempting little lateral valleys on the left. It is quite worth while to turn aside and explore for half an hour the second one, *Dimon or Demon's Dale*, a recess as dark and shadowy as the second name implies. Monsal Dale, as the first of the valleys which we are now entering is called, is one of the prettiest of Derbyshire valleys, but it hardly shows as effectively from our present route as from the railway (p. 6). It abounds in anglers and rabbits.

Opposite the fourth milestone from Bakewell ( $3\frac{1}{2}$  m. Bakewell, 8 m. Buxton) a footpath strikes away to the right through a gateway. This path commands the best part of the valley, and by it *Monsal Dale Station* may be reached in half an hour, or the inn (*Bull's Head*, p. 104) at the view-point on the top of the tunnel. For the station, you may take which side of the river you like; the left side is the shorter.

Our road now leaves the large valley and ascends a narrow and picturesque but streamless dingle to the long village of **Taddington** (inns, *George*, *Queen's Arms*, etc.). The churchyard contains the shaft of a cross, the age of which is still a subject of controversy.

From Taddington, *Miller's Dale Station* is distant 2 miles by the second turn to the right from our present route. The road is downhill nearly all the way, and commands good views.

Continuing Buxton-wards, we pass on the left the little *Waterloo Inn* and one or two grass-lanes which bear witness to the declining prosperity of rural districts. Then for nearly two miles our road maintains a high level, affording a wide prospect eastward over Longstone Edge and the hills between the Wye and the Derwent, and northwards to Kinder Scout and the Castleton heights, while on the left the high ground beyond Buxton gradually comes into view. Then with striking suddenness the depths of the Wye valley appear beneath us on the right just at that break in the limestone cliffs where the Buxton branch diverges from the main line (p. 6). A sharp descent into the valley follows, and the rest of our journey is beneath the crags, the steep green slopes and beetling woods of *Ashwood Dale*. This valley is more fully described on page 96.

### Matlock Bath to Baslow, Stoney Middleton, Eyam, Hathersage, and Castleton. (*Maps*, pp. 13, 120).

*Matlock Bath to Rowsley (rail or road)*, 6 m.; *Edensor Hotel (Chatsworth)*,  $9\frac{1}{2}$ ; *Baslow village (inn)*,  $11\frac{1}{2}$ ; *Calver (inn)*,  $12\frac{2}{3}$  (—*Stoney Middleton*, 14; *Eyam*,  $15\frac{1}{2}$ ); *Grindleford Bridge*,  $15\frac{1}{2}$ ; (—*Station*, 16); *Hathersage*,  $18\frac{1}{2}$ ; *Hope*,  $22\frac{1}{2}$ ; *Castleton*, 24.

From Grindleford Bridge the journey may be made by rail from Grindleford Station with views equal, if not superior, to those from the road.

By the side of the Derwent and its tributaries from Matlock to Castleton we have the longest stretch of comparatively level road in the Peak. This fact, added to the interest of the scenery, which seldom flags all the way, makes the drive an extremely popular one. We strongly advise pedestrians to give themselves an extra half-day, and to vary the monotony of travelling so many miles along or near to the bottom of the same valley by ascending here and there to the hills or moors which flank it. The best way to get variety is to diverge at Calver by Stoney Middleton and Eyam; thence to cross the valley and ascend to Fox House either by Grindleford Bridge or Froggatt Edge; then drop to Hathersage by the famous "Surprise" view, and from Hathersage follow the route which we shall describe by Abney Moor and Bradwell.

For the route as far as *Rowsley* (by rail or road) and *Chatsworth*, see pp. 4-5, 23. Pedestrians who wish to see Edensor, as well as Chatsworth, should take the carriage-route to that village, cutting off a corner by the footpath from Beeley Church to the bridge over the Derwent, as before described, and avoiding the footpath beyond that bridge. Then, after visiting Chatsworth from Edensor, continue along the north drive, or the footpath which commences between the bridge and Queen Mary's Bower, to the east end of Baslow, where the principal inns are situated. In either case they leave the park by a stile about half-way between the kitchen-gardens and the village. Beyond the stile the track branches, the right-hand branch leading to the inns on the Sheffield road, and the left-hand one to the *Peacock* and the main part of the village. The latter is the shortest route for tourists proceeding Eyam and Castleton way.

**Baslow.** (Hotels: *Grand Hotel* and *Hydro*, finely situated on the hillside, north-east of the village (full terms, *en pension*, from 49s. a week; B. & A. from 3s., bkfst. (t.-d'hôte), 2s., din., 3s. 6d.); *Peacock*, *Royal*, *Wheatsheaf*, *Devonshire Arms*, near the north entrance to Chatsworth; *Rutland Arms*, *Prince of Wales*, in the village). P.O.: Chief desp. abt. 9 p.m., del. 7 a.m.

Golf course 5 minutes from hotel—1s. day, 5s. week. Strangers, 1s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.

*Baslow* in itself has no special feature of interest to the tourist, though its situation is very pleasing. The church, noticeable for its short stumpy spire, is charmingly placed in a grove of lime-trees by the river-side. The number of well-to-do, fair-sized inns which the village possesses is due to its position at a main entrance to Chatsworth from Sheffield and other places in that direction.

The finest short walk from Baslow is up the hill behind the Hydro, and then on to the moor, at the edge of which, from a **stone cross**, inscribed "Wellington, 1866," there is a glorious retrospect over Chatsworth, and along the line of the Derwent valley—a vista-view of wonderful richness and variety. A few yards further, and from the plateau of the moor rises the *Eagle Stone*, a huge rectangular block of gritstone. Those who are going on northwards should continue hence—by grace—along the private drive, which in less than a mile joins the Curbar Edge road (p. 127) close to the old "Pack-horse" Cross. Thence a sharp descent leads to the Derwent Bridge at Calver. Return journey may be made by a pleasant path by the foot of the rocks, regaining the road a little above the Hydro. The walk along Baslow, Curbar, and Froggatt Edge is one of the finest in Derbyshire, and, as a rule, no interference is likely except on shooting days and bank holidays.\* It commands far-extending views, and the rocky foreground, with the Derwent valley below, is magnificent. A woodland route leads down to Grindleford (see p. 122).

There is nothing of note on the main road between Baslow and Calver (inns) unless it be the new *Cliffe College* (for missionaries) built by Mr. Hulme, of Manchester, on the right of the road, a little short of the latter village.

To ascend **Froggatt Edge** to **Fox House**, without visiting Stoney Middleton or Eyam, leave the road here by the private drive (public footpath

\* Parties numbering more than six are required, however, to apply for permission to the Duke of Rutland's agent. Motors and dogs are prohibited on the drives across these moors.

which starts just short of the bridge, and after following the river-side for a short distance ascends to the by-road from Curbar to Froggatt Edge. For distances and particulars as to this route see p. 127. To the *Chequers* on Froggatt Edge the distance is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles; from the *Chequers* to Fox House,  $3\frac{1}{2}$ . Fox House to Hathersage (p. 130), 3.

A quarter of a mile beyond the bridge over the Derwent at **Calver** (*Eyre Arms*), close to which is a huge mill made almost picturesque by its situation, there are cross-roads; that to Stoney Middleton and Eyam goes straight on; the direct one up the Derwent valley to Hathersage bends round to the right.

We reach **Stoney Middleton\*** through a straight avenue. Here are several inns, of which the least small is the *Moon*. The church to the right of our route is a model of ugliness. It is octagonal in all its parts except the short square tower, which in connection with the rest of the building looks rather like the head of a cat, the eight-sided sort of lantern which rises to a greater height from the body of the church behind representing the back of the same animal in an irritated frame of mind.

At the west end of the village we enter **Middleton Dale**, a limestone valley which has been greatly over-praised. The rocks descend sheer and picturesquely, especially on the right hand, where is the orthodox "*Lover's Leap*," but the best part of the valley is utterly spoiled by hideous little black chimneys and lime-works. We do not breathe freely until, a long half-mile from the village, our road turns to the right (*inn* at the turn) and takes us up a picturesque dell to Eyam.

The road straight onwards continues up the higher part of the dale, less striking but more pleasant, to the high ground separating the Derwent from the Wye valley, and in 5 miles reaches *Tideswell* (p. 114). There is a small inn at *Wardlow Mires* about 3 miles on the way, and a peep down the barren part of *Raven's Dale* just beyond it, with the strange limestone mass, Peter's Stone, jutting into the valley; but nothing else of any note. Path down to Cressbrook. For **Eyam** and its many objects of interest see p. 117.

From **Eyam** it is a delightful walk, either by the new or old (p. 119) road, back into the Derwent valley—**Grindleford Bridge Village** (*Commercial Hotel*, enlarged—note the old sundial opposite)  $2\frac{1}{2}$  m.; **Grindleford Station** (p. 122),  $3\frac{1}{2}$  m. Five minutes short of the latter is the *Maynard Arms Hotel*, a well-conducted, up-to-date hostelry (B. & A., 3s.; bkfst. 2s. and 2s. 6d.; dinner, t.-d'hôte, 3s. 6d.). The roads to Hathersage and Grindleford Station diverge at Grindleford village.

Between *Grindleford Bridge Village* and Hathersage we thread one of the most charming bits of the whole Derwent valley—a wooded dingle, down which the stream flows with much more than its usual alternation of pool and rapid. Above it the road passes for a considerable distance through a wood. On approaching Hathersage the valley expands again, but the hill-girdle of it has a very picturesque appearance, Win Hill, with its shapely little

\* "In Sherwood dale is the little village of Stoney Middleton: 'In 1760 a love-sick maiden of the name of Haunagh Baddeley, driven to despair by the indifference of her beloved, climbed the loftiest rock in the dale and threw herself from it. But a tree which broke her fall saved her from the death she courted. Although crippled, she lived to a good old age—a warning to the country-side of Cupid's cruelty. Miss Baddeley was buried in the village churchyard.'"

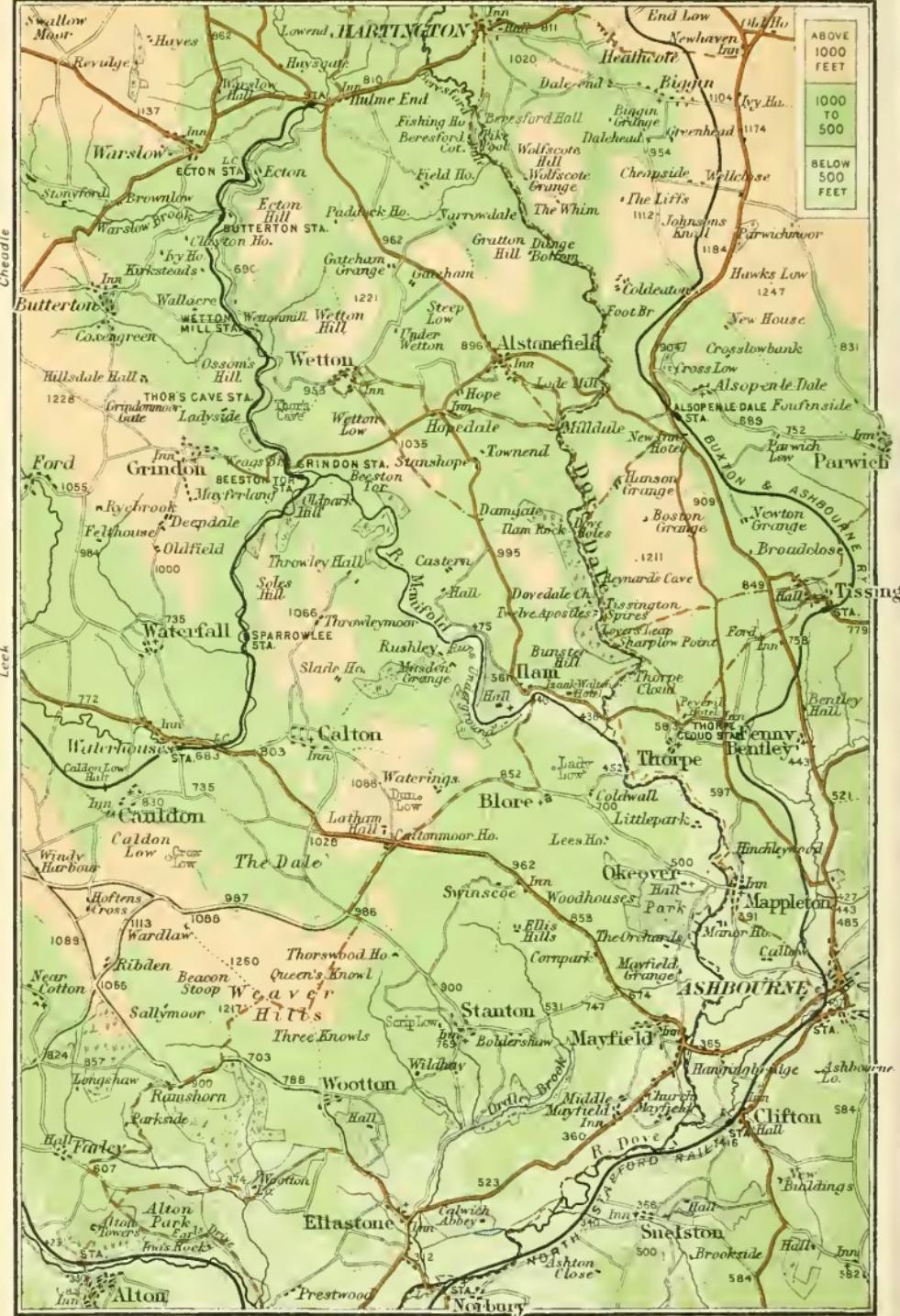
summit, appearing in front, and Bamford and Stanage edges separated from it by the river, on the right. Beyond Grindleford Station the quarrying works in connection with the Derwent Water reservoirs produce an ugly scar.

**To Castleton by Abney Moor,**  $6\frac{1}{2}$  m. Less than a mile short of Hathersage, and just before the bridge over the Derwent is reached, a by-road strikes up the wooded valley on the left. This is certainly a much more taking route for the pedestrian than the regular route through Hathersage and Hope. It is described in detail the reverse way on pp. 164-165, so we shall only give a *précis* of it here. As far as Abney (3 m.) the road cannot be mistaken. Splendid views open out across the Derwent valley during the ascent. Then we have nothing but moor, more or less cultivated, for a few miles. A short way past the little dip in the road at Abney, a narrow, stony lane leaves it to the right. In the south wall of the lane is a step-stile, whence a path leads over fields to where a little stream cuts into and crosses arable land from out the open moor. Then, inside the moor, by the wall side, it turns nearly north and joins a rough old moorland road coming up from Brough, which almost dies away in the heather, and then, distinct again, circles round under the summit of Shatton Moor and descends to Shatton village. If you have taken the lane instead of the field-path, cross this at once, and bending somewhat to the left, follow a path through the heather, which brings you out on to the lane again by a stone step-stile, being careful to avoid a gradually deepening depression on your right. The step-stile is opposite a trespass-board, and there is a gate across the lane a few yards farther on. The field-path route from Abney reaches this same point from the south by taking to the moorland road from Brough. On the other side of the gate the path begins again, at once turning sharp to the left, and in two fields gaining the top of *Bradwell Edge*, whence a view, fine as it is sudden, breaks upon the eye. Below lie Bradwell and the wide green expanse of Hope Dale, rising to the slopes of Mam Tor and Back Tor, between and behind which is seen the long front of Kinder Scout. The village in the midst of the dale is Hope.

There can be no doubt about the descent to *Bradwell*, whence first a foot-path, then a road, lead nearly direct to *Castleton*, lessening by almost half the carriage-route through Hope. (See p. 134.)

Our main road now enters Hathersage. For a full description of the village and the rest of the way to Castleton, see p. 132.



ABOVE  
1000  
FEET1000  
TO  
500BELOW  
500  
FEET

WESTERN SECTION: DOVEDALE AND BUXTON.  
(*With Approaches.*)

Derby to Ashbourne.

—:o:—

**Derby to Ashbourne.** *By rail, 30 m.; by road, 13 m.*

Motor buses run each way in 1½ hours, 6 times daily, except on Monday and Wednesday (3 times only); single fare, 1s. 6d.

The **road** from Derby to Ashbourne is of ordinary interest. It passes (2½ m.) *Mackworth*, where the gateway of a 15th-century castle is well preserved; (5 m.) *Kirk Langley*, and (7 m.) *Brailsford*, the largest village on the route. The grounds of the Hall have a good show of conifers. Among the stately homes and ancestral domains of England that, through the generosity of their owners, are open to the people, is **Osmaston Manor**, a mile to the left of the highroad, and standing 522 feet above sea-level. It is a superb modern Elizabethan mansion, erected by its former owner, the late Francis Wright, Esq., and now belongs to Sir Peter Carlaw Walker, the Warrington brewer and baronet. The beautiful gardens and grounds that surround the house are in the summer season, on certain Wednesdays and Saturdays (duly advertised), accessible to the public at an admission fee of sixpence. The Osmaston Brass Band is in attendance, and tea is served at a nominal price. The whole of the proceeds are devoted to charitable institutions. There is a right of way across the park, open to cyclists. Beyond *Ednaston Lodge* (8½ m.) the road rises, and a good view over Ashbourne is afforded as it descends steeply to that town. It is hilly throughout.

The present **railway** between the two towns passes several places of interest, and in the last few miles traverses a pretty valley. The pedestrian may with advantage, instead of taking the Ashbourne branch at Rochester, proceed for three more miles along the main Churnet Valley line to Alton, and thence walk by Alton Towers and the Weaver Hills to Dovedale or Ashbourne, a delightful ramble of about ten miles, or to Ashbourne by Ellastone.

*Railway route.*—The North Stafford line from Derby runs over the main western line of the Midland for nearly six miles. From the point of divergence the tall, slender spire of Repton attracts attention on the left (the church possesses a fine Anglo-Saxon crypt, with unique pillars). Then (7 m.) we cross the Staffordshire extension of the Great Northern system at *Egginton*, and shortly afterwards converge with the Burton branch of the North Stafford, obtaining hereabouts our introduction to the pleasant companion and counsellor of the rest of our journey, *the River Dove*. The lower waters of this famous stream flow hither and thither through flat green pastures in alternate pool and eddy, and afford good fishing.

Beyond the junction we pass on the right the pretty church of Marston-on-Dove, and then a mile's straight run brings us to (11½ m.) **Tutbury** (Pop. 2,186; Inn, the *Castle*, near the station), famous for its castle—well seen from the railway—its priory church, and

its mediæval partiality for bull-baiting. The Fauld gypsum or alabaster mines are interesting and worth a visit; they were worked in mediæval times.

The ruins of **Tutbury Castle** are strikingly placed on a green knoll. The three towers, one of which is called *John of Gaunt's Gateway*, present a remarkably picturesque outline. From the station they are 10 minutes' walk. Cross the river, pass the mills, and turn up to the right through the church-yard. The area enclosed by the ruins is from three to four acres. Except, however, the base of the walls and the fragments of two towers, N. and E., the only standing remains are the entrance gateway and the apartments on either side. Those on the left have been patched up with red brick into a farmhouse, while on the right are the walls of several rooms, including the presence-chamber, and two crypts, probably cellars. On the mound at the W. corner—where Julius' Tower once stood—the present structure is a sham ruin. There is also an old well 43 yards deep. A deep fosse runs round three sides of the ruin. The walls command a wide view of the fertile vale watered by the Dove. The castle has a royal history. It was given by William I. to an ancestor of the present Lord Ferrers, in whose family it remained till the time of Edward I., when it became Crown property, and was held by the Duke of Lancaster as long as the house of Lancaster continued in the ascendant. John of Gaunt's wife, Blanche, "Queen of Castile," held semi-royal state here. The present buildings date chiefly from that period. They claim a special if not a unique interest from having been one of the countless prison-houses of Mary Queen of Scots, who was held captive here with but little intermission for sixteen years, 1569-85. We need scarcely add that the castle in its present condition is one of the many picturesque legacies bequeathed to us by "Old Noll." Admission, 1d.

**Tutbury Church** has been ruined as a whole by an incongruous so-called restoration, a high-pitched roof utterly dwarfing a short 14th-cent. tower. It has, however, grand Norman details, inside and out—chief of them the *West Doorway*, recessed six deep with zigzag and other mouldings, grotesques and scroll-work. The outer order of this doorway is of alabaster—one of the earliest examples of this use of the stone. The window above has been restored as a memorial window to the Rev. H. J. Peach (Vicar 1844-86)—the glass by Burlison and Grylls. The window is flanked both outside and inside by an interlaced Norman arcade, and the lower part of the tower is also Norman. Inside, the feature is the massive row of round pillars with cushion capitals, above which is a clerestory of five round arches enclosing modern windows. An incongruous apsidal chancel has been added.

In 1831 *Coins*—English, French, and Flemish—said to have numbered one hundred thousand—were accidentally discovered buried in the bed of the river thirty yards below the bridge. They are supposed to have been dropped there by the treasurer of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, in the reign of Edward II., when the royal army surprised that of the refractory earl.

Quitting Tutbury we pass near rich alabaster quarries on the left, and from the next station, **Sudbury** (15 m.), gain a glimpse of *Sudbury Hall*, a red-brick, 17th-century mansion, a seat of the Vernon family. It was occupied for a short time by the late Dowager Queen Adelaide. On the low hills to the south are the Bagot Woods, Bagot Park, and other remnants of old Needwood Forest, a region of woodlands as fine in its way as Sherwood itself.

The late Lord Vernon established here a model *Dairy Farm*. Its magnitude may be guessed from the fact that 4,000 gallons of milk, brought in daily from the country round, are converted by the most approved methods into 1,000 lbs. of butter, while thousands of cream-cheeses are made every month, and there are never less than 35 tons of Cheddar cheese in stock maturing for sale. Nestle's Swiss milk also is made here.

Beyond Sudbury the capricious course of the Dove is more than ever noticeable, and as we approach Uttoxeter Junction, the spire of *Doveridge* (or Dovebridge as Cox has it) *Church*, a finely-

placed church with Early English details, and *Doveridge Hall*, the seat of Lord Waterpark, come into view on the right, and, looking up the valley to the left of them, we discern the *Weaver Hills*, an obtusely peaked ridge, which marks the commencement of the Peak country in that direction.

At **Uttoxeter Junction** (19 m.; Ref.-rm.; Hotels: *Lion*, near station, close by church; *White Hart*,  $\frac{1}{3}$  m. away) the Churnet Valley section of the North Stafford line branches away abruptly to the right.

"A singular circumstance is related of Dr. Johnson, as having occurred in this town. His father, Michael Johnson, who was a bookseller at Lichfield, was accustomed to attend the weekly market at Uttoxeter, with a stall for the sale of books. Samuel sometimes accompanied him, but on one occasion, from motives of pride, he positively refused to do so. This act of disobedience afterwards preyed so acutely on his conscience, that he could not rest satisfied until, by a kind of self-imposed penance, he had endeavoured to expiate it. He accordingly proceeded to Uttoxeter, in very inclement weather, and stood for an hour, bare-headed and in the rain, upon the very spot which his father's stall used to occupy, the boys all the while hooting him in the streets."

—*History of Ashbourne*.

Pursuing the "Churnet Valley" we note on the left the spire of Uttoxeter Church (the only object of any interest in the town), and continue along the strath of the Dove to Rocester (*inn* close to station; *Red Lion*, etc. in village), where the Ashbourne branch diverges to the right.

**Rocester to Ashbourne** (by road), 8 m. Turn to the left in the middle of the village of Rocester, after which the road is unmistakable. In  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles we reach **Ellastone** (George Eliot's Hayslope), where were the joiner's shop of the fictitious Adam and Seth Bede, and the real one of the relatives of the author of that book. Teas may be had at the *Bromley Arms Inn* (the "Donnithorne Arms" of *Adam Bede*). Hence, as we proceed with the Dove below us on the right hand, the views are very charming. At *Mayfield (Inn)*, where is the cottage in which Moore wrote the greater part of "Lalla Rookh," we cross the stream, and in another  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles enter *Ashbourne*.

The **Railway route from Rocester to Ashbourne** takes the south side of the Dove, and is on a lower level than the road. Two miles from Rocester it passes **Norbury** (no inn), where the *Church of St. Mary*, 5 minutes up-hill from station, is well worth visiting. The tower rises over the porch on the S. side with a chapel on each side, and the chancel (no arch) is only 3 feet shorter than the nave, its length being 46 feet. It was built in the 14th cent., and is remarkable for the size and the beautiful tracery of its windows and the old stained glass which they contain. Dr. Cox says: "There are not six parish churches in the kingdom that have so fine and extensive a display." The E. window, of 5 lights, occupies the whole width of that end. Its glass—figures of the apostles, saints, and the Trinity—was removed from all parts of the nave in 1842, and is later than that of the eight side windows, which retain mostly their 14th-cent. glass, representing "circles, frets, lozenges, flowers, and coats of arms"—to a great extent those of the Fitzherbert family, who have owned the Hall close by since the end of the 13th cent. Their monuments abound in the church, the oldest being that of Sir Henry Fitzherbert, sixth Lord of Norbury (14th cent.). It is in the S. chapel, where also fragments of some fine

pre-Norman crosses have been placed. Two altar-tombs of alabaster and several brasses are noteworthy.

The *Hall or Manor House* has been faced with brick, and is now a farmhouse. An upper room in it is called "Sir Anthony Herbert's Study" (1538). Many of its oak panels are inscribed with sentences of Scripture, and on one of them is a death's head and "*memento mori*".

**Ellastone** (*above*) is 10 minutes' walk from Norbury Station.

Four miles beyond Norbury, after passing on the left Calwich Abbey and Wootton Grange, we reach *Clifton Station* (view of the conical Thorpe Cloud on the left), and in another mile enter the **Ashbourne** new joint station (hotel close by), in the hands of the L. & N.W. and N.S. Companies. For town and excursions, see p. 59-61; on to Buxton, p. 61. For **Ashbourne**, see p. 59.

**Rochester to Alton** ( $3\frac{1}{2}$  m.; from Ashbourne,  $11\frac{1}{2}$ ), etc.

The grounds of Alton Towers are close by the station, the mansion and gardens a mile further on. They have now been closed to the public.

Beyond *Denstone* (1 m.) the valley of the Churnet narrows, and steep wooded hills flank it on both sides. The railway winds along with the stream, and presents a most striking scene as it reaches

**Alton** (Hotel: *Shrewsbury*,  $\frac{1}{4}$  m. up-hill to left; Inns: *Talbot*, close to station, and others in village). The village, delightful in its surroundings, stands on the slope of a sandstone hill that presents a bold scarp to the valley below. On the summit, rising flush with the precipice, is *Alton Castle*, once garrisoned for Cromwell. Little of the original structure remains; but, with the modern portions, the whole forms a most picturesque private residence. Attached to it is an R.C. Chapel with a green-and-gold roof, and close by are R.C. Schools. The view from below is not unlike parts of Rhine-land on a small scale. Near Alton is *Wootton Lodge*, a Jacobean mansion (attributed, probably wrongly, to *Iligo Jones*), where Rousseau spent part of his exile, and wrote portions of his *Confessions*.

**Alton to Dovedale** over the **Weaver Hills**, 3-4 hrs. good walking.

This is an interesting but intricate walk. Modern philanthropy has made a clean sweep of refreshment-houses on the way, as in many other parts of western Derbyshire. Sunday travellers, when they have the gratification of discovering an inn, too often find that it has been reduced to a six days' licence. The points to make for are *Farley cross-roads*, reached by the drive along the side of the stables nearest the mansion—a continuation of the Earl's Drive—*Ramsor*, the *Calton Moor cross-roads*, and *Blore*. The Weaver Hills lie between Ramsor and Blore (interesting church, with screen, some brass, and a full recumbent figure of Sir William Bassett, the last of his family). Their height is from 1,200 to 1,300 feet, and they are easily ascended. The view is extensive and varied, especially towards the south and west. Beyond them the high ground of Calton Moor is crossed. From Blore a rapid descent is made by a road through the fields to *Ilam*,  $\frac{3}{4}$  m. short of the *Izaak Walton Hotel*, at the entrance to Dovedale.

# Ashbourne.

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## Ashbourne. (Pop. 4,059.)

**Hotels:**—*Ashbourne Hall*, an old family residence, with grounds,  $\frac{1}{2}$  m. from station; *Green Man*,  $\frac{1}{2}$  m. from station; *Station*, a new house, opp. station; *White Lion*, etc. *Letter Box* closes 8.45 p.m.; *Sun.*, 6.45.

**Distances:**—Bakewell,  $16\frac{1}{2}$  m.; Buxton, 20; Derby, (rail) 30, (road) 13 (motor buses, see p. 55); Dovedale,  $4\frac{1}{2}$ ; Matlock Bath, 12.

London, 144 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; Birmingham, 58; Liverpool, 79; Manchester, 48.

A proposed **Light Railway** between Derby and Ashbourne (13 m.) has not been carried out, though the order for its construction was confirmed by the Board of Trade. The villages touched *en route* are *Murkeaton* ( $1\frac{1}{4}$  m.), *Mackworth* ( $2\frac{1}{4}$  m.), *Kirk Langley* ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  m.), *Brailsford* (7 m.), and *Osnaston* (11 m.). The route is hilly, rural, and pleasant. It is the direct route from Derby to Dovedale, and the main artery through a large agricultural country now devoid of railway accommodation.

**Ashbourne** is, perhaps, next to Bakewell, the most pleasantly situated town in Derbyshire. Not that it possesses, either in itself or in its immediate neighbourhood, any special claim on the tourist's attention—always excepting its church. It does not even boast a river. The Dove, which has been making straight for it all the way from its rise amid the bleak uplands of Axe Edge, suddenly turns aside after issuing from Dovedale, to wander through the green meadows of Mayfield and Ellastone, and leaves Ashbourne on a siding. Nothing but a stern sense of duty to the public as a guide-book writer enables us to remember that the insignificant tributary which runs the length of the town is called the Henmoor. For all that, Ashbourne is a most satisfactory starting-place for a comfortably disposed tourist. It has a time-honoured inn, the *Green Man*, at which Johnson and Boswell hired a post-chaise in 1771, and were presented by the landlady, "a mighty civil gentlewoman," with an engraving of the sign of her house. Then it has green hills, crowned with rich foliage, all around it, and close at hand a church, which is more graceful and picturesque in its general appearance than any other in the district we are describing, though faulty in several of its details. No other building in Ashbourne calls for special description. The town is amongst the oldest in the midland counties, but the only historical record of any interest in connection with it is the proclamation of the Young Pretender as King of Great Britain in its market-place a few days before the famous "Black Friday" of 1745.

**Ashbourne Church\*** (St. Oswald's; *Key at the Sexton's in Church-st.*; 1 min. walk), close to the railway station, dates from 1241, as is recorded by a Latin inscription engraved on a brass plate now deposited in the vestry. It occupies the site of a Norman church. After many years of restoration the chancel was reopened in 1878 and the whole church in 1882. Its shape

\* Owing to excavations made about 1840, the foundations of the tower became some time ago very insecure, and the spire was found to be cracked. Extensive repairs were completed in 1894, at a cost of £4,600. To help towards the cost of this, a charge of 3d. is made for admission to the Cokayne Chapel, with its fine collection of tombs.

is cruciform, and its style mainly Early English and Decorated. The most beautiful portion is the spire, 212 feet high, not unlike that of Bakewell, but much lighter and more pleasing in appearance—perhaps the most graceful in the county. It rises from a square central tower, is relieved by a band, and has twenty Decorated windows. At the present date (1913) this tower is again in a dangerous condition, and has been a cause of grave anxiety for some time. It is to be hoped that funds will be speedily obtained for restoring and strengthening this crowning portion of the edifice. The roof, originally high-pitched, has been flattened, by no means to the enhancement of the beauty of the building, the principal fault of which is incongruity. The chancel is E.E. and has six pairs of lancet—three painted—and two Dec. windows together with a Perp. one of seven lights at the E. end dotted with coats of arms. The wide transept has four large windows—two Dec. at the N. end, one Dec. and one Perp. at the S. One of the end windows, of five lights, painted in 1877, illustrates the text, “Blessed be the Lord God of Israel.” Its *vis-à-vis* in the S. transept represents the various stages of music from Jubal to St. Ambrose, to whom is accredited the “Te Deum.” The characters are—Jubal, Moses, Miriam, David, Solomon, St. Cecilia, and St. Ambrose. The glass, by Herdman, Kempe, Whall, and others, throughout the church, is very good. Few parish churches contain a better display of modern glass.

The nave is of later date and has many Dec. and Perp. features—especially the windows of the S. aisle, which is an addition. The present *West Window* (good) was inserted in 1902 as a memorial of the late vicar. Note also a narrow window on the N. side. The *interior* is beautiful and impressive, though the effect as a whole is marred by an obvious remodelling of the nave which was always out of line with the chancel, bending to the north, and now does not even commence in a line with it. The *chancel*, restored by Gilbert Scott (1878), is very beautiful. Its special features are the fine east window (*above*), three sedilia on the south side, and, opposite to them, a canopied recess or Easter Sepulchre, in which rites in honour of the Resurrection were formerly celebrated, but according to others a monument of Robert Kniveton (*d. 1471*). A modern monument to Christopher and Mary Harland just beyond this is elaborately carved. The eastern half of the north transept is screened off, and is the mortuary chapel of the Cokayne and Boothby families. Of the former no less than seven generations, commencing in 1372, are represented. They are mostly recumbent figures in armour on alabaster altar-tombs, but one—outside the screen—to Thomas Cokayne and his wife, is fixed to the wall. They are kneeling opposite each other, and in a compartment beneath, their children—three sons and seven daughters—are rudely sculptured in the same posture. This numerous progeny is beaten inside the screen by Sir Humphrey Bradburne (*d. 1581*) and his wife, around whose sepulchre are portrayed nine sons and six daughters.

All the monuments, however, appear to disadvantage in the presence of the famous one to a child of the Boothby family, which displays as great a triumph over the cold inexpressiveness of marble as a sculptor ever achieved. The figure—that of a child reclining its little head and clasping its little hands in exquisite simplicity and naturalness, as if striving to soothe a weary pain, on a snow-white pillow—tells its own history, and we will only repeat the last sentence of a well-worn description of it, which we have noticed in every recent guide-book—"The man whom this does not affect wants one of the finest sources of genuine sensibility; his heart cannot be formed to relish the beauty either of nature or of art." Of its sculptor, T. Banks, R.A., it may be truly said "Vivos duxit de marmore vultus."

The oblong pedestal and slab that support the monument contains four inscriptions—one each in English, French, Italian, and Latin. The English one on the pedestal runs:—

"To Penelope, only child of Sir Brooke and Dame Sysanna Boothby, born April xi., 1785; died March xiii., 1791. She was in form and intellect most exqisite. The vnfortunate parents ventvred their all on this frail bark, and the wreck was total."

In this chapel note the fluted columns in front of a pair of three-light lancet windows, also the fragments of a Saxon cross, and a supposed head of Henry III. A well-preserved painting (14th century) on a panel may be seen in the vestry.

Walking from the church up the main street we pass on the left what was formerly the old Grammar School, founded in the reign of Elizabeth and displaying the architecture of that period (the school now occupies a building in the Wirksworth Road), and on the right some almshouses dating from 1614. In the Market-place is a memorial to Francis Wright, Esq. (1806-73), for "services to the town."

**Ashbourne to Dovedale, Tissington, Hartington, Bakewell, Buxton, etc.**

**Ashbourne to Dovedale.** *Buxton by rail, 22½ m. 6 or 7 trains a day in ¾ to 1 hr.*

The **through railway route** without visiting Dovedale. Up to Alsop-en-le-Dale and Hartington this is very pretty. The line passes under Ashbourne by a tunnel, and then ascends a verdant, well-wooded valley, in which, on the right, seen from near Thorpe, is *Bentley Hall*, on the left *Thorpe Cloud*. At Alsop-en-le-Dale the pretty ivy-clad church is below on the right, and in the left front you may see Mam Tor over Castleton (*p. 162*). Beyond Hartington we cross a somewhat bleak limestone upland (1,000 to 1,200 ft. up) without special interest till we drop down into Buxton (*p. 86*). The stations are **Parsley Hay**, 13½ m. (for Arborlow, see *p. 73*); Hurdlow, 16; Hindlow, 19; and **Higher Buxton**, 22.

This extension of the London and North-Western Railway offers facilities for those who have not time or inclination to adopt the charming pedestrian routes to Dovedale, but only an alternative, as the wiser tourist will still prefer to go afoot on the outward or the return journey at least. All the old pedestrian routes are accord-

ingly described in full for his benefit. It is, however, quite easy now, by taking train to Hartington or to one of the stations near the end of Dovedale, to combine Beresford Dale and Dovedale, with the intervening parts of the Dove valley, in a short day's excursion. The following list of approaches will enable the excursionist to take his choice of rambles through Dovedale, etc.:-

Name of Station.	Dist. from Ashbourne, m.	Dist. from Buxton, m.	Distance into Dale, m.	Route.
<b>Ashbourne</b> .....	—	22 $\frac{1}{2}$	{ 5 4 $\frac{1}{4}$	By <i>Izaak Walton</i> ..... Road.
			2	" <i>Peveril</i> ..... Road 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ , rest path.
<b>Thorpe Cloud</b> ....	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	{ 2 1 $\frac{1}{4}$	" <i>Izaak Walton</i> ..... Road.
<b>Tissington</b> .....	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	18	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	" <i>Peveril</i> ..... Road $\frac{3}{4}$ m.
<b>Alsop-en-le-Dale</b>	7	15 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Direct to Dove Holes F.p. to <i>Peveril</i> .
<b>Hartington</b> .....	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	To Beresford Dale ... Path.
				Road and path.

\* \* \* **Inns** at or near all stations except Tissington (none) and Hartington, where the village (p. 71) is 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the station.

**Special Note for Cyclists.** The roads between Ashbourne, Thorpe, the *Peveril*, the *Izaak Walton*, and Tissington, are very hilly, with fair surface; thence to Buxton fairly level, with the usual drawbacks of limestone, dust or mud.

From Ashbourne the most usual and simplest plan is to take train to Thorpe Cloud (3 m., given as 2 in the Time Tables), and thence hire or walk to the *Peveril* ( $\frac{2}{3}$  m.) or the *Izaak Walton*, as described on page 68. An alternative is to keep to the train as far as Tissington (4 $\frac{1}{2}$  m. from Ashbourne) and thence walk to the *Peveril* (p. 66). This enables you to include Tissington without losing any of the *bonne bouches*. A third plan is to proceed still further by rail, to Alsop-en-le-Dale (7 m.) and thence walk by the *New Inn Hotel*—a pleasant up-to-date hostelry 4 minutes from the station, across the ridge, past old Hanson Grange Farm (refreshments), whence a very steep glade drops between the cliffs to Dove Holes (p. 70). This glade is the steepest bit in the ordinary exploration of the dale except the pitch up to Reynard's Cave (p. 69), and by this route you have the advantage of walking *down* it. It is 1 $\frac{1}{4}$  to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the station or hotel to Dove Holes. There is a short field-track from the station omitting the hotel, but there is no other hotel till you get to the *Peveril* or the *Izaak Walton*.

To a fair pedestrian the fourth and last route we describe is to be recommended. Take train to Hartington (11 $\frac{1}{2}$  m. from Ashbourne) and walk back to Tissington by Hartington Village, Beresford Dale, Mill Dale, Dovedale proper, and the *Izaak Walton*. Visit Ilam from the last-named, and turn aside at the *Peveril* by the foot-path to Tissington. *Distances* :—Hartington Station to Village,

$1\frac{1}{2}$  m.; *Izaak Walton*, 9; *Peveril*,  $10\frac{1}{2}$  (Tissington Station, 13); Thorpe Cloud Station,  $11\frac{1}{2}$ . (Add 2 for detour to Ilam.)

(1.) **Circular Tours** :—(a) South end of Dovedale, by Thorpe,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  m.; north end (Dove Holes),  $6\frac{1}{2}$ ; Mill Dale hamlet,  $7\frac{1}{2}$ ; Load Mill,  $8\frac{1}{2}$ ; Buxton road, 9; Tissington, 11; Ashbourne, 15.

\* \* \* *Carriage-road except between Thorpe and Mill Dale.*

(b) As in (a), p. 64, to Mill Dale,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  m.; then Wetton, 10; Thor's Cave and back, 12; Ilam,  $14\frac{1}{2}$ ; Thorpe, 17; Ashbourne, 21 (2 miles saved by omitting Thor's Cave).

\* \* \* *Carriage-road, except between Thorpe and Mill Dale, and from Wetton to Thor's Cave.*

(2.) **Continuous (through Dovedale).** As above to Mill Dale,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  m.; then up valley to Beresford Dale, 11, and Hartington,  $12\frac{1}{2}$ .

Hartington to Buxton by highroad,  $11\frac{1}{2}$  m.; to *Newhaven Inn*, 3, and Bakewell, 10; to Newhaven and Rowsley Station by Youlgrave, 11; to Newhaven and Matlock, 14.

**Hotels**, etc. At the south end of Dovedale are the *Peveril* (postal address, "Thorpe, near Ashbourne;"  $3\frac{3}{4}$  m. from Ashbourne,  $\frac{2}{3}$  m. from Thorpe Cloud Station) and the *Izaak Walton* ("Ilam, near Ashbourne;"  $4\frac{1}{2}$  m., 2 from Thorpe), both tourist houses of good repute; also the *Dovedale*, at Thorpe village, a smaller house. A good wayside house is the *Dog and Partridge*, close to Thorpe Station. At Alsop-en-le-Dale, 4 minutes' walk from the station, is the *New Inn Hotel* ("Tissington, near Ashbourne"), quite up to the mark. The charges at the three most convenient hotels, *Peveril*, *Izaak Walton*, and *New Inn Hotel*, are from 3s. 6d. to 4s. bed and attendance; 2s. 6d. breakfast (fish, chops, etc.); and about 3s. 6d. dinner. Full terms from 7s. 6d. to 10s. a day. All are well situated and well kept. At Hartington there is the *Charles Cotton Hotel*. Newhaven consists entirely of a large coaching-days inn, which has been considerably improved as a consequence of motor-traffic. There is also a good inn at Alstonefield (p. 112), a little off Route 1 (b). Cottage accommodation abundant. For distances from the nearest station—Thorpe Cloud—see p. 62.

**General Remarks.**—The attraction of all these routes centres in Dovedale, without traversing which from end to end no one can fully appreciate the beauty of Derbyshire scenery. Well worthy of a visit, too, are Tissington, Ilam, Thor's Cave, Beresford Dale, and some of the river bits between Hartington and Buxton. The general level of the country between Ashbourne, Buxton, and Bakewell, is very high, especially in the immediate south of Buxton, where it is as much as 1,500 feet above the sea. The hill-scenery, as is nearly always the case in limestone districts, is tame and featureless—a wide area of pasture and meadow land, intersected by numberless stone walls, and varied only by green knolls upon whose summits desolate groups of fir and beech trees carry

on a brave but unequal contest with the winds which attack them from every quarter. It is only along the river-courses that real richness and beauty of prospect are to be found, and these, coming suddenly upon the eye as it is growing wearied with the upland bleakness, and seen from the vantage ground of lofty hills, give this part of Derbyshire its claim to be regarded as a tourist district. The depth and steepness of the defile through which the Dove forces its way in its most beautiful part prevent its extending any influence on the scenery beyond its immediate proximity; but the wider valleys of the Wye and the Derwent with their tributary streams afford a number of exquisite landscapes wherever we approach the eastern side of the plateau we have been describing.

*Choice of Route.*—The quickest way of seeing Dovedale is to book by the L. & N.W. Ry. from Ashbourne to Thorpe Cloud station, and to walk to Dove Holes and back again (5 m.). Ponies or donkeys can be hired at one of the hotels (see p. 63), and taken as far as the entrance to Dovedale, but are not allowed in the dale itself. Those who wish to see as much as possible within the limits of a comfortable day's excursion are recommended to take train to Thorpe Cloud (stations also at Tissington and Alsop-en-le-Dale); thence to walk through Dovedale to Mill Dale, Wetton, and Thor's Cave, returning direct from Wetton to the *Izaak Walton* or the *Peveril* through Ilam. They may order their carriage to meet them at Wetton, thus reducing the walking distance to about 7 miles. Carriage-folk bound to Buxton, Bakewell, or Matlock may leave their conveyance at Thorpe and rejoin it at the junction of the by-road from Mill Dale with the Buxton road,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Ashbourne, after a walk of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles through Dovedale. A study of the map, the foregoing distance-table, and the remarks appended thereto, will enable pedestrians to settle their route without difficulty. If bound for Buxton, they will find some charming *bijou* valley-scenery in Beresford Dale and fair quarters for the night at Hartington, or they may catch the afternoon train at Hartington; if for Bakewell or Matlock, they may comfortably repose in the old coaching-days hostel of Newhaven.

(1) **Ashbourne to Dovedale (a) by road.** Follow the Buxton high-road, which strikes northwards up a steep pitch from the Market-place for the first mile, at the end of which turn to the left. A guide-post directs to Thorpe.

The road to the right leads on to Fenny Bentley (3 m. N. of Ashbourne) and Tissington, and so direct to Buxton. Fenny Bentley church is interesting, with a fine roof, a rood screen, and a very unusual altar tomb of the Beresfords.

Crossing a tributary stream of the Dove, the road ascends the side of a finely timbered glade, and presently discloses a view of Thorpe Cloud—a more or less conical hill of 900 feet with the features of a mountain, green to the summit, standing as it were a sentinel at the southern portal of Dovedale. At the *Dog and Partridge* hotel, 3 miles from Ashbourne, our road diverges to the left, and descends to the picturesque little village of **Thorpe**, in which the ivy-mantled church, with its square tower, is rather

a pleasing feature of the landscape than an attractive object in itself. A little short of the village an open drive, commencing under an archway, crosses a field to the *Peveril of the Peak Hotel*, which has been tastefully enlarged in the Tudor style. From the back of the inn a bridle-path descends directly into Dovedale through a combe on the right of Thorpe Cloud, which may be easily climbed on the way, and a fine view of Dovedale enjoyed.

Those who wish to commence their exploration of the dale from the *Izaak Walton*, or to see Ilam before entering it, must descend from Thorpe by the *Dovedale Hotel* (smaller than the *Peveril*), and cross the river itself. During the descent Ilam is well seen in front, but Dovedale is hidden by Thorpe Cloud, opposite to which, on the Staffordshire side of the dale, rises the loftier but less marked height of Bunster. The *Izaak Walton*, also in Staffordshire, is well situated, a mile beyond Thorpe, and just past the bridge over the river. To reach it we pass under an arch formed by the jaws of a whale, and up an open drive. The hotel commands a view of the entrance to Dovedale, but of nothing particularly characteristic of its beauty. A path crosses a field to the foot of Thorpe Cloud, where—as soon as we have briefly described Ilam—we shall commence our walk up the dale.

The **Village of Ilam** is  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile from the *Izaak Walton*. It is what is called a model village—*i.e.*, the rude picturesqueness of thatched and whitewashed cottages has given place to well-built and trimly-kept little Gothic tenements, which form an almost equally pleasing contrast to the square and hideous red-brick boxes of which so many of our midland villages unfortunately consist. At the entrance to the village is an elegant *Cross and Fountain*, erected in 1840, in memory of the wife of the then owner of Ilam Hall, Mr. Watts Russell. The Hall is Elizabethan in character, and was erected during the last century. In front of it stands the *Church*, which contains a beautiful monument by Chantrey, representing the last moments of David Pike Watts. His wife and children stand around him, the whole forming a group which moves the spectator by its wonderful purity and truthfulness.

In the grounds of the Hall the river **Manifold** issues from an unseen cavity in the limestone rock, through which it has pursued a subterranean course for several miles. A semicircle of wood climbing high up the hillsides forms a background to the general scene. Nature, in short, has been profuse of her charms to Ilam, and Art has well supported her.

(b) **By Tissington**, 6 m. (road). To reach Dovedale by Tissington, continue along the Buxton road (*p. 64*) for  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles, till you come to an avenue of lime-trees on the right, a little beyond the *Blue Bell* public-house. Half-a-mile's walk along this avenue brings you into the village. Everybody with an eye for the beautiful has admired the pictures of Birket Foster. We know not how better to describe **Tissington** than by saying that it looks more like the fount from which that artist drew his inspiration than any other village we

have ever seen. Its essence is rustic simplicity and undesigned picturesqueness. On one side of a wide grass-edged road stands the old Elizabethan Hall, overshadowed by elm-trees and characteristically sombre ; on the other the church, "restored" to be sure, but as suggestive of antiquity as ever, is only partly visible through the abundant foliage of the churchyard ; all about, little groups of cottages, kept with true Derbyshire neatness, but utterly innocent of arrangement or architectural design—in fact, the only building with any pretension in this way, except the Hall, is the schoolroom, which seems to aim at being classical. Here and there are the famous **Wells** bubbling up their pure spring water. The *Well Dressing*, for which the village is famous, takes place on Ascension Day. The wells are tastefully decorated with flowers and scriptural texts, and the villagers, after attending church, go the round of them, performing various parts of the service over again. More of Tissington we shall not say, except that the Hall is the residence of the Fitzherbert family, and that the church contains some interesting Norman details—a chancel arch, a doorway on the S. side, and a curiously carved font.

There is no inn at Tissington, but meals and beds may be had at one or two of the cottages.

**Tissington to Dovedale** by footpath, 2 m. (*No right of way.*) Return by the avenue, and continue down the lane opposite until you reach the next road. In this is a stile, near a small barn. The path is distinct the greater part of the way. Then, merging into a cart-track, it passes through two or three gateways (fine view of Thorpe Cloud) and through a yard to the left of some farm out-buildings, situate just over the brow of the hill. Hence proceed directly to the opposite wall, over a stile, and straight on down the little valley ahead, where a path trending to the left will bring you out on the top of Sharplow Point. The view down into the dale strikes the eye with almost magical suddenness, and is exquisitely beautiful.

Retracing our steps through the avenue, we cross the Buxton high-road, and a few hundred yards further take a footpath to the right, at the bottom of a hill. This path crosses a couple of lanes, the latter of which must be followed for a short distance. Then squeezing through a succession of stone walls, we reach Thorpe close to the *Peveril Hotel*. Distance,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. *For the routes onward from Thorpe, see p. 68.*

(c) **By Mappleton and river-side**,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  m. In hot weather and when the roads are dusty this is the pleasantest route to Dove-dale. Starting up the hill from the *Green Man* at Ashbourne, we take the first turn to the left and the next to the right, travelling for the first three-quarters of a mile by the Mappleton road, as far as the bottom of a hill, where the road crosses a tributary stream of the Dove. To this point a direct route, first lane and then footpath, leads from the station, leaving the Church on the left and the town on the right. A few yards west of a park gate, a little beyond the stream, the footpath again leaves the road, and ascends a hill, on the right of a modern villa, whence it drops again abruptly into the road, a little short of the village of **Mappleton** (2 m.; *Temp. Inn*). Mappleton Church is a curiosity, well worth seeing for its supreme

ugliness. Elaborate church architecture is certainly not needed in scenes which Nature has consecrated as her own, but surely Art is not called upon to act, as it does in so many of the beautiful districts of our island, the part of a mere foil to Nature. Mapleton Church has been facetiously called "Little St. Paul's."

The Mapleton corner (*see map*) may be cut off by another foot-path, which leads to the bridge over the Dove, whence it continues along the east side of the river all the way to the bridge by which the road from Thorpe to the *Izaak Walton* crosses the stream. The valley, closely hemmed in by soft sylvan heights, presents a succession of pleasing prospects to the eye. Opposite to Mapleton are the hall and park of *Okeover*.

### Dovedale.

**Dovedale** proper, which we now enter from any of the approaches described above, extends northwards from Thorpe Cloud to Dove Holes, a distance of 2 miles. The path leads up the Derbyshire side, and those who make the *Izaak Walton* their starting-place must cross either the foot-bridge, a little north of the hotel, or the stepping stones still higher up, at the first bend of the river. From the *Peveril* the way is by path starting E. of the hotel down the deepening glade to the right of Thorpe Cloud. A private cart-track, which leads up the Staffordshire side, comes to a sudden end at the narrowest part of the dale, where the rock descends so abruptly to the river-edge as to defy further progress.

In describing Dovedale, let us at once abjure such epithets as "stupendous" and "magnificent." It is neither one nor the other, but simply the most beautiful and harmonious blending of rock, wood, and water within the limits of the four seas. In each feature, taken separately, it is surpassed by other scenes of similar character. Its waters have not the torrent rush and sparkling brilliancy of the glorious East Lyn, or of the streams which thread the glens of Scotland and Wales and the Lake District; its woods are less rich and varied than many in Scotland and Devonshire; and its limestone crags have not the massive grandeur of the Cheddar Cliffs: but it presents to the eye at one glance a happier combination of these essential elements of beautiful scenery than can be obtained in any of the districts we have mentioned. All it requires is a Scott or a Wordsworth. Perhaps its leading characteristic is consistency: the critical eye searches in vain from end to end for a bare spot or a dull outline. Once in it we are utterly unconscious of the wearisome limestone uplands by which it is surrounded. Pinnacled rock which might defy a Scafell cragsman and wood-crowned knoll bound our vision on both sides, while the stream below, alternating between tranquil pool and rippling eddy with beautiful aquatic plants, supplies a soft music thoroughly consonant with the spirit of the scene. Sir Martin Conway, surely a competent judge, recently awarded the palm for beautiful scenery to Dovedale. "The prettiest valley

in the world known to me is Dovedale in Derbyshire in spring or autumn." At those seasons, it may be added, one is much more likely to enjoy a fair degree of solitude than in summer, when the dale does not look its best.

"Give a dog a bad name and hang him," says the proverb, and Staffordshire is a striking exemplification of its truth. The coal, iron, and pottery-ware which have placed the county so high from a commercial point of view, have damned it from an æsthetic. Whatever claim it may have on the notice of the lover of Nature, or the devotee of country life, has been filched from it by Derbyshire. Even its cheese is called "Derbyshire." And yet no county in central England boasts of more beautiful scenery. The Churnet Valley Railway is one of the prettiest in the country, and all that part of Staffordshire which lies between that line and Derbyshire, including Alton Towers, the Weaver Hills, the Roaches, and the beautiful valley of the Dane, is worthy of more attention from the lover of the picturesque than it has hitherto obtained. But the glory of Staffordshire is the one side of Dovedale, which lies entirely within it, more abundantly wooded than the Derbyshire side, and only a little inferior in the boldness and shapeliness of its rocks.

Our starting-point is the stepping-stones at the **foot of Thorpe Cloud**, reached, as we have already indicated, either from the *Peveril* or the *Izaak Walton*. At this point the dale, which begins a few hundred yards back between the slopes of Thorpe Cloud and Bunster, takes an abrupt turn to the north-west, and the scenery commences. The track, which is by the river-side all the way, first crosses a narrow greensward, and then climbs to one of the best view-points in the dale—**Sharplow Point**. The stream is broken by a succession of little weirs, partly artificial, and holding back the water in a manner which will only be appreciated by the angler. Around us are hawthorn, hazel, yew, and a multitude of other trees, shrubs, and wild flowers, which may recall to the mind Scott's famous descriptions of the Lady-of-the-Lake scenery, where

"Boon Nature scatter'd far and wide  
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child."

In springtide, when every little knoll is carpeted with primroses, or in the late autumn, when the foliage assumes its reddiest tint, the dale wears its loveliest aspect. The preponderance of ash in its more thickly wooded parts defers till very late in the season the period at which winter utterly strips it of its leafy honours, and even then its undergrowth of bracken, and the sombre yews which take root in the crevices of its steepest crags, maintain a contrast of colour till the vivid green of the sprouting larch ushers in returning vegetation.

On the Staffordshire side, as we approach Sharplow Point, the woods climb from the water's edge to the brow of the hills, but they are broken by a series of steep and rugged limestone crags which have been fancifully named the *Twelve Apostles*. **Sharp-**

**low Point** itself (the local “Lover’s Leap”) is a bare face of rock a few yards to the left of the path, and easily accessible. Occupying a sharp angle of the stream, and standing high above it, it commands a beautiful vista in both directions. Northwards the dale is seen becoming narrower and narrower till there is only room for the river to pass between the perpendicular cliffs which hem it in. Southwards the cone of Thorpe Cloud rises most effectively, and secures that entire exclusion of extraneous objects which is the characteristic of Dovedale views. Eastwards a grassy glade, by which Tissington may be reached in 2 miles (*reverse route p. 66*), ascends steeply to the right of **Tissington Spires**, as a group of jagged and lofty rock-pinnacles is called. They somewhat resemble the famous needle rocks of Cheddar, and though in reality they are only scarped projections of the high ground behind them, they have every appearance from below of being virgin peaks. They are, however, best seen from a little way further on our route. A climb up this glade will amply repay the visitor.

Beyond Sharplow Point the track again descends to the water’s edge, passing, on the Staffordshire side, a deeply fissured mass of rock, to which the name *Dovedale Church* has been given. A little further the track forks, the left-hand branch keeping the river-side, and the right-hand ascending to *Reynard’s Cave*. In any case the latter should be taken, for the sake of the lovely view it affords of the Straits of Dovedale, as the narrowest part of the glen is called. Close to the view-point, which is only a minute or two’s walk from the fork, is a large natural arch perforating a ridge of rock only a few feet wide.

About fifty years ago this rock was the scene of a terrible accident. A school party from Derby was making holiday in the dale, and one of its members ventured along the giddy ridge. He missed his footing, and fell headlong on to the steep hill-side below, rolling thence to the bottom of the valley. The result, we need scarcely add, was fatal. In Dovedale, too, the Rev. W. Langton, Dean of Clogher, lost his life through a slip of his horse near Sharplow Point.

High up above the archway which we have just described, and approached by the steepest of paths, is **Reynard’s Cave**, a wide-ported alcove, which invites a visit chiefly from the difficulty of paying it. However, we cannot go wrong in Dovedale, and every climb between the rocks and tangled foliage which clings round their feet and up their sides repays the toil of making it.

Descending again to the river-side path, we approach the narrowest part of the dale, which is appropriately called the **Straits**. At this point the Staffordshire side is quite impassable, and the Derbyshire side affords only a narrow causeway between the stream and the impending rock. After heavy rain even this is flooded. The beauty of the glen hereabouts is of a very high order; foliage and water are brought into their closest contrast. Hawthorn, hazel, and wilding creepers encroach on the track, and darkling yews grow out of the chinks in the perpendicular crags. A rock in front, on the Derbyshire side, is, with a fair show of reason, called the

*Lion's Head.* Above it is a half-detached rectangular block, which seems ready to topple down on our heads on the slightest provocation. It goes by the name of the *Watch Box*.

A few strides further, and we have left the beauty of Dovedale behind us. It ends as it began—thoroughly unique. Nature has even given it a gateway, the posts whereof are two towering crags, one on each side. The Staffordshire one, **Ilam Tor**, is a perpendicular tower of limestone, and the Derbyshire one brings to an abrupt end the narrowest of ridges. Ilam Tor was climbed, steeple-Jack fashion, in 1903, by a gentleman who had managed to get a rope over the top by means of a thin string attached to a kite. Looking back between these rugged portals, after we have passed through them, we find ourselves posed for another remarkable view of the dale, scarcely inferior in beauty to any of those we have already described. We will not dilate upon it. The word “beautiful” has been repeated, we fancy we hear our reader say, “*ad nauseam*,” but that epithet is really the only fitting one. Dovedale is neither grand nor awe-inspiring, and to call it pretty would be a libel on Nature.

From the portals our course bends to the right, and passing three huge-mouthed caverns, big enough to have accommodated the monster *Cacus*, and called **Dove Holes**, we enter **Mill Dale**. Steep hills still rise from the stream on both sides, but they are only scantily varied with rock, and there is very little relief of foliage.

From this point a very steep climb up a verdant glade takes us to Hanson Grange Farm, and thence by cart-track and road to the *New Inn Hotel* (good accommodation) and Alsop-en-le-Dale Station ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles; field-track cuts off  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile). We should call the distance from Dove Holes, 2 miles up;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  down.

At the hamlet of **Milldale**, a short mile beyond Dove Holes, we reach the first carriage-road we have seen since entering Dovedale, and this is a very little one. Here, too, is a small “tommy shop,” but no inn. Our exploration of Dovedale proper comes to an end here, and we may retrace or continue our steps by various routes.

Hence a steep path starting from the angle of the road leads up to **Alstonefield** ( $\frac{3}{4}$  m.; p. 112).

**Back to the Izaak Walton by Thor's Cave and Ilam.** A narrow lane ascends a narrow opening from Milldale hamlet and, leaving the village of Alstonefield on the right, reaches that of **Wetton** in a long two miles, as shown on the map. There is a public-house (*Royal Oak*). The cottagers of this part of the country make a liberal use of whitening to embellish their hearth-stones and stone floors, just as the fashion holds with gentry folk of having a fringe to their carpet. At some inns we could name the proprietor literally “chalks out” his visitors’ accounts on the stone floor. From Wetton, first a lane, then an open track leads in less than a mile to **Thor's Cave** (charge 2d.), a wide cavity more remarkable for its

commanding situation than any internal interest. What Thor had to do with it we know not, but it is big enough for him or any other mythological giant. From its threshold we look down on the windings of the river Manifold, which a little way further vanishes, after the manner of streams in limestone districts, beneath the ground, only to reappear some miles lower at Ilam. (*For approaches via Manifold Valley Light Railway, see p. 77.*)

Retracing our steps to Wetton, we may reach the *Izaak Walton* again in a short 5 miles by a road which runs parallel to Dovedale and about a mile from it, passing Bunster on the left hand, and the village of Ilam (p. 65) in the last mile.

**Dovedale to Hartington and Buxton.** *Mill Dale to Hartington (footpath), 5 m. Hartington to Buxton, via Longnor (cart-road and high-road), 12 m.*

From Mill Dale hamlet a carriage-road skirts the Staffordshire side of the river as far as *Load Mill*,  $\frac{2}{3}$ -mile on the way, where it crosses the stream and ascends to join the Ashbourne and Buxton high-road. The pedestrian route is across the bridge to the Derbyshire side and thence along a footpath which follows the winding course of the stream till the hills recede on the left hand at the southern end of Beresford Dale. The scenery is more interesting than that we have passed through since leaving Dovedale, the hill-sides being in places varied by limestone crags and covered with brushwood. At the entrance to Beresford Dale a cart-track crosses the stream by a bridge, and for a few hundred yards we proceed along the Staffordshire side, recrossing at the far end of the dale.

**Beresford Dale**, though less than a quarter of a mile in length, is one of the prettiest bits on the Dove. Steep limestone crags, finely overgrown with birch and other trees, enclose it on both sides, while laurel and rhododendron, decking the pleasant green-sward between the river and the rocks, make it on a warm summer's day quite a domestic little Paradise. At its northern end a sharp pointed rock rises from the centre of a part of the river, which has hence got the name of *Pike Pool*—described by the “*Viator*” of Waltonian days as “the oddest sight I ever saw.” *Beresford Hall* lies behind the rock on the west side of the dale, which ends abruptly, giving place at once to open pastures on both sides of the river. The Beresford Hall estate was purchased, in 1901, by Sir Edward Greene from Mr. Philip Beresford Hope. The property comprises over 1,500 acres. Recrossing to the Derbyshire side, we notice on the side we have just left the famous **Fishing House** wherein Izaak Walton and Cotton smoked their pipes and fried their trout two centuries ago, heedless of King's-man and Puritan, and of all the civil strife which embroiled that unsettled period. The “house,” consisting of one square room with a pointed roof, and placed in a shady angle of the river, is kept in thorough repair.

Opposite the Fishing House we leave the river, which winds away on the left. Then, crossing a pasture, with one or two smooth green hills on our right, we enter the village of *Hartington*.

**Hartington** (Hotel: *Charles Cotton*) is a large village, or a small town, whichever you will. Remote from any leading thoroughfare, quiet and sombre in itself and in its surroundings, it chiefly recommends itself to the tourist as a convenient halting place, and to the angler as the best head-quarters for the upper waters of the Dove. *Hartington Hall*, the ancient home of the Bateman family, is a good example of the moderate-sized hall of the Tudor period. It was completely restored in 1911 by the present owner, F. O. F. Bateman, Esq., and during the restoration several fine Tudor fire-places were uncovered. There is some old oak panelling and carving. The town is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from its station and 2 from the Ashbourne and Buxton road. The church, partly 13th century, and restored in 1858, contains several incised slabs and other relics dating much further back than the present building. It is mostly in the Decorated style, and has a square tower. (*For approaches via Hulme End, Manifold Valley Light Railway, see p. 77.*)

**Hartington to Buxton** 12 m. (*Wayside Inns:  $5\frac{1}{2}$  and  $6\frac{1}{4}$  m.; see p. 110*). The carriage-road to Buxton, which, after passing Hartington Station ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  m.), joins the main Ashbourne road on the high ground, 2 miles from Hartington, continues through a bleak stone-wall country, more or less near the railway, almost the entire distance. The pedestrian will, except for its breeziness, eschew it, and take in preference the river-side route, which starts on one side of the hotel and reaches the stream in about a mile. (*For railway route, see p. 61.*) A light railway is now available for passenger traffic between Hulme End and Leek (see p. 77).

**Hartington to Buxton by Longnor.** *Hartington to Longnor, 5 m.; Buxton, 12.* After reaching the river-side, as above, the path keeps along it all the way to *Crowdecote Bridge* (4 m. from Hartington), where it enters the Longnor and Bakewell road. At Crowdecote the river is suddenly doubled in volume by a "rising" of ice-cold water, which comes up on the left bank after a subterranean course of unknown extent. So cold is the water that for some distance downstream the river is troutless. Longnor lies out of sight nearly a mile west of the river. During the steep ascent to it, a fine view up and down the dale is obtained. The smooth green hill on the far side of the river is *High Wheeldon*; the sharp-pointed ones higher up are *Park Hill* and *Chrome Hill*. For Longnor and the road onward to Buxton, see p. 111. The road descends to and crosses the Dove (here a mere rivulet) in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, and passing on the left the precipitous *Park Hill*, rises again through a narrow little limestone glen called *Glutton Dale*. Issuing from this it leaves the village of *Earl Sterndale* (small inn, the *Quiet Woman*) on the right, and climbs to the high ground south of Buxton. Then it joins the Ashbourne and Buxton high-road, after crossing the old High Peak railway and the new line from Buxton at Hindlow Station, 3 miles south of Buxton.

The **Quiet Woman's** origin. A former occupant of this wayside inn used to attend Longnor Market weekly, and being a man of regular habits always returned punctually at the same hour. On one occasion, however, he was, by some

means, delayed, and his wife becoming anxious sent to inquire after him. This gave him great annoyance, and on his arrival home he found that his better half was also equally annoyed, and the consequence was a hot debate—so hot that he left the house vowing that if he could not have a Quiet Woman *inside* he would *outside*. He went and ordered the sign of a headless woman to be painted and put up over the door.

For carriage-people proceeding from **Hartington** to **Buxton**, the route through **Sheen** to **Longnor**, on the Staffordshire side of the river, is much to be preferred to the Ashbourne and Buxton high-road. Between Sheen and Longnor it forms a kind of terrace, commanding the valley with great effect. Pedestrians may also join this route by crossing the river at Pilsbury,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles north of Hartington. Here above the river is a fine earthwork, Pilsbury Castle, a good specimen of the small "Mot and Baily" thrown up by the early Norman invaders.

**Dovedale to Bakewell or Rowsley.** *Mill Dale to Newhaven Inn*, 5 m.; *Bakewell*, 12; *ditto (Station)*  $12\frac{1}{2}$ .—*Newhaven Inn to Youlgreave*,  $4\frac{1}{2}$  m.; *Rowsley Station*, 8. Either of these routes may be recommended as commanding beautiful views when once the eastern side of the limestone plateau is reached about 3 miles beyond Newhaven.

From *Mill Dale*\* take the road along the west side of the Dove, as in the route to Hartington (p. 72) to *Load Mill*. Here cross the bridge and ascend the road to the right, diverging up a stony lane to the left in about half a mile, and joining the Buxton highroad  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Ashbourne. Hence the road ascends slightly for a while and then maintains its high level to Newhaven and for 3 miles beyond. At first there is a pretty peep on the right over the little village of *Alsop-en-le-Dale*, with its ivied church, and comfortable and commodious hotel—the *New Inn Hotel*—recently erected by Lord Hindlip, its station, close by, and down a valley whose stream is the same we may have already crossed on our way from Ashbourne to Thorpe (p. 64). Otherwise the prospect is only varied by the round fir-and-beech-topped eminences which characterize this part of Derbyshire. Approaching Newhaven we have a wide view on the left over the village of Heathcote towards Hartington, noticing in the distance the clear-cut little hills which rise near the source of the Dove between Longnor and Buxton.

**Newhaven Inn**—commodious and reasonable—is a relic of the coaching-days, and has been much improved of late. Three miles from it, and one to the right of the Buxton Road, is the *Stone Circle of Arborlow*. It is surrounded by a ditch and a mound, the latter measuring nearly 1,000 feet in circumference, and affording entrances at the north and south. The stones, of which there are about 30, lie prostrate, the largest of them measuring 12 feet in length, and the rest about half as much. In the summer of 1901, under the auspices of the British Association, some important excavations among these megalithic remains were made. A road passes within a quarter of a mile to the north of them, by which the tourist may rejoin the route to Bakewell or Rowsley, having added about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles to his route by the detour.

\* For the shorter cut from Dove Holes (N. end of Dovedale) up the steep glade by Hanson Grange to Alsop-en-le-Dale Station and the hotel, see p. 70.

**Newhaven Inn to Rowsley Station**, 8 m. Taking the right-hand road from Newhaven we pass in half a mile under the High Peak Railway, used for mineral traffic only. 1½ miles further we may either continue straight on, or follow the leafy lane to the right, and reach Youlgreave by Middleton, a wood-embowered village, below which on the right hand flows the little stream called the River Bradford. This is, perhaps, the more picturesque route, but in either case the descent to Youlgreave is a pleasant relief to the “ lang weary ” miles we have been travelling for the last hour or two. If we do not pass through Middleton, we turn right from the Bakewell road a mile beyond the turn for Middleton. During this part of our walk we see in front the long ridge of grit-stone hills which rise from the east side of the Derwent, separating it from the course of the main Midland line by Chesterfield and Sheffield. Riber Castle, overlooking Matlock Bridge, is conspicuous on our right hand, and lower down in the same direction, and about half the distance, we discern the twin rectangular rocks called Robin Hood’s Stride. Descending to Youlgreave, we look down into Bradford Dale, a deep valley, which before the days of wholesale utilitarianism must have been strikingly picturesque.

It is a charming walk along the south side of the Bradford from Alport or Youlgreave to Middleton (*see General Map*).

**Youlgreave** (Inns : *George*, *Bull’s Head*, etc.) is an extensive village, with a fine church, whose tower is a conspicuous object from the country round. It contains several interesting monuments—amongst them a tomb and alabaster effigy of Thomas Cokayne (*d. 1488*) in the chancel—and a remarkable font, 700 years old, with a projecting stoup. The glass of the E. window—by William Morris, from designs by Burne-Jones (1876), is very fine. It has five lights, and represents our Saviour and the four Evangelists. The church was restored in 1870.

**Youlgreave to Bakewell**, 3 m., a delightful walk described the reverse way p. 50. Follow the telegraph-wire and take footpaths.

From Youlgreave the road descends to Alport (*Boarding House Hotel*), a hamlet at the junction of the Lathkill and Bradford streams, whose wooded valley it pursnes till it joins the Bakewell and Matlock road, 1½ miles short of Rowsley Station, and almost opposite Haddon Hall. *For Rowsley, see p. 5.*

**Newhaven Inn to Bakewell**, 7 m. This road is direct all the way, and identical with the foregoing one to Rowsley for almost 3 miles. Then, after descending to the river Lathkill (p. 49), which it crosses in a very picturesque part of the dale, and leaving the village of Over Haddon on the left hand, it rises again somewhat, and finally drops into Bakewell near the church, and half a mile short of the railway station. After crossing the Lathkill the route is the same as from Youlgreave to Bakewell (*above*). *For Bakewell, see p. 47.*

**Dovedale to Matlock.** Pedestrian route, about 14 m. Thorpe

to Tissington, 2 m.; Parwich (Inn), 4; Ballidon Moor (Ashbourne high-road), 6; Grange Mill (public-house), 9; Cromford ("Greyhound"), 13; Matlock Bath, 14.

This is an interesting walk at its extremities, but somewhat dull in the middle. A footpath strikes out of the field containing the drive up to the *Peveril Hotel*, and after passing through a succession of stiles, which in the days of crinolines must have been prohibitive to the fair sex, crosses two lanes, and enters a third at a slight depression. A few hundred yards further the Buxton road is crossed, just opposite the avenue of lime-trees leading into Tissington (p. 65). Hence a footpath, passing through the churchyard by the right of the church, leads to Parwich, crossing an interesting valley. Turn left on leaving the churchyard, and right on reaching the second lane, taking to the fields again immediately after passing a cottage which presents with its outbuildings three gable-ends to the road. After entering the fields, avoid the path to the left, which leads to cottages. **Parwich** (*Wheatsheaf*; p. 41) is an extensive village, with a modern church pleasantly placed at the foot of a round hill. Note the pretty arcade of the clerestory.

From Parwich a footpath crosses a slight eminence to Ballidon (1 m.), a tiny village at the foot of White Edge. Hence the easiest way is by an unfenced cart-track, which crosses the southern end of *White Edge*, and joins the Ashbourne and Bakewell road a little way up the ravine that lies between that hill and Brassington Rocks. The shortest and most effective route, however, is by a faint footpath, which turns to the left from the cart-track, and crossing the centre of White Edge drops abruptly to the Bakewell road, about  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile north of the point where the cart-track joins the same road. At about its highest level this path passes a little round pond, immediately beyond which the high-road comes into view at the bottom of the valley, winding up and up till it is seen passing under the High Peak railway at its highest point. On the opposite side of the valley and close at hand are the **Brassington Rocks**, a broken mass of dolomitised limestone rising in graceful outline from the greensward of the valley, with ivy clinging to the sides, and fir-trees growing out of the interstices and crowning their summits. Their longest extent looks southwards towards the lane leading to *Brassington village* from opposite the point on the high-road at which the above cart-track strikes it. (For the climbing, see pp. xxi, xxii.)

**To Cromford** ( $6\frac{1}{2}$  m.) and **Matlock** ( $7\frac{1}{2}$  m.) by **Brassington village**. This is a shorter route, by nearly a mile, than the main one which we are now describing. It misses the *Via Gellia*, and in its place puts the Black Rocks overhanging Cromford, which should certainly form an item in the programme of every well-arranged tour. They may, of course, be easily got at from Matlock, but the view from them gains effect if it is first seen on the way thither.

**Brassington** is a rather untidy village with a poor inn, two miles from Ballidon village. The dullness of the four miles between it and the Black Rocks is only relieved by the Harborough Rocks on the left, about one-quarter, and the view into the Wirksworth valley on the right, about three

quarters of the way. Winding upwards from Brassington the road reaches the side of the High Peak railway at the top of an incline, and then diverges slightly to the right for Wirksworth. For the *Black Rocks* make for the other side of the short tunnel visible in front. Beyond it you will enter a lane again, which joins the Ashbourne and Winster road and, passing the southern end of *Middleton-by-Wirksworth*, enters the Wirksworth and Cromford road almost underneath the Rocks. (*For the view and the road on, see p. 14.*)

**Longcliffe Cave.** At Hoe Grange Quarry, Longcliffe, close to the High Peak railway,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  m. north-west of Brassington, a cave was broken into in 1902, and found to contain a vast quantity of bones of Pleistocene mammalia. The deposits were systematically worked by Dr. H. H. Arnold Bemrose and Mr. E. T. Newton, and comprised remains of lion, hyena, bear, *Bos*, Irish, red, and fallow deer, rhinoceros, and *Elephas antiquus*. Formerly it had been supposed that the fallow deer was introduced by the Romans; this discovery proved that it existed here in Pleistocene times. The bones can now be inspected in the museums of Buxton, Bakewell (private), Matlock, and Derby, and in the Jermyn Street Museum, London. (*See "Quart. Journ. Geol. Soc." vol. lxi., 1905, pp. 43–63.*) The Ram's Cave at Longcliffe (explored 1899–1902) yielded bones of extinct animals; and Harborough Cave, near the old Roman road (explored in 1908) yielded two gold rings, five brooches, iron implements, bone awls, needles, perforated hyena teeth worn as ornaments, etc.—it was a “robber cave” like that at Deepdale (p. 98).

An hour or two may be enjoyably devoted to a closer exploration of Brassington Rocks, and also of the Harborough Rocks (close to the railway), one of the finest view-points in the whole district, especially as the road onward falls off in interest and, after passing under the High Peak railway, preserves a dull monotonous character all the way to Grange Mill. In ascending to the railway, a peculiar feature is the number of holly-trees on the left hand. At **Grange Mill**, where many roads diverge, there is a public-house, the *Holly Bush*, and a little way further, a small inn, the *Lilies*. Here geologists will be interested in two considerable volcanic necks, *see p. 41*. Thence the descent to **Cromford** (4 m.) is very interesting. The road threads the *Via Gellia* (p. 41), a V-shaped valley of marked beauty.

From the lower part of this valley there are two pedestrian routes to Matlock, which avoid the Cromford corner, and deserve special notice for the splendid views they afford in descending to Matlock. Those who adopt either have ample compensation for missing the Black Rocks (*see above*). We shall describe the higher and more toilsome one in our account of the route taken the reverse way. It leaves the valley at the tufa-quarries a mile beyond the *Lilies Inn*, and goes through the hamlet of Slaley. The lower, easier, and equally picturesque one, is by a footpath which leaves the valley opposite the *Via Gellia Colour Works*,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles short of Cromford, and climbs through the wood into a lane. The lane drops at once into the *Bonsall valley*, whence you ascend by footpath to Bonsall Church. (*For the rest of the route, see p. 12.*)

Three miles beyond Grange Mill, the *Via Gellia* comes to an end at its junction with Bonsall Dale. An inn with the strange sign *Pig of Lead*, called also the *Via Gellia*, at this point suggests what was once the chief local industry. Then, passing *Cromford*

(p. 14), the road turns sharp to the left through the abrupt limestone portals called *Scarthin Nick*, which admit it to **Matlock Bath** (p. 6).

**Leek** (Hotels : *Red Lion*, commercial and family, Market-place ; *George*, opposite church, etc.) is an excellent starting-point for tourists to the Peak District from the populous towns of the Potteries, the railway journey from Stoke being accomplished in about 35 minutes. The town itself, well built and thriving though it be, has little to detain the visitor. The *Parish Church* has recently been beautified by the addition of a handsome chancel. The churchyard commands a fine view of the Roaches, and from a spot dividing the old part from the new, the sun at the summer solstice may be observed setting twice, reappearing after the first sunset at the end of Bosley Cloud. The *Roebuck Inn* is apparently one of the oldest buildings in the town, and preserves the characteristics of the early Tudor period of architecture. The suburbs of the town, however, contain scenery which will prevent any knight of the rucksack regretting that he has donned his *impedimenta* at a place so little known to the fraternity, and in no direction do they afford better views or more agreeable walking than in that which points to the Peak of Derbyshire.

**Leek to Beresford Dale.** The North Staffordshire Railway Company having extended their line from Leek to Waterhouses (10 m.), and the Manifold Valley Light Railway being opened to Hulme End, the beautiful Manifold valley is now made more accessible, and both the head of Dovedale and the Hartington district can be reached more readily from the west. The light railway is 8 miles long, and threads the valleys of the Hamps and the Manifold, the charming scenery of which can be enjoyed to the full as the carriages are nearly all window. There are stations at Waterhouses, Sparrowlee, Beeston Tor, Grindon, Thor's Cave, Wetton Mill, Butterton, Ecton, and Hulme End. This sequestered district has lost much of its quiet, pastoral charm through the crowds of trippers brought by the new line ; but this, of course, was inevitable, and the pedestrian can now more easily reach the more secluded spots and find them still little more frequented. (Ref.-rooms at Thor's Cave and Beeston Tor.)

Near Beeston Tor, a limestone crag towering 200 feet above the river, the Hamps and Manifold unite when there is water enough ; but in normal weather the Hamps disappears into "swallets," in the same way as the Manifold conducts itself near Wetton Mill. Throwley Old Hall (Earl Cathcart), near Beeston Tor, is of historical and architectural interest. (*For Wetton and Thor's Cave, see p. 70 ; admission 2d.*) Butterton (*public houses and temp. hotel*) and Ecton are near the Ecton copper mines, where gunpowder is said to have been used first for blasting ; at present the mines are not worked (*see also p. 112*). From Hulme End Station (*railway hotel and café*) it is 2 miles to Hartington. Beresford Dale may be reached in 2 miles by an avenue turning to the right (south) out of the Hartington road, a

short mile beyond Hulme End; or a 'bus (6d.) may be taken to Hartington, and the field-path just below the village followed down the dale.

**Rudyard Lake** (Rudyard or Rudyard Lake Station) is a pretty reservoir 3 miles long, made in 1793 to supply the Trent and Mersey Canal. It lies in the valley 2 miles above Leek between hills rising more than a thousand feet above the sea, and is skirted by the North Staffordshire Railway, which owns the water, and has turned the place into a pleasure resort. The coarse fishing is excellent; tickets, 1s. per day, at the *Hotel Rudyard* at the tail end of the lake (see p. xx): here good accommodation may be had by visitors, and there is a golf course. Mr. Rudyard Kipling the novelist owes his first name to this spot, where his father and mother met.

**Leek to Dane Valley.** From the next station, Rushton (5 m. from Leek; 9 m. from Macclesfield), after Rudyard Lake, there is a charming walk up the wooded valley of the Dane to Dane Bridge (*Ship Inn*, small but cosy), and thence Ludchurch (7 m.) may be visited, and the sylvan estate of Swythamley explored, or hardy pedestrians may make their way up Wildboar Clough and over the fells to Buxton by way of the *Cat and Fiddle*. The latter is an exceedingly fine ramble that is extremely little known. There is an inn at Rushton. After leaving the station and joining the Macclesfield and Leek road, turn to the left along it for about 200 yards to a group of cottages. A green bank will be observed on the right running parallel to the road, and close beside it. This is one of the banks of the canal which conducts the waters of the upper Dane to feed Rudyard Lake, and which is locally known as the "Feeder." Our way lies along this canal, and may be joined at several places, but best just by the cottages mentioned above.

Follow the bank of the "Feeder" nearest the road for about two miles, to the point where it issues from the Dane. Here cross the river by a woodeu footbridge just below two impressive weirs with ascents for salmon, and follow the valley for about another mile to the village of **Dane Bridge** (*Ship Inn*). This part of the walk is through delightful meadows, which are connected with the opposite bank of the river by a perilous footbridge consisting of two stout wires. The valley of the Dane is well wooded, and the "Feeder" itself is beautifully fringed with trees. A few hundred yards from its source in the Dane tourists may be ferried across by a cottager to the foot of a curious dingle called Meal Ark Clough, in which is a very beautiful cascade about 30 feet high, amidst luxuriant foliage. In this romantic hollow the servants of Swythamley Hall are reported to have taken refuge from the Cromwellian soldiers bent on sacking the mansion. The bold hill which lies behind us as we ascend the valley is Congleton Cloud End. For Ludchurch cross the stone bridge over the river, and immediately after turn to the left through a gate. In a yard or two turn again to the right, through a little gate (padlocked sometimes), and ascend a steep path through the wood up a clough. The path

emerges from the wood into the open, and after passing through a farmyard joins a cart-road just above the farm. Turning to the right along this we see the fine rough ridge of the Roaches in front of us to great advantage. Above, in the woods on our left, is **Hanging Stone**, a large mass of gritstone projecting from the hill, which is well worth ascending for the sake of the view, which comprises the valley of the Dane, Cloud End, Mow Cop, and the Roaches from end to end. The Dane winds round the ridge on which we stand, and from the top of the hill, just behind Hanging Stone, we can follow its course almost to its source in Axe Edge. The fine conical hill in the centre of the view on this side is Shutlings Low, the highest hill in Cheshire (1,659 ft.).

From Hanging Stone we rejoin the cart-road, and follow it among heather and bilberries over the neck of the **ridge** into Back Forest, where the scenery will remind lovers of Dartmoor of the Dart valley below Buckland Beacon. In about  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile we come to a group of rocks on the left called Castle Cliff rocks, and just before we reach them a path diverges to the right, which brings us in three minutes to **Ludchurch**.

**Ludchurch** is a strange chasm created by a landslip in the gritstone, and some romantic traditions are connected with it. The name Lud is originally Celtic, and has nothing to do with the Luddites. Access to this singular ravine, and also to the path over the Roaches, has been refused of late owing to the wanton damage done to a moor by a few wretched trippers; but permission may be accorded if written for beforehand to Lady Brocklehurst or Mr. George Clarke, Estate Office, Swythamley Park, near Macclesfield. On one wall of the chasm the figurehead of the ship *Swythamley* has been erected in a coign of vantage, and, like the name, has given rise to many foolish legends. (*See also p. 102.*)

From Ludchurch a path descends to Gradbach, whence the journey may be continued *via* Flash to Buxton, or the wild recesses of Dane Clough may be explored right to the sources on Axe Edge, whence the descent to Buxton is obvious.

**Dane Bridge to Wildboar Clough and the "Cat and Fiddle."** Cross Dane Bridge if you are coming from Rushton, and in a mile you reach Wincle (*Inn*), and turn to the right. In a short two miles you look down on the sylvan village of Allgreave.

The direct road to Buxton goes straight on, and then turns sharply on the far side of the river. Those taking the Buxton road join it near an inn, and turn left, a long steady rise taking them up the hills immuring Dane Clough on the west, and joining the road from Macclesfield *via* the *Cat and Fiddle* at a place called Moss Chain, about 1,600 feet above the sea.

Turning up the lane to the left above Allgreave, you turn right again in a good road that leads into Wildboar Clough. This crosses the valley near Crag Works, under the slopes of Shutlings Low, whose stony peak towers to a height of 1,659 feet, and is very shapely; but the best way is to keep straight on by a primitive sort of lane that skirts the flank of the Low and commands fine views of the valley below. A track leads from this down to Clough House,

where is the best point for quitting the clough and ascending the fell-side to Whetstone Ridge. Enter a gate on the right of the road, cross the stream, and turning left near the farmyard climb the rough lane straight up the hill beside a charming brook. At a point where the lane begins to zigzag to the right a short cut may be taken across the moor, if permitted, to the track that runs along the crest of Whetstone Ridge. Otherwise follow the lane to the main road to Buxton, and turn left from the latter in about a mile at Danebower Hollow, where the Whetstone Ridge track strikes north-west for the *Cat and Fiddle*. (*For route thence to Buxton, see p. 95.*) This is an exceedingly fine ramble, very little known; and it may be taken in the opposite direction as an excursion from Buxton, a return being effected by way of the main road or Gradbach and Flash (*see p. 83.*).

**Leek to Buxton.** *By high-road,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  m.;  $13\frac{1}{2}$  from station; by the Roaches, Ludchurch, and Flash, 16 m.; 5-6 hrs.*

This is a trying route for the cyclist. It is hilly throughout. Leek is 700 feet up, and beyond Upper Hulme ( $3\frac{1}{2}$  m., 900 ft.) there is an almost continuous rise to 1,600 feet, a little beyond Flash Bar, 8 m., whence is a long descent, requiring caution, to Burbage, 1 m. short of Buxton.

Turning to the right at the north end of the Market-place, which is about half a mile from the station, we quickly emerge into the open country. Our road is wide, and, in places, pleasantly fringed with grass. A row of trees on each side forms a promising avenue. In less than a mile we reach the brow of a hill, where we may draw breath for a minute to admire the rich retrospect of the town and its green environs of meadow and woodland. From the top of the next rise the long rocky ridge of the Roaches reveals its rugged gritstone cliffs on the left with greater distinctness. In front is a rude pinnacle, called locally the "Loaf and Cheese," as much out of the perpendicular as Chesterfield Church. If North-East Staffordshire were, like Westmorland, a "poets' corner," this singular excrescence would have been called "Sage Sidrophel," or by some other fanciful name. In fact, the gritstone assumes the grotesque in shape much more readily than any other rock.

About 3 miles from Leek we pass the *Three Horse Shoes Inn* on the left, and then a little short of the third mile we cross another little brook and begin to climb in earnest. The hamlet of *Upper Hulme* (*inn*, with no sleeping accommodation) on the left is picturesque, but when once it is passed there is little for the next four or five miles to charm the eye or engage the pen. Limestone uplands smooth and bare, rise on the right, and on the left all distant prospect is barred by the uninteresting side of the Roaches. Let us rather strike off at the bridge over the aforesaid little brook, and make the round of the Roaches, taking Ludchurch on our way, and rejoining the highroad after a desperate struggle up the long and steep three miles between Gradbach and Flash. Our walk from the *Three Horse Shoes* to Flash will perhaps take three hours, and except for such modest fare as may be obtained at

Rock Hall,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles on the way, we shall find little or no chance of refreshment. Possibly an encounter with the keeper may oblige us to deviate somewhat from the route as described below, but a "soft answer turneth away wrath," and a "wee bit siller" is, we believe, fairly demanded for the privilege of progress. A permit is obtainable only at the other end of the private property (see p. 100).

A quarter of a mile beyond Flash we rejoin the Leek and Buxton main road, and in another  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile reach **Flash Bar** (*Travellers' Rest Inn*, 1,535 ft.). Here the road turns abruptly to the left and passes ( $\frac{1}{2}$  m. further) *Dove Head Farm* (see p. 101). In another mile the summit-level is attained at a height of 1,590 feet. Then we pass *Cistern's Clough* and, after another short rise, descend the eastern slope of Axe Edge to Buxton. From the high ground there is a wide but bleak view to the right across the limestone country, which contributes the main waters of the Dove. Several abrupt, conical hills, of no great height, pique our curiosity in this direction. The green one is High Wheeldon; the more rocky ones, nearer at hand, Chrome Hill and Park Hill.

A detour of twenty minutes or so will take us by the Ordnance Cairn on the top of *Axe Edge*, and in clear weather it is worth while to make it. To the cairn is very tiresome walking, but beyond it there is a fair path which hits the main road again at a point where a cross-road diverges, and just opposite the second milestone from Buxton. Then we cross the old High Peak railway (p. 85), and passing the huge Grinlow limestone quarries, reach a fork at *Burbage*, whence, if our bourne is Old Buxton, we keep the right-hand branch; if the railway station or fashionable Buxton, the left hand.

**Detour by the Roaches and Ludchurch.** From the little bridge  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Leek a footpath strikes up the hill to the left, and cuts off the corner formed by the highroad (*inn*) and the lane which we are about to follow. The footpath joins the lane in the hamlet of *Upper Hulme*. Then we pass on the right a conspicuous villa, whose completion was prevented by the death of its proprietor, and leaving on the same side the bold peak of Hen Cloud, a cyclopean outlier of the Roaches, separated from the main ridge by a grassy depression, we soon detect a cottage—a tiny fortress so closely embedded in the rocks as to be scarcely distinguishable from them. This is **Rock Hall**; a pathway leads up to it. The sword of Damocles hung scarce more threateningly over the Sicilian tyrant than do the millstone crags over this little rock-fortress. From the small greensward in front of it there is a beautiful view over the country we have just traversed. The bold bluff due west, to the right of Leek, is *Congleton Edge*, and the green peak northwards, which has for some time attracted our attention by reason of its contrast with the regular outline of the adjacent heights, is *Shutlings Low*. Taking these two landmarks, the map will enable us to identify any other objects in the prospect.

*Scramblers* will find no end of interesting problems on Hen Cloud and the adjacent crags, and plenty of good "bouldering" among the vast fragments of gritstone tumbled about under the cliffs. The long edge running north from the

Rock Hall is full of good things, and any climber with time to spare should not fail to explore the Ramshaw Rocks, a parallel edge overlooking the Buxton Road. At the far end of the Roaches the Castle Rocks, near Ludchurch, offer further opportunities for healthy exercise, but are rickety in places.

The way onwards is through a wicket to the left of the cottage, and by a path which leads upwards to a projecting rock, whereon an inscription records a visit of the Prince and Princess of Teck in 1872. Hence we continue our route through fir, bracken, and bilberry, with here and there a rhododendron, till in a few hundred yards we strike across a path which climbs through a tiny ravine to the summit ridge of the Roaches. Further guidance is for a time unnecessary. On the highest point, nearly a mile to the left, is the Ordnance Cairn, and to it the narrow path defiles through the stunted heather, now and again crossing a stone wall which, with a few breaks, runs the length of the ridge. Half-way to the cairn is a small, reedy tarn, whose waters are of the peat peaty. From a picturesque point of view the attainment of this ridge does not greatly enhance the prospect. On the Derbyshire side the dull monotone of the limestone country, with its firs and beech-clumped summits, commences. Many of the houses visible might, with some show of reason, claim to be the highest inhabited houses in England; so at least we think until we have travelled another hour or two, and seen the adventurous cottages which almost crown the summit of Axe Edge, and that strangely-placed *Cat and Fiddle*, which from every point of the compass stands out against the sky-line like a huge rectangular cairn. An interesting feature of the scene is the Congleton viaduct, on the North Stafford line, a little to the right of Congleton Edge.

In descending from the cairn to Ludchurch it may be necessary to make a considerable circuit. Otherwise, proceeding down the ridge, you will reach in less than a mile a depression, beyond which there is again a slight rise. At the depression a road is crossed, at the far side of which is a stone step-stile; cross this, and another a few yards further on. Then keep the wall along the summit of the ridge on your left hand. A densely wooded valley lies below, some way on your right. A little above the upper edge of this wood and nearly a mile ahead, you may have detected, in descending from the cairn, a few stunted oak and beech trees. These mark the exact locality of Ludchurch, which is on the eastern side of the range of the Roaches. When the wall along the summit of the ridge (as above described) bends down to the left, continue along the ridge till you reach another wall surrounding a plantation. Descend from this plantation to the right through the heather. If you meet the dreaded keeper speak him fair, and he will tell you the way round. From the gritstone rocks at the top of the plantation, projecting into mid-air like so many field-guns, there is a splendid prospect across the fertile valley westwards.

By this route you enter **Ludchurch** (*for description, see p. 102*) at its upper end. A rude flight of stone steps leads into the narrow ravine, which grows deeper and deeper until you emerge through an opening which has been almost blocked by the fall of its right-

hand portal. A path then strikes away to the left, and in a few hundred yards joins a cart-track almost opposite the **Castle Cliff Rocks**. Turn to the right down the cart-track and through the wood. At the bottom you will come to a square cottage. Take the foot-track past the far side of this cottage and cross the footbridge, whence the track proceeds by the side of the left-hand stream to *Gradbach Mill*. Hence the road on to Buxton is unmistakable. A mile beyond the mill, after joining a more important thoroughfare, it forks. From the fork the nearer and steeper way is by the lane to the left; the longer (by  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile or more) keeps straight ahead. The route up the short cut can only be likened to the famous "Struggle" from Ambleside to the Kirkstone Pass in Westmorland. The distance to Flash (*two inns*, closed on Sundays) is nearly  $1\frac{1}{2}$  m.

For **Buxton** see p. 86.

### Macclesfield to Buxton by the "Cat and Fiddle."

*Macclesfield to the Setter Dog Public House, 3 m. ; Cat and Fiddle Inn, 7 ; Buxton, 12.*

**Macclesfield** (Hotels: *Angel*; *Macclesfield Arms*, Market Place; *Queen's*. *Post Office*, Head Office open 8-9; Sunday, 8.30-10; *last dispatch*, 9.15 p.m.), a smoky, manufacturing town with interesting surroundings, but, as far as the Peak District is concerned, with nothing to prevent us setting off at once. There is no public conveyance between Macclesfield and the *Cat and Fiddle*, but a brake travels several times a day during the season between the *Cat and Fiddle* and Buxton (see p. iv, *Yellow Inset*).

Cyclists will find it a very long and twisty rise to the *Cat and Fiddle*, but a reasonable descent thence to Buxton. The route is much better taken in the reverse direction.

This is one of the highest carriage-roads in Britain, being exceeded only by two each in Durham, Yorks, and Scotland—from Braemar to Blairgowrie and from Braemar to Loch Builg. At the summit-level of it stands the *Cat and Fiddle*—1,690 feet above the sea—the highest licensed house but one in the kingdom—*Tan Hill* in Yorkshire, 1,727 feet, being a few feet higher. The road from Macclesfield to Buxton is wilder, but less rich and diversified in the views it commands, than that from Leek over the Roaches (p. 81). The country is intersected in every direction by stone walls, and there is throughout a marked scarcity of foliage in the foreground. The distant landscape, however, is continually widening as the road ascends to the *Cat and Fiddle*, and the bracing character of the walk will commend it to many tourists.

*Route*.—The Buxton road strikes eastwards out of Macclesfield from the railway-arch near the north end of the central station. It begins to rise at once, and in about a mile forks, the left-hand branch being the main road, and the right-hand a somewhat shorter but more hilly one. As we ascend by the former there is a good retrospect between the hills on each side over Macclesfield to Alderley Edge. With regard to Macclesfield, distance certainly lends

enchantment to the view. On the left hand a sharply-ridged, picturesque group of hills strikes away. At the *Setter Dog* (3 m.) the roads reunite. The ascent continues, and in front one of the highest ranges in the Peak country appears. It is called the *Tors*, and is an extension of Axe Edge. A striking feature on the right is the conical hill called *Shutlings Low*, one of the most clearly defined hills in a district which is not remarkable for distinctive outlines. Eastward of this hill the valley of the *Dane* imparts a softness to the scene which it has hitherto lacked. Round the head of this valley the road takes a wide sweep, slightly descending and then mounting along the side of the *Tors* to the **Cat and Fiddle**, now a well-conducted country inn with a little sleeping accommodation. If the weather be clear, there is a marvellously fine view westwards from this part of the road. The Mersey, dotted with its varied craft, is seen across the plain of Cheshire, and, beyond it, the Clwydian range; more north, the "Eiffel" Tower at New Brighton, and, more south, the perky tump on which stands Beeston Castle, between Chester and Crewe. The far end of the valley below (S.W.), that of the *Dane*, is enlivened by the trains of the N.S. Railway. The Wrekin *may* be seen in the S.W.

The Cat and Fiddle and the road between it and Buxton are duly described in the Buxton Section (p. 95). Either the regular highway may be taken, or the old road, which is a mile shorter, but not fit for carriages. In descending to Buxton, the main road passes underneath the old High Peak railway (p. 81) and through the village of *Burbage*, 1 mile short of Buxton. At Burbage (*Red Lion Inn*) the road forks, the right-hand branch leading to Higher Buxton, and the left to the fashionable part of the town and the railway stations.

From the old road,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles on the way, at a point accessible by carriage from the new road, a narrow but very fair road descends *Goyt's Clough* to **Goyt's Bridge**, 4 m. from the *Cat and Fiddle*, 5 from Buxton (see p. 86).

For **Buxton** see p. 86.

## Manchester to Buxton.

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**Manchester to Chapel-en-le-Frith** (for Midland route, see p. 142)—for Castleton—and Buxton (by L. & N.W. Railway).

**Manchester** (London-rd.) to Whaley Bridge, 16 m.; Chapel-en-le-Frith, 20; Buxton, 25. Whaley Bridge to Buxton (road),  $7\frac{1}{2}$  m. 12–15 trains a day.

The scenery of the Peak District by this route may be said to be entered a few miles short of Whaley Bridge, at a point where, skirting the southern end of the ridge on which Marple stands, we look down upon the Goyt valley, sadly spoilt by mills and factories, on the left; and it would be absurd to attempt any description of the alternation of genteel suburb, smoky factory, and pastoral landscape

which is presented to the eye up to this point. *For road route from Whaley Bridge see below.*

**Route.**—A mile beyond **Stockport**, which, as seen from the high level of the railway, with the Mersey rolling its turbid waters through the centre of the town, looks almost picturesque in its blackness—reminding one slightly of Newcastle from the High Level Bridge—we turn sharp to the left from the main North-Western line, and follow almost a straight course as far as **Disley** (12 m. from Manchester), a little short of which a square turreted building crowns a conspicuous upland on the right. It is called *Lyme Cage*, and commands a wide view westwards. Beyond Disley the line is carried at a considerable elevation along the west side of the *Goyt valley*, the rival Midland route running parallel at the bottom of the valley. About **New Mills** we catch a glimpse of Kinder Scout up the Hayfield valley, and then, descending almost to the level of the river, we reach **Whaley Bridge** (inns, *The Jodrell Arms*, close to the station, etc.). Here the railway quits the Goyt valley, and turning eastwards to Chapel-en-le-Frith (p. 143) Station, which is a mile from the town, affords a good view of the Kinder Scout range, stretching away towards Castleton. Half a mile east of Whaley Bridge, high up on the hill-side, is **the Roosdyche**, once considered to be an old Roman chariot-course, but in all probability a natural feature. It is more than half a mile long, and nearly 50 yards wide, and is flanked throughout by trees, chiefly oak, ash, and beech. At **Chapel-en-le-Frith** we pass over the Midland line, and then, climbing round the hill on the right, double back so as to recross it over and above the *Dore Holes Tunnel*. Then, turning south, we descend a bleak upland with Combs Moss on our right all the way to Buxton. *Dore Holes Station*, 3 miles short of Buxton, is 1,100 feet odd above sea-level.

**Manchester** (St. Anne's-sq.), by Stockport,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  m.; **Disley**, 13; and **Whaley Bridge**, 16; to **Buxton**,  $24\frac{1}{2}$ ; by road. Part of the old London and Manchester road; good going after the tram-terminus at Hazel Grove is passed, up to which point it is paved; and admirably engineered so as to maintain a gradual ascent all the way from *Whaley Bridge* until the fall commences,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles short of Buxton, and commanding beautiful longitudinal views of the Goyt valley. A healthier or pleasanter road walk or ride can hardly be wished for. Up to the present time Whaley Bridge is on the boundary-line between the town and country—smoke and rusticity.

The old **High Peak railway**, disused for the first part of its course since the opening of the passenger line from Buxton to Ashbourne, commenced by a junction with the Buxton branch at Whaley Bridge, rising at once to a high level by a steep gradient. It was about 30 miles long, and at its other end joins the Midland near Cromford, after a course unequalled in Britain for abrupt curves and breakneck gradients:—"the sky-scraping High Peak railway, with its corkscrew curves that seem to have been laid out by a mad Archimedes endeavouring to square the circle."—Bradbury's *Pictures of the Peak*.

Quitting Whaley Bridge by the road, we pass under the Buxton

railway, and begin to ascend at once, rising higher and higher above the river at every step. The **Goyt** comes down from the mountainous uplands west of Buxton near the *Cat and Fiddle*. Its course, as far as Whaley Bridge, is due north. The bed of the valley down which it flows is abundantly wooded throughout, and the hills on its western side are also crowned with wood for a considerable distance above Whaley Bridge. Our road, at first flanked with trees on both sides, takes us past the little village of *Taxal*, whose church presents to the road the most primitive of east windows. Then, rising to the open hill-side, we pass the *Shady Oak Inn* (2 m.) and cross the High Peak railway. A lateral valley on the far side of the stream, deeply embowered in foliage, wears a very tempting look. Then we pass the lodge at the entrance to the private road to *Errwood House*, a turreted mansion which rises above the woods near the head of the valley, more like a shooting-lodge in a Highland glen than a gentleman's seat in the midland counties of England. Opposite Errwood House our road sweeps sharply round to the left, and takes a wide circuit so as to avoid a deep depression in front. The circuit may be avoided by following the old road, which drops into the deep depression and, after climbing a steep pitch on the other side, rejoins the highway near the top of the pass (1,265 ft.; Whaley Bridge is 600), where the descent for Buxton begins. From this point there is a good all-round view. An opening to the north reveals, over the extensive farm-house of *White Hall*, a view of the Kinder Scout ridge and the intervening pointed hills between Chapel-en-le-Frith and Hayfield. Buxton and its bleak background of limestone hills, on which trees seem to thrive only under protest, appears in front, and to the right of it Axe Edge is recognizable by its cairn. The descent of the *Long Hill*, as it is called, to Buxton, passing the Corbar Woods on the left, reveals no fresh feature.

## Buxton.

—:o:—

**Stations:**—*L. & N.W.* and *Midland*, close together, just above the Quadrant and Crescent. *Higher Buxton* (*L. & N.W.*).

**Hotels:**—In or near the Crescent—*Crescent, George, Old Hall, Palace, St. Ann's; Lee Wood, Manchester Road*; all first-class: 12s. to 15s. a day.

*Shakespeare* (fam. and comm.), *Devonshire, Grove, Savoy, Railway, White Lion, Midland, Bull's Head* (Fairfield, near Golf Links) *Wilberforce* (Temperance).

*The Empire* (Spiers and Pond), a palatial hotel in a commanding position in the Park, was opened in 1901. It has extensive grounds.

In Higher Buxton : *Devonshire*, etc.

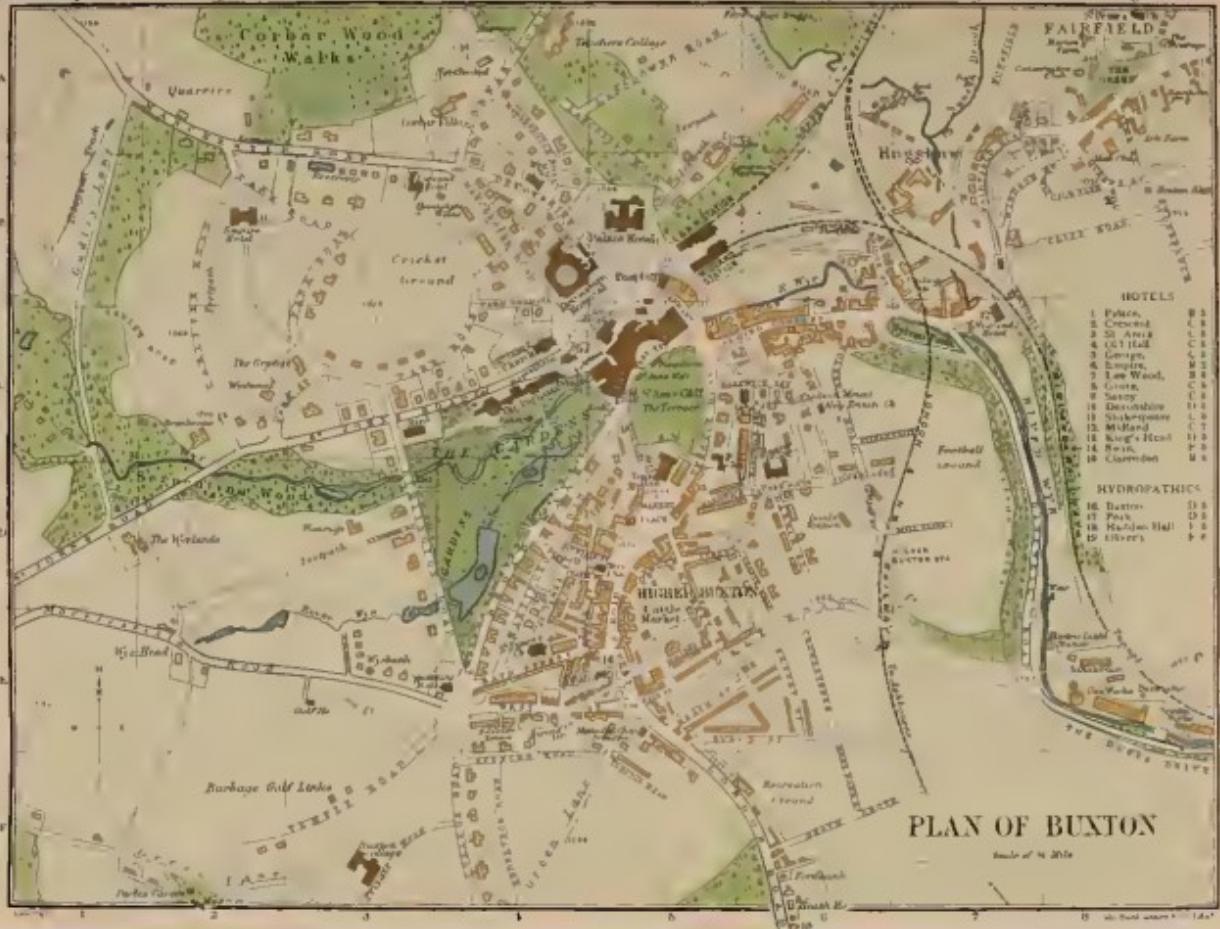
**Hydros:**—*Buxton, Peak, Clarendon, Haddon Hall, Haldon Grove*.

There are innumerable private hotels and boarding-houses, many of them excellent.

**P.O.**—*Devonshire Circus*, near Station. Open 8 to 9.; Sun. 8.30 to 10 a.m., and during May-Sept. 5 to 6 p.m. Chief del. abt. 7 a.m., desp. 9 p.m., Sun. 8.

**Tel. Off.** open 7 to 9; Sun. 8 to 10 a.m., and (June-Sept. inclus.) 5 to 6 p.m.





**Distances.** (*Rail*)—Ashbourne,  $22\frac{1}{2}$  m.; Bakewell,  $11\frac{1}{2}$ ; Birmingham,  $75\frac{1}{2}$ ; Derby,  $36\frac{1}{2}$ ; Liverpool, 53; London, 163; Macclesfield,  $22\frac{1}{2}$ ; Matlock Bath,  $20\frac{1}{2}$ ; Manchester, 25; Rowsley, 15; Sheffield, 36; Stockport,  $19\frac{1}{2}$ .

\*\* Distances reckoned by 1d. a mile fares.

(*Road*)—Ashbourne, 21 m.; Bakewell,  $12\frac{1}{2}$ ; Castleton,  $12\frac{1}{2}$ ; Chatsworth, 15; Dovedale, 20; Haddon Hall, 14; Leek, 12; Macclesfield, 12; Matlock Bath, 22; Sheffield, (by Castleton)  $28\frac{1}{2}$ , (by Tideswell and Eyam)  $27\frac{1}{2}$ ; Tideswell,  $9\frac{1}{2}$ ; Whaley Bridge,  $7\frac{1}{2}$ ; London, 150; Manchester, 24; Derby, 34; Birmingham, 90.

**Carriages.** By distance:—1-horse, 1s. 6d. a mile; 2-horse, 2s. 6d. a mile. By time:—2-horse, 3s. 4d. an hour, succeeding quarters, 10d.; 1-horse, 3s. an hour, succeeding quarters, 7d. (After 2 p.m. the prices are about 35 per cent. higher.) Mules and donkey carriages, cheaper. **Bath-chairs**:—half-hour, 1s., hour, 1s. 3d., succeeding quarters, 4d.

**Public Coaches** to Castleton (*p.* 157); Haddon, Rowsley, and Chatsworth (*p.* 22); Dovedale (*p.* 67); *Cat and Fiddle* (*p.* 95); also to other places as required.

A fine circular coach-tour is from Hope in connection with the mid-day train from Buxton—by Hathersage, Fox House (*p.* 131), Froggatt Edge and Eyam, returning to meet 6 p.m. train at Hope. *Coach fare*, 3s. (See *Yellow Inset*.)

**Pavilion and Grounds**, and new **Opera House**, *p.* 91. The **Town Hall** (*p.* 92) has also a dramatic and musical licence.

**London papers** arrive 9.25 a.m.

**Pop.** (1911) 10,024. **Height** above the sea, 950 to 1,050 ft.

**Baths** :—At each end of the Crescent, *see p.* 88.

**Golf Course** on Fairfield Common (one of the best inland courses), 10 min. drive from stations; 18 holes. Also at Burbage (Temple Road), 9 holes. See *p.* xviii.

**Winter Sports** :—Two toboggan runs in the Swiss style have recently been constructed, and there are facilities for skiing, curling, sleighing, and skating.

**Newspapers** :—“Advertiser,” *W. & Sat.*, 1d.; “Herald,” *W.*, 1d.; “High Peak News,” *F.*, 1d.

**Buxton** ranks amongst the first inland watering-places in the kingdom, owing its reputation to its waters, its dry bracing climate, and, in a less degree, to its scenery. It is the highest town of any importance in the country, Princetown on Dartmoor, which stands 400 feet higher, being rather a village than a town. In respect of climate, Buxton may be called the Braemar of England. Its scenery is good, though not of the same class or vying in beauty with that of Matlock. The surrounding country, chiefly limestone, is from a picturesque point of view too much marked by the dullness of outline and bareness of vegetation which characterise the upland districts of that formation, and is badly disfigured by quarries, chimneys, and other engineering works. Tree-culture has, however, to some extent, overcome these drawbacks. The hills, which rise to a still greater elevation than the town in almost every direction, though in themselves they have no special beauty of outline or colour, afford opportunities for delightful rambles, and the greater part of the beauties of the Peak are within the scope of a day's excursion.

A pleasant peculiarity of Buxton is the close proximity to each other of all places of business and entertainment. Covered ways enable one to walk from one side of the town to the other without exposure to the elements.

The town, too, stands at the head of one of the most charming of Derbyshire valleys—Ashwood Dale. It has suffered badly in the past from quarrying and blasting, but these operations have now been stopped except in the lower parts. The railway works are so well and gracefully constructed that, except for an embankment or two, they have with their bridges and the continuous curve of the line, enhanced rather than detracted from the scene.

In addition to the fine bracing air which the town enjoys from its situation, visitors have the advantage of a pure and soft water-supply from the gritstone of which the hills are mostly composed north and west of it. The death-rate averages about 9 per 1,000. Sewage-works, recently erected a mile below the town, have by a well-approved system of filtration cleared the Wye of much impurity.

The hours of sunshine registered at Buxton show the brightness of the atmosphere; but it is not fair to compare its total sunshine with other places—especially sea-side towns, for the Buxton horizon is so much more restricted by hills that the total possible sunshine is much diminished.

The town is divided into two portions—the **Higher** or **Old**, and the **Lower** or **New**. The latter, which is 80 feet lower than the other, is the fashionable resort. Its finest group of buildings is the *Crescent*, built a century ago, at the same time and in the same style as the famous squares and crescents of Bath. A colonnade runs round the front and extends round the Quadrant. The present dining-room of the *Crescent Hotel*, an exceptionally handsome apartment, in style accordant with the exterior of the building, was till 1874 the Assembly Room of the town. This and *St. Ann's Hotel* occupy the whole of the *Crescent*, adjoining which, on both sides, are the Baths (*see p. 89*). Opposite the *Crescent* is *St. Ann's Cliff*, a slight eminence laid out with walks and separating the Lower from the Higher Town—"the Parnassus of the valetudinarian who has lost his liver and gained a limp," *Bradbury*. At the foot of the Cliff, opposite the centre of the *Crescent*, a new **Pump Room** (Nov.–Jan. 8–5, April and Oct. 8–6, May 7–6.30, June–Sept. 7–7; Sun., Nov.–March 12–1, April, May and Oct. 8–1, June–Sept. 8–1 and 3.30–4.30) was opened by the Duke of Devonshire in 1894, and enlarged and improved in 1912. It is an impressive structure, with an interior of green and white marble. A warm mineral spring is always flowing here, as in the Continental spas. The *Broad Walk* is a fine row of detached buildings, extending southward from the cliff and overlooking the grounds of the Buxton Gardens Company. It has now been decided to apply for powers to incorporate the suburb of Fairfield under the same urban district council as Buxton.

The **Thermal Mineral Springs** issue in the valley between the Terrace and the *Crescent*, and they can be obtained only at the Hot and Natural Baths and the Pump Room. The waters are of the uniform temperature of 82 deg. Fahr. A new source was recently discovered 50 per cent more radio-active than any of the waters

previously in use. In order to take immediate advantage of this, the extensions already mentioned were carried out at the Pump Room. The waters are famed for the cure of gout and rheumatism in all forms, sciatica, lumbago, etc., and many affections of the stomach, bladder, liver, and kidneys. Nervous diseases are treated also with success. The most recent and accurate analysis (that of Dr. Thresh) is here appended :—

		Per Gallon.	Per- centage Com- position.
		Cubic Inches.	
Nitrogen	...	6·1	59·78
Carbonic acid gas	...	4·1	40·22
		10·2	100·00

	Saline Ingredi- ents per Gallon.	Saline Ingredi- ents per Gallon.	
Bicarbonate of calcium	14·01	Chloride of sodium	3·10
Bicarbonate of magnesium	6·02	Chloride of ammonium	trace
Bicarbonate of iron	·03	Chloride of magnesium	·95
Bicarbonate of manganese	·03	Silicic acid	·95
Sulphate of barium	·05	Organic matter	·02
Sulphate of calcium	·26	Carbonic dioxide	·20
Sulphate of potassium	·62	Nitrogen	·19
Sulphate of sodium	·84		
Nitrate of sodium	·03		
Chloride of calcium	·02		
			27·32

Lithium, strontium, lead, and phosphoric acid—trace.

The presence of these free gases, nitrogen and carbonic acid, in their nascent state, and the presence of argon, helium, and considerable quantities of radium emanation, may explain the action of these waters. The Chalybeate Spring is used both for bathing and drinking purposes.

Analysis of the Chalybeate Spring by Mr. Robert Wright, F.C.S., Pres. B.P.S.:—

	Grains per Gallon.
Proto-carbonate of iron	3·36
Alumina	1·18
Sulphate of manganese	traces
Silica	1·22
Sulphate of lime	9·11
Sulphate of magnesia	4·90
Carbonate of magnesia	1·98
Sulphate of potash	traces
Chloride of potassium	1·40
Chloride of sodium	2·10
Sulphate of soda	1·89
Organic matter, etc.	0·36
Total solids	27·50

The **Pump Room.** For hours of opening see next page.

The **Thermal Baths**, the property of the Buxton Council, are in two portions—the *Natural Baths*, at the west end of the

Crescent, and the *Hot Baths* at the east end. The most modern hydro-therapeutical devices have been introduced, and the general appointments are most luxurious. Douche-immersion baths, douche, dry, electric, and other forms of massage, moor or mud baths, and other balneological forms of treatment may be enjoyed. In all there are over seventy different kinds of treatment available.

### Charges and Hours of Attendance.

(*March to October.*) \*

Natural Baths.							s. d.
Immersion Bath	...	...	...	...	...	...	2 6
Immersion Bath during special hours	...	...	...	...	...	...	1 6
Gentlemen's Swimming Bath, No. 1	...	...	...	...	...	...	2 0
" Swimming Bath, No. 2	...	...	...	...	...	...	1 0
Ladies' Swimming Bath, before 11 o'clock (noon in winter)	...	...	...	...	...	...	2 0
" Swimming Bath, after 11 o'clock (", ", )	...	...	...	...	...	...	1 0
Electric Light and Immersion	...	...	...	...	...	...	4 6

### Hot Baths.

Immersion Bath	...	...	...	...	...	...	2 6
Immersion Bath (special hours)	...	...	...	...	...	...	1 6
Needle Douche	...	...	...	...	...	...	2 6
Vapour Bath, with douche	...	...	...	...	...	...	2 6
Vapour, with douche massage	...	...	...	...	...	...	1 6
Douche Massage (Buxton System)	...	...	...	...	...	...	3 6
Vapour or Local Vapour, with Immersion Bath	...	...	...	...	...	...	3 6
Plombières Douche	...	...	...	...	...	...	3 6

### Moor Baths.

Moor Bath (mineral water cleansing)	...	...	...	...	...	...	5 0
Local Moor Bath	...	...	...	...	...	...	2 6
Chalybeate Bath	...	...	...	...	...	...	2 6

Admission for treatment by ticket only, to be obtained at the ticket offices at the Baths. Permits to view from the manager's office.

### Hours of Opening.

#### WEEK-DAYS.

		Thermal Baths.	Pump Room.
January to March	...	10 a.m. to 4 p.m.	8 a.m. to 5 p.m.
April	...	8 a.m. to 5 p.m.	8 a.m. to 6 p.m.
May	...	7 a.m. to 6 p.m.	7 a.m. to 6.30 p.m.
June to September	...	7 a.m. to 7 p.m.	7 a.m. to 7 p.m.
October	...	7 a.m. to 5 p.m.	8 a.m. to 6 p.m.
November to December	...	10 a.m. to 4 p.m.	8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

#### SUNDAYS.

		Thermal Baths.	Pump Room.
November to March	...	closed	12 a.m. to 1 p.m.
April	...	10 a.m. to 1 p.m.	8 a.m. to 1 p.m.
May to October (Hot Baths)	...	8 a.m. to 1 p.m.	8 a.m. to 1 p.m.
May to October (Natural Baths)	7 a.m. to 1 p.m.	June to Sept. 3.30 to 4.30 p.m.	

**Churches.**—Buxton affords little interest to the ecclesiologist. What it has is pretty equally divided amongst the different denominations of Christians. The *Old Church* (St. Ann's, dating from 1625) is in Higher Buxton, almost behind the Swan Inn, and is remarkable as showing what very limited church accommodation the

\* Prices of treatment are reduced Nov.–March, for which period a special scale of charges is issued.

town at one time required. It has lately been refitted for worship, and the old oak beams and rafters contrast strikingly with the new fittings.

Close to the E. wall of the churchyard, S. of church, is a stone in memory of *John Kane*, comedian (*d.* 1799), who is said to have met his death through mistaking monkshood (aconite) for horse-radish. The tomb was restored at the expense of Mr. J. L. Toole, who visited the spot in 1889, on the occasion of the opening of the New Theatre. A suitable inscription records the fact.

A slab-tomb near at hand has a long inscription commemorating the family of the *Thornills*, who performed in previously existing theatres in Buxton.

**Church Street**, a narrow thoroughfare on a continuous curve, starting from the main street close to the "Swan," is another relic of old Buxton. It was the main outlet of the Leek road. Here formerly the theatre stood.

*St. John's Church*, at the divergence of the Manchester road and behind the Crescent, is of the Tuscan order of architecture, and few who take note of it will regret that this particular style has fallen out of favour. It was built in 1812. *St. James'*, or the *New Church*, is a Gothic building overlooking the gardens. Amongst other places of worship may be mentioned *Trinity Church*, Hardwick Mount; *St. Ann's Catholic Church*, Terrace Road; the *Unitarian Chapel*, in Hartington Road, and the *Congregational Church*, Hardwick Terrace. At *Burbage*, 1 mile west of the town, there is a modern church, Norman in style, and at *Fairfield*, half a mile east, a plain square-towered fabric, rebuilt in 1901.

Amongst the architectural features of Buxton two domes will draw the attention of the visitor. The larger one, close to the Palace Hotel and Railway Stations, crowns the **Devonshire Hospital**, a large building which owes its peculiar shape to the fact that it was once a kind of circus for exercising horses, surrounded by stables. It was opened as a hospital in 1859, and a new wing was added by the Duke of Devonshire in 1881. The hospital is specially for the benefit of the poor, and is supported by voluntary contributions. The new wing, by which the number of beds was increased to 300, was built by the Governors of the Cotton District Fund. A handsome clock-tower was erected over the main entrance by special subscription in 1882.

*Externally* the building consists of a vast central dome relieved by four small ones at the angles and a low lantern tower at the top rising in the midst of and above a plain two-storied building.

*Internally* the dome is the grand feature. It is surrounded by a galleried colonnade, from which the different wards and other rooms are entered. The diameter of the area covered by the dome is 154 feet, the greatest in Europe, exceeding those of St. Peter's at Rome and St. Paul's in London. The height, to the top of the finial, is 118 feet. In this respect there is, of course, no comparison between it and the churches we have mentioned. The area covered by the whole of the buildings is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  acres, of which the dome occupies half an acre. With the exception of a row of seats extending round, and a table or two with a seat, the whole of this space is unoccupied, and available to the patients for

exercise. It is kept at a constant temperature of 62. It can hold 6,000 people.

Round the dome and above the pillars which support it runs the inscription :—

"One half of this building was given to the use of the sick poor by William Spencer Cavendish, sixth Duke of Devonshire, in the year 1859, and conveyed to the trustees as the Devonshire Hospital, together with the pleasure-grounds, by William Cavendish, seventh Duke of Devonshire, in the year 1868. The remainder was obtained in the year 1878, and the whole was internally reconstructed by the governors of the Cotton Districts Contingent Fund in the year 1881."

The lantern of the dome returns a perfect echo to any one standing exactly under it. In the centre of the dome, looking forward to the main entrance, is a replica, by Mr. William Goscombe John, A.R.A., sculptor, of the statue of the 7th Duke of Devonshire, which was recently unveiled by the 8th Duke on its presentation to the town of Eastbourne. His Grace is represented as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. The statue, which was exhibited in the Paris Salon, weighs two tons.

In the grounds outside are the instruments of the Buxton Meteorological Society, with sunshine and rain gauges, etc.

**Pavilion and Grounds.** The second and smaller dome is that of the **Pavilion**, a large building erected by the Buxton Gardens Company, a little beyond the Crescent, in the Burbage Road. Herein are a *Concert Hall*, a *Conservatory*, a *Smoking Lounge*, a spacious *Opera House* and a *Hippodrome*, with constant entertainments during the season, and space for promenaders. It is, of course, a fashionable parade. There is a handsome *kiosk*, a replica of the one at Homburg, where light refreshments are obtainable. An orchestra plays from 11 to 1 in the morning and from 8 to 10 in the evening; and illuminated fêtes are frequent during the season. Facilities are provided for croquet, tennis, bowls, badminton, and boating on the lake. Attached to the building are 21 acres of ornamental ground, through which the river Wye, which has only just issued from its cradle in the limestone rocks above, flows in a series of artificial pools and cascades. The grounds are open from 8 a.m. till 10 p.m.

**Charges for admission:** 3*d.*, except for evening concerts in summer (6*d.*); dog ticket, 3*d.*; single ticket for one week, 5*s.*; yearly ticket, terminating Dec. 31st, 21*s.*; children up to 17 years, 10*s.* 6*d.*, and for nurses in charge of children, 10*s.* 6*d.*; skating-rink, lawn tennis, boats, and bowls, extra.

Adjoining the Pavilion are the new **Opera House**, opened in 1903, a beautiful structure, with seats for 1,250 people, and the **Hippodrome**, a comfortable variety theatre.

The **Town Hall**, used also for entertainments (*see p. 87*), was opened in 1889. It occupies a prominent position between the top of St. Ann's Cliff and the spacious Market-place, in which also a fine block of buildings, including the offices of the "High Peak News" and the "Buxton Advertiser," have been erected, adjoining

the *Devonshire Hotel*, an old-established hostelry. Adjoining is the Public Library, with an interesting little museum containing a satisfactory collection of geological and palaeontological specimens, among them many Pleistocene remains and prehistoric implements from the district, relics of Roman Buxton and a Roman milestone. This Market-place is the highest (1,030 ft.) in England. It contains an old cross.

**Poole's Hole.**  $\frac{3}{4}$  m. from the *Crescent*. Admission, 6d.; children under twelve, half-price. Bath-chairs can be taken into the cavern. This well-known cavern pierces the hill called Grinlow for nearly half a mile. Though inferior in height, depth, and general impressiveness to the vast natural excavations which lure the tourist's feet to Castleton, and in its beauty and variety of incrustations to the unrivalled Cheddar caves in Somersetshire, it is really a fine cavern. Idealists may regret that its ways have been artificially made straight and smooth, and that it is lighted with gas (incandescent), but it should not be forgotten that an accessible cave left to itself, and free to all comers to grope their way through it at their own sweet will and pleasure, would in a single season lose almost every particle of beauty with which Nature may have endowed it. To rob and mutilate Nature is neither legal crime nor moral guilt, and we tremble to think how many highly respectable and virtuous tourists would without compunction avail themselves of any chance of taking home a beautiful stalactite to their wives and families, just as a memento.

The cavern is said to be called after an outlaw named Poole, who made it the storehouse for his plunderings in the reign of Henry IV. It is reached from Lower Buxton by a new road (Temple Road) which commences at the far end of the Broad Walk and enters Green Lane a little to the left of the cottage of the owner, Mr. Redfern—a building “*à la Suisse*” in connection with which there is a *Museum* with the most extraordinary medley of contents: for example:—A “Treacle” Bible, 1546 (“Is there not tryacle in Gilead”—*Jer. viii. 22*); a “Breeches” Bible, 1578 (“and made themselves breeches”—*Gen. iii. 7*); Cotton’s “Wonders of the Peak,” 1694; a facsimile of the death-warrant of Charles I.; a copy of the “Plain Man’s Path to Heaven,” 1660, from which John Bunyan is said to have derived the idea of his great work; an imperial cloak from the Summer Palace at Pekin, 1860; an old salt-box; the old St. Ann’s Well from the Pump Room; as well as a collection of bones and other relics found in the cave itself “of the Romans, Ancient Britons, and the Celtic race, dating back from 1,800 to 2,000 years.” *Catalogue* and “All about the Cavern,” 2d.

We shall not describe *seriatim* all the various shapes and forms which are to be seen on both sides of the cave as we walk up it, and in which all manner of resemblances—more or less fanciful—to objects of every-day notice have been detected to enhance their attractiveness. The largest stalagmite rises from the water-side to a height of 8 feet, and is broad in proportion. From the roof of the

widest opening hangs a huge stalactite, formerly still more huge, a few feet having been wantonly broken off by idiotic "tripper." Of the resemblances perhaps the most striking were a small horseshoe (now broken off) about half-way through the cave, and *Poole's Armchair*, still *in situ*. The greater part of the cavern is threaded by a stream so thoroughly impregnated with lime as to petrify objects placed in it for the purpose. This is the infant Wye. The largest opening is called *Poole's Chamber*; the loftiest reaches a height of 60 feet. Near the latter is *Mary Queen of Scots' Pillar*, a stalactite which is said to mark the limit of the exploration made by that queen when she visited the cave during her stay in Buxton. Beyond this point the cavern may be explored for about 150 yards, and still further by those who do not object to make themselves quadrupeds.

## Excursions from Buxton.

—:o:—

We shall divide these in two classes—the short walks or drives, and the day excursions, arranging both, for convenience of reference, alphabetically.

### Short Walks or Drives.

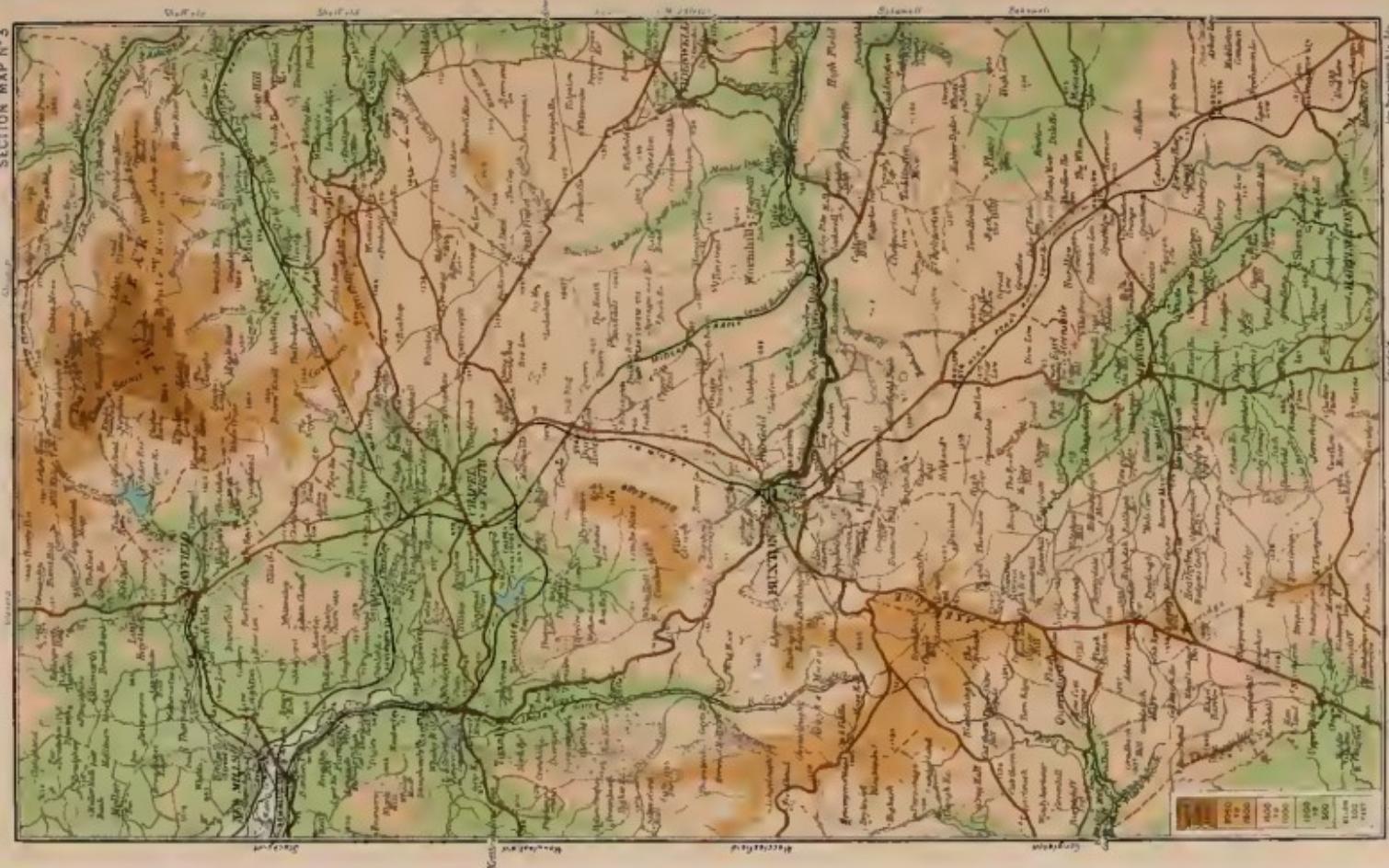
(1.) **Axe Edge.** 1,807 ft., 2½ m. This is the favourite climb from Buxton. The view from the top is extensive, but lacks character and variety.

Follow the Leek road, through Burbage, as far as the second milestone, exactly opposite which a faint track strikes up the moor to the right and leads to the Ordnance cairn at the top. By carefully following this track, faint as it is, you will minimise the tiresomeness of the ascent, caused by the peat-bog and rank grass covering the slopes and plateau of the mountain.

By means of powerful instruments the Ordnance Surveyors in 1842 are reported to have seen Snowdon, Lincoln Cathedral, and Bardon Hill in Leicestershire from Axe Edge. With ordinary optics, however, the tourist may congratulate himself if the view reaches as far as Kinder Scout in the north-east, the gritstone edges overhanging the Derwent in the east, the hills about Dovedale and Matlock in the south, and the Cheshire plain with, perhaps, the Mersey estuary in the west. In the last-named direction the *Cat and Fiddle* stands "four-square to every wind that blows" across a bleak intervening moor and at a scarcely less elevation than Axe Edge itself; indeed, the moorland on the right of it seems to swell upwards to a still greater height than the one we are standing on. An interesting feature in the scene is the group of sharp green peaks which rise from the Dove valley in the south-east. They include Chrome Hill, Park Hill, and High Wheeldon, and may be identified from the map.

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SECTION MAP N°3



Mr. Edward Bradbury in his eminently readable “Pictures of the Peak” thus describes the view:—

Far away in the north-east the morose Kinder Scout throws his dark shoulders against the thin gray haze, with Chinley Churn and Eccles Pike for companions. Mam Tor, Lose Hill, and Win Hill rise between the purple ridges of Ashop and Edale, and the Edges that lift their gritstone escarpments above the Derwent valley from Lady Bower to Baslow. Combs Moss, Chelmorton Low, and other high Lows of the Peak carry the eye to the hills about Dovedale and Matlock in the south. The steep stone-quarries at Burbage and Harpur Hill no longer look hideous disfigurements, but impart a new interest to the scene—the pigmy forms of lime-burners and pigmy horses, drawing pigmy trucks, stand out in strong relief against the pale white smoke, that seems but a vapour. In front, just below, is the valley of the Dove, glen-like in its wild beauty, with the sugar-loaf peaks of Chrome Hill and Park Hill, and the green mass of High Wheeldon rising above a fair green pastoral country, with soft shadows and slanting shafts of sunlight accentuating or darkening the local colour.

The return journey may be made, for variety, by descending to the new Macclesfield road and thence direct to Buxton or round by the *Cat and Fiddle* and the old road (4 m.) or new road (5 m.).

(2.) “**Cat and Fiddle.**” 5 m. by the new road; 1 mile less by the old. Public conveyance, morning and afternoon.

The *Cat and Fiddle* is situated on the highest stretch of the Macclesfield road (1,690 feet above sea-level), which diverges from the Leek road a little beyond Burbage (the old road turns off at Burbage), and passing under the old High Peak mineral railway, ascends to the lofty plateau stretching north-westwards from Axe Edge. During the ascent a wide all-round view gradually unfolds itself, extending to Kinder Scout, with Mam Tor to the right of it. The *Cat and Fiddle* itself and the view from it are described on page 84. In clear weather, looking down the Dane Valley, we may detect the Wrekin, nearly 50 miles away. As to the origin of the name, tradition tells of a certain Duke of Devonshire whose constant practice it was to drive up to this lonely habitation in the cheering companionship of his cat and his fiddle. Dr. Brewer’s “Phrase and Fable” gives another interpretation:—“‘Cat and Fiddle’ is a corruption of *Caton Fidèle*—i.e., Caton the faithful governor of Calais. In Farringdon (Devon) is the sign of *La Chatte Fidèle* in commemoration of a faithful cat.” But what about “Hey, diddle, diddle, the Cat and the Fiddle”? A fine walk with a bracing glimpse of the wilds may be had by following the track which starts at the step-stile opposite the *Cat and Fiddle* (see description of reverse way on p. 80). In two miles the Buxton and Macclesfield road can be reached, by way of Whetstone Ridge, or the walk can be continued down Wildboar Clough.

Pedestrians may ascend by the new and return by the old road, or they may still further vary the excursion by descending the Goyt valley (p. 99) by a narrow road down the clough, and returning to Buxton by the Manchester road (p. 85). This will add an

hour to the walk. The road begins in the clough, opposite a farm on the *old* road, 1 mile from the *Cat and Fiddle*.

The following statistics respecting highest roads, etc., in England, may be of interest:—

Highest inhabited House....	Rumney House, Durham .....	1,980 ft.
Inn .....	Tan Hill, Yorkshire.....	1,727 "
Second highest Inn .....	Cat and Fiddle, Cheshire .....	1,690 "
Third " "	Flash Bar, Staffordshire .....	1,534 "
Fourth " "	Isle of Skye, Wessenden Head....	1,480 "
Fifth " "	Kirkstone Pass, Westmorland....	1,476 "
Highest Village....	Coal Cleugh, Durham .....	1,650 "
Highest Carriage-road....	Nenthead to Weardale, Durham	2,056 "
Second highest Carriage-rd.	Alston to Langdendale, "	1,946 "
Third " "	Hawes to Kettlewell, Yorks .....	1,852 "

(3.) **Chee Tor and Dale.** Railway-route : to *Miller's Dale*, 6 m. Thence to *Chee Tor*, *Dale*, and back, 1-2 hours' walking ; 3-4 m.

Carriage-route : to *Miller's Dale* or *Wormhill* about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  m. 1-2 hrs'. walking. Pedestrian route: *Chee Dale*, 5 m. ; *Miller's Dale*, including ascent of *Chee Tor*,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  ; *Buxton* (by road), 14 ; 5-6 hours' walk.

*Chee Dale* should be seen by every Buxton visitor. It is amongst the best specimens of limestone scenery in the best county of the kingdom for that class of scenery. The least interesting route is the carriage one to *Wormhill*. Those tourists, however, who adopt this route, have the advantages of being landed at a very convenient spot for dropping into *Chee Dale*, and of returning by an entirely different route from *Miller's Dale*. For the two routes to *Miller's Dale* see the rail and road routes to *Bakewell* and *Matlock* on pp. 103, 105 respectively. Pedestrians are advised to follow the course of the river and rail through *Ashwood Dale* to *Chee Dale*, and after passing through the latter to *Miller's Dale*, to return by the high-road or by rail. There are two small inns at *Miller's Dale*, and no other house of entertainment on the way, except an inn 2 miles out of *Buxton*. *Wormhill* also contains an inn. We advise pedestrians to go by road or rail to *Miller's Dale* and return by *Chee Dale*. The gate at *Miller's Dale* leading into *Chee Dale* is locked on Thursdays, but the dale can be entered or left via *Wormhill* along a bridle-path which touches the river-bank opposite *Chee Tor*. This bridle-path leaves *Wormhill*, a sweet village with an interesting old hall, and passes a keeper's cottage on the right. Where it goes east you leave it, drop into and cross the glen, and continue on to the bank of the *Wye*. Cyclists, of course, cannot make the round.

Pedestrian route :—(a) Starting from *Buxton* follow the *Bakewell* road (p. 105) for a little more than 3 miles. Then, after passing under the railway, take a track which strikes off to the left along the river-side where the highroad begins to ascend. This track crosses the river by a bridge close to the junction of the *Buxton* branch with the main line, and continues thence between the river and rail to the entrance to **Chee Dale**. The rock-scenery on both sides is very fine the whole way. Beyond the second tunnel on the railway the stream sweeps

round to the left. The path crosses and recrosses it, going under the railway between the two crossings, and entering Chee Dale at the latter. Stream and path are now closely hemmed in by perpendicular masses of rock and steep green slopes abundantly festooned with foliage. The dale is in shape like a horse-shoe. **Chee Tor** rises abruptly from the south side of it. Where the rocks retire, a picturesque dell descends from Wormhill. The waters of this dell run underground, and only see the light of day just before emptying themselves into the Wye, which here bends abruptly to the south. A little further on, the river is spanned by a wooden bridge. To gain Chee Tor, cross this bridge and bend back up the hill. The summit is a delightful spot for a mid-day rest. Then, returning to and re-crossing the bridge, you will reach **Miller's Dale Station** in about  $\frac{1}{4}$  hour. The road back to Buxton joins the Bakewell road (p. 105) after an ascent of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. A divergence to the left about one-third of a mile from the station will take you to the *Waterloo Inn*.

(b) *Starting from Miller's Dale Station.* Pass under the line and through a gate on the right near the inn, and proceed along the east side of the Wye as far as the foot-bridge for Chee Tor (*above*). Returning from the Tor to the foot-bridge, you have only to reverse the previously described route all the way to Buxton.

**Miller's Dale to Peak Forest**, by Monk's Dale, etc. Ramblers who do not object to a little wandering from the beaten track may enjoy a delightful ramble by following the chain of limestone dales that open into Miller's Dale, close to the village on the north. Monk's Dale extends north-north-west to the hilly road from Buxton to Tideswell, *via* Wormhill Hill. Peter's Dale trends a little more to the west. Next comes Hay Dale, beyond Dale Head, where another lane is crossed, and then Dam Dale, at the top of which a lane may be taken to Peak Forest. These dales are overhung by fine limestone crags, and the bottom is full of luxurious vegetation, the streams generally flowing underground. They are extremely unfrequented, and only in parts is there any definite track.

(4.) **Corbar Wood Walks** are entered about half a mile from the Crescent, on the Manchester Road. They wind through the intricacies of old gritstone quarries which nature and art have combined to render picturesque by covering them with trees, ferns, and undergrowth. They command a fair view.

(5.) **Deepdale**,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  m. by Ashwood Dale to entrance. Mr. Ruskin, an enthusiastic admirer of the Peak of Derbyshire, has written that "the whole gift of the county is in its glens. The wide acreage of field or moor above is wholly without interest; it is only in the clefts of it, and the dingles, that the traveller finds his joy." Many of these secluded valleys are situated off the beaten track, although close to road and river and railway. One of these is Deepdale, which the tourist, proceeding from Buxton to Miller's Dale, leaves to the right upon entering Blackwell Dale, under the declivitous slopes of Topley Pike. It is a Highland pass in miniature, without

water or wood. Limestone rocks, thinly covered with herbage, make a narrow funnel, just lending room for a niggard shepherd's path, which gives access to the more pastoral country belonging to King Sterndale. A capital carriage-road might be constructed through this picturesque defile, which is about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles in length. The gray crags mimic military masonry as they appear above the bastions of ruined fortresses. They are indented with fissures of more or less magnitude of which the most extensive is known as the Deepdale Cavern or Thirst Hole (most probably, Hob of the Hirst's Hole, i.e. Wood-goblin's), which was for the first time explored by local antiquaries in 1889, whose "finds" have been of a remarkable character. To reach it you leave the Bakewell road by a stile  $3\frac{1}{4}$  miles from Buxton, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile further, near a tiny foot-bridge, and a little short of a stile, bend to the right up the main valley, the stream-bed of which is usually dry. In another mile the rocks close in; you cross a stile and a stone slab-bridge, whence one path zigzags up the steep slope for Chelmorton (*below*), another goes slantways up-hill to the right, reaching the Cave in 100 yards. The **Cave** is about 100 yards long, with a rough drop of 20 or 30 feet through a very low passage half-way along. In it various traces of prehistoric man, the Celtic race, and the Roman occupation have been exhumed. When the hard crystallized stalagmite beds were broken into, the bones and tools of a dim departed race, and the skeletons of the animals they hunted, were brought to light: together with *fibulae*, Samian and Roman pottery and weapons, and in the talus slope outside, a cist containing human remains. The cave was first examined by Messrs. Millett and Salt, in 1889. Visitors should take candles and go in their worst clothes.\*

For **Chelmorton** ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  m., a pleasant walk) climb the zigzag from the slab-bridge (*above*) past a smaller cave, and then proceed by footpath across a number of stiles, followed by grass-lane and road. The round-backed hill in front is *Chelmorton Low*, and the village lies under its right-hand slope (interesting church, p. 110). From it you may return to Buxton (5 m., dull) by highroad, cutting off two if you catch the afternoon train at Hindlow Station; or you may reach Miller's Dale Station in 3 miles by lane and path over the hill, crossing the Buxton and Bakewell road either at the *Waterloo Hotel* or  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile W. of it. In the former case you drop to the station by the old road—a rough lane. A longer and more interesting round is to drop into the Dove valley near Earl Sterndale, close to the fantastic peaks that are such a prominent feature of the Upper Dove, and threading Dowel Dale, proceed by footpaths across the limestone uplands to Buxton, a route that affords opportunities for insight into the freaks played by the waters that have eaten their way into the calcareous strata and disappeared.

**Diamond Hill and Solomon's Temple.** 5 miles' walking there and back. The "Temple" is about 450 feet above Buxton and may be reached in half an hour by a direct path start-

\* Visitors will be well advised not to continue up the dale; it is abominable going.

ing a little E. of Poole's Hole. For Diamond Hill direct you follow the Ashbourne road to the far end of Higher Buxton, and then take a path 200 yards beyond the first milestone—a guide-post directs to "Brand Side." By this path, passing behind the *Cottage of Content*, once a rustic tea-garden, now a keeper's cottage, you proceed by a farm called *Fern House*, and up a slight rise, from the top of which you will see, to the right of a barren limestone hollow beyond, another house with a few trees about it, on the hill-side. Behind this house is the field where the diamonds (?) are found. To reach it you descend and cross a road, beyond which you cannot go wrong. The so-called diamonds are tiny quartz-crystals.

In returning diverge to the left for  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile up the road which you crossed in going, and then pass through a stile and climb straight up the hill. On the top is *Solomon's Temple*, a fine tower rebuilt in 1896 by public subscription—for many years a ruin—which, from the isolated character of its position, commands an extensive though a dreary panorama. It stands 1,436 feet above the level of the sea, and is built on an ancient Low, or burying-place. The tower is open during the day free of charge, and there is a winding staircase inside to the top, which is surmounted by a flag-staff. Hence a footpath descends to a farm-shed, where it enters the wood, and drops into the road a few yards beyond Poole's Hole (p. 93).

**The Duke's Drive** (*a circuit of 2½ m.*). In 1795 a carriage way was constructed by the then Duke of Devonshire, leaving the Ashbourne road about half a mile out of Higher Buxton, and joining the Bakewell road a little more than that distance from Lower Buxton. Hence the name. The Drive skirts the perpendicular limestone cliffs of *Sherbrook Dell*, a narrow little ravine which runs at right angles into Ashwood Dale, just one mile from Lower Buxton. It passes under a lofty viaduct (13 arches) of the new Buxton and Ashbourne branch, but the only thing noteworthy in the circuit is the view down Ashwood Dale from a cliff known as the "Lover's Leap," which overhangs the dell and the dale at their convergence. For the rest the map is the best guide. It is better to commence the route at Higher and end it at Lower Buxton than to take it the reverse way.

### **The Goyt Valley.** *Buxton to Whaley Bridge, 7½ m.*

This valley is fully described in the approach from Manchester to Buxton (p. 85). Though lying on the direct route between those towns, it is but little known to tourists generally. Between it and the two railways, by one of which nearly all visitors reach Buxton, the high moorland of *Combs Moss* intervenes. A five-mile walk there and back will introduce the visitor to the best part of the valley. A variation in returning may be made at the expense of an hour's extra walking by ascending a narrow carriage-road up *Goyt's Clough* to the old Macclesfield and Buxton road, which is entered one mile on the Buxton side of the *Cat and Fiddle*, or the route

may be advantageously reversed. A public conveyance has occasionally travelled this route, but the road down Goyt's Clough is very narrow and rather risky.

From Buxton the Manchester road ascends by what is called the *Long Hill* for about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, leaving the *Corbar Woods* on the right hand. From the highest point, where the main road sweeps round to the right to avoid a lateral depression, a rough by-road descends abruptly to the bottom of the *Goyt valley*, which it reaches near *Errwood House*, a mansion whose striking situation reminds one of a Highland shooting-lodge. The grounds are noted for their rhododendrons. The bottom of the valley is well filled with trees, chiefly of the fir tribe. A one-arched bridge spans the stream, which here collects its forces from several little tributaries. The public road climbs the opposite moorland. A private road and also a path descend the Goyt valley to the Whaley Bridge road, which it joins in 2 miles at Fernilee (*remains of old cross*), 5 miles from Buxton.

For the Macclesfield road the way from the bridge is by a lane alongside the main Goyt valley, climbing for the first mile through charming woods and high up above the stream, and then passing a quarry which, we are told, once helped to pave Regent Street. Thence the road proceeds up the dark, heathery clough into the road (Buxton,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  m.; *Cat and Fiddle*, 1). From the cottages close to the quarry, you may save half a mile in returning to Buxton by taking a footpath up the hollow on the left. *Length of round, 8-10 m.*

**Ludchurch.** *Buxton to Flash Bar (inn),  $4\frac{1}{4}$  m.; Flash (two inns), 5; Gradbach, 8; Ludchurch, 9. Private Carriage, p. 87.*

*Ludchurch*, like Dovedale Church and Cucklet Church at Eyam, is a purely fanciful title. It is simply a narrow rock-chasm on the northern slope of the gritstone range of hills between Leek and Buxton, called the Roaches. We have partly described it in the route from Leek to Buxton (p. 79), but it is oftener visited from Buxton than from any other place. Carriages may be taken as far as the Mill at Gradbach, a mile short of the chasm. There are no inns beyond Flash. There are rights of way through the wood, though a notice to trespassers placed near the entrance to the woods (Back Forest) may deter folk not familiar with the tactics of jealous land-owners. Ludchurch itself has now been closed to the public, but permission may often be obtained by writing to Sir Philip Lee Brocklehurst, Bart., or Mr. George Clarke, agent to the *Swythamley Estate, Swythamley Hall, near Macclesfield*.

The Route is for more than 4 miles along the Leek high-road. After passing Burbage this road makes a long ascent along the eastern slope of Axe Edge.

Close to the third milestone the road crosses **Cistern's Clough**, in which, just above, is a shed whence coal from a mine  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile higher up is carted for the Burbage Lime Co.'s Works at Grin.

A few yards short of the Clough a rough road strikes up to the right, by which, in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, you may reach **Dane Head**, turning to the left near the Colliery Engine ( $\frac{1}{2}$  m.) by a rough track. Close by the Head and a farm called the Orchard is an **Alum Spring** with strong astringent qualities and largely used by the farmers for their cattle. Its medicinal qualities are highly appreciated by the country people. The Dane at this point is red in colour, so highly charged with the triple sulphate of alumina and potassa that it is matter for wonder that the faculty of Buxton have not discovered its virtues.

Those who do not object to roughing it may follow the Dane right down through its noble clough to Gradbach, but they will have to run the gauntlet of a good many bogs, and the right of way is doubtful over parts of the route. It is the finest specimen of a real Derbyshire moorland walk in the neighbourhood of Buxton.

The summit-level is 1,590 feet above the sea, 100 lower than that of the Macclesfield road at the *Cat and Fiddle*. Above it, on the right, is a group of miners' cottages, which must be amongst the highest in the kingdom. On the left is the source of the Dove, whose valley, growing wider and greener as the trickling water collects its tiny tributaries and swells into a streamlet, with the green, isolated peaks of Chrome Hill, Park Hill, and High Wheeldon rising from the bed of the valley, is the redeeming feature in an otherwise somewhat dreary scene.

The **Source of the Dove** is a few yards to the left of the road, opposite *Dove Head Farm* (4 m.). A flagged path leads to it. The spring is covered by a stone on which the monograms of Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton are intertwined.

Half a mile further our road turns sharp to the right at the *Travellers' Rest Inn* at **Flash Bar** (1,535 ft.), and again to the right  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile further, a little short of the village of **Flash**. Flash has a place in history, but is neglected. Derbyshire guide-books ignore it because it is just outside the county, and probably in its own county, Staffordshire, not one person in a thousand is aware of its existence. Yet it is said to stand godfather\* to a commodity only too well known, "flash coin," and is one of the highest villages in Britain. Further, it was at one time dear to members of the "P.R.," for if Staffordshire objected to a display of the noble art, the professors had only to move a few yards to get into Derbyshire, and if Derbyshire objected they had still Cheshire open to them at scarcely a greater distance, and *vice versa*. Beyond its situation and these historic reminiscences Flash has little to individualize it. It is a sombre, gray village, with the dumpiest of churches and a fair little inn (*recently closed on Sundays*), the *New Inn*.

The ordinary road from Flash descends to the left, but the pedestrian should keep straight on down a long hill, whose steepness the carriage-road modifies by taking a somewhat circuitous course. The two roads unite again in about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. A little beyond the junction a new bridge is passed on the left, and the road drops to the *Manor Farm*. Then, after crossing a stream by a footbridge, you

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\* The New English Dictionary denies this. Flash means a wet place, and is a fairly common word.

turn to the right and pass between two very ugly stone gate-posts to Grädbach Mill, whence ascend a few steps, keeping the stream of the Dane on the right, till a square cottage comes in sight. Then cross by a footbridge a tributary beck at the foot of the romantic dell on whose wooded slopes Ludchurch is situated. Beyond the footbridge a track ascends to the right through the wood, passing on the same side the square cottage. Where the cart-track issues from the wood an isolated group of rocks on the right hand is called the *Castle Cliff Rocks*. It is worth while to diverge for a minute to the top of them, for the sake of the view. They also afford a little scrambling (see p. 82). Returning to the cart-track, you take a by-path bending back to the left, and in a few hundred yards enter **Ludchurch**. The so-called church is a rude passage between perpendicular rocks, about two hundred yards in length, and only two or three yards wide. Out of the impending rocks grow stunted ash, and hazel, and oak. A few yards beyond the entrance to the cleft, and lifted out of the profane reach of the visitors, is the mildewed, dilapidated figurehead of the good ship *Swythamley*—we are on the Swythamley estate. The defile ends with a rude flight of steps, which lead on to the open moor. A few yards short of the end, now blocked up by fallen rocks, was a deep cavity, said to have been a hiding-place for hunted Lollards centuries ago. Robin Hood and Little John are also associated with the history of this singular ravine, but so little historical research has been devoted to it that it is very difficult to separate the wheat of fact from the chaff of fiction.

From the upper end of Ludchurch, the walk may be continued along the ridge of the Roaches to *Rock Hall* and *Upper Hulme*, where the Leek road is rejoined nearly 9 miles from Buxton. The walk is fully described the reverse way on p. 81. There is a path along the whole length of the ridge, but the right of way may be disputed. In any case, the visitor should climb through the rough and tough heather for a few hundred yards above Ludchurch till he gains the summit of the ridge, for the sake of the view westwards over the hills and fertile plains of Cheshire and North Staffordshire, which contrast strongly with the bare limestone uplands of Derbyshire in the rear. Leek appears in the south, and Congleton Edge forms a bold escarpment to the west.

### Day Excursions.

**Buxton to Bakewell, Chatsworth, Haddon Hall, and Matlock.** (*Maps pp. 93, 13.*)

**By Rail:**—Buxton to Hassop, 11 m.; [—Hassop to Edensor Hotel (road), 3; Chatsworth, 3½]; Bakewell, 12½; [—Bakewell to Haddon Hall, (road) 2½; Chatsworth, 4]; Rowsley, 15½; Matlock Bridge, 19½; Matlock Bath (Hotels), 21.

**By Road:**—Buxton to Taddington (Inns), 6½ m.; Ashford (Inns),

**10½** (*—Ashford to Hassop Inn, 2; Bakewell, 12½; Haddon Hall, 15; Rowsley, 16½; Matlock Bridge, 20½; Matlock Bath, 22.*)

Road and rail between Buxton and Matlock run side by side with the Wye for the first  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles out of Buxton, and nearly all the way with it or the Derwent from Bakewell to Matlock. For the intervening 8 miles or so the railway follows the course of the Wye, with one little break at Chee Dale, as far as Monsal Dale, between which place and Bakewell it leaves the river considerably on the right; the road climbs out of the Wye valley to Taddington, one of the highest villages in England, and descends again to the same valley at the foot of Monsal Dale, about a mile after the railway has left it.

**Private Carriages, see p. 87.**

Pedestrians who wish to see Haddon and Chatsworth, and to return to Buxton in one day, are advised to take a morning train to Bakewell; thence walk or drive to Haddon; cross the hills to Edensor and Chatsworth by a delightful field-route which is fully described on p. 31; and to return from Chatsworth to Bakewell or Hassop station. The walking distance from Bakewell to Haddon, Chatsworth, and back to Bakewell or Hassop by this route is from 9 to 10 miles, which may be reduced to 4 by hiring from Bakewell to Haddon and from the Edensor Hotel to Bakewell or Hassop.

(a) **Railway Route.**—The railway between Buxton and Matlock affords a succession of the most beautiful *bijou* views to be obtained from any line in the kingdom. First it threads a purely limestone valley, or rather ravine, and then it emerges into a comparatively wide and fertile dale fenced in on one side by the millstone grit to which Derbyshire is indebted for whatever beauty of mountain scenery it possesses, and on the other by richly-wooded slopes of limestone.

The first four miles of the route are down *Ashwood Dale*, the line ever and anon crossing the road and river by handsome iron bridges. One mile from Buxton the narrow opening of *Sherbrook Dell*, with the *Lover's Leap* rock hanging over it, is seen on the right. In four miles the valley opens into a triangular area, and the main Derbyshire line of the Midland Company converges on the left. Lofty limestone rocks, quarry-eaten but draped with woods, rise on both sides. Two short tunnels are passed through, and the moment we emerge from the second of them a charming but momentary glimpse into *Chee Dale* is obtained on the left. Then, after another tunnel, under *Chee Tor*, comes **Miller's Dale Station**, where a change of carriages is usually necessary. Beyond Miller's Dale the left is still the beautiful side. The river, distressingly dammed up for utilitarian purposes, flows far below. There is a pretty peep up the *Tideswell Dell*, and then two lovely bits of river-scenery reveal themselves just where the stream makes an "S" curve. Between them, and beyond the latter, the line passes through two more tunnels, emerging from the second into **Monsal Dale**, which yields in beauty to Dovedale only of all the limestone valleys in Derbyshire. Into it, just beyond the tunnel, drops *Raven's Dale*, with its steep slopes abundantly wooded from head to foot. **Monsal Dale Station** is quickly passed; the line goes through a short cutting; and then,

as it crosses the river just before entering *Longstone Tunnel*, affords on the right-hand perhaps the sweetest view of all, a short vista, fringed by steep and green copse-covered hills.

There is a splendid view from a hill called the **Doctor** on the right of the road,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile N.W. of Monsal Dale Station, and overlooking Cressbrook Mills. It extends S. to Masson and Riber Castle over Matlock.

**Monsal Dale Station to Bakewell**, by road or path,  $3\frac{1}{2}$ -5 m. Tourists will be amply rewarded for leaving the train at Monsal Dale Station. From a greensward on the top of **Longstone Tunnel** ("Headstone Edge,"  $1\frac{1}{2}$  m. distant) one of the best valley-views in Derbyshire may be enjoyed. The view-point is just over a sharp bend of the river, which it commands both upwards and downwards. The little rustic wooden bridges which span the stream hereabouts would delight a painter's soul. The *Monsal Head Hotel* overlooks the dale, and a modern lodging-house or two have been built. A very pleasant walk may also be enjoyed by crossing one of the wooden bridges ( $\frac{1}{4}$  m. south of the station) and proceeding by a footpath under the railway bridge into the Buxton and Bakewell road, and so on to Ashford and Bakewell. *Distance, Monsal Dale to Ashford,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  m.; Bakewell, 5*. By this route you follow the course of the Wye all the way. Or you may descend from the top of the tunnel by a path along the slope of the hill on the south side (left bank) of the river and join the same road.

Another pleasant variation is to turn left at the *Bull's Head* to **Longstone village** (1 m., p. 50), and thence walk to Bakewell ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  m.) by Longstone Station and Ashford.

At *Longstone Tunnel* the railway leaves the Wye-side, and proceeds through pleasant pastures, with *Longstone Edge* on the left, to **Hassop Station**. Hence the road to Chatsworth rises slightly, and then drops to *Edensor Hotel*. For this village, see p. 29; for Chatsworth, p. 23.

From **Bakewell Station** (1 m. beyond Hassop) pedestrians may make a still shorter cut to **Chatsworth**. A footpath diverges to the right, 80 yards or so east of the station, and passing an entrenchment on the right, rises steeply through a wood into a road which leads directly through the village of *Edensor to Chatsworth*. The distance from Bakewell Station to Edensor Hotel is about 2 miles, and the walk is a more picturesque one than that from Hassop. There is no inn at Bakewell Station.

The **Town of Bakewell** (p. 47) is half a mile west of the station. Thence the line descends along the east side of the Wye valley, which here expands into a fertile dale, whose waters are a veritable Meander. We pass through a tunnel almost underneath Haddon, but the Hall itself is not seen from the railway. At **Rowsley** the Derwent valley converges on the left, and a little beyond the station the rippling waters of the Wye may be seen joining the slower stream of the Derwent on our right hand.

From Rowsley to Matlock our route is along the broad and green **Darley Dale**. On the left hand are Sir Joseph Whitworth's former mansion and the old quarry, which was once converted into a huge ornamental rockery, but has now reverted to its former uses. Just beyond it the venerable yew of Darley Dale—accounted by some 2,000 years old (see p. 4)—may be seen behind the church on the right hand, while on the left are the new Whitworth Institute and Hospital, and on the left St. Elphin's School (p. 23). At

*Matlock Bridge* the dale again narrows, and passing under the High Tor we enter *Matlock Bath Station*.

(b) **Road Route.**—For the first  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles this runs side by side with the river and railway. In half a mile we pass the sewage-tanks in which, by filtration, the river is partially purified. At the first milestone the narrow defile of *Sherbrook Dell*, with the rock called the *Lover's Leap* hanging over it, is passed on the right. Passing onwards between the limestone cliffs—sadly cut up (p. 87)—and green slopes of Ashwood Dale with their rich clothing of foliage, we commence a little beyond the third milestone a long ascent. The view on the left hand into the open space, where Ashwood Dale becomes Chee Dale, is fine, though greatly broken up by railway and other works. In this space the Buxton branch joins the main line. We are now at Topley Pike. The next ascent is Taddington Hill,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles long. Surmounting the steep part of the ascent, we pass in another mile the *Waterloo Hotel*, beyond which we enter the village of **Taddington**, which lays counter-claim to its neighbour Chelmorton for the distinction of being the highest village in England—the real figures are Flash 1,515 ft. (p. 96), Chelmorton 1,218, Taddington 1,093. In the churchyard of this village is an old cross, probably of Norman date.

There is a comfortable inn—the *George*—at the far end of Taddington, as well as several others in the village (*Queen's Arms*). Hence the road descends through a picturesque dell—Taddington Pass or Dale—into Monsal Dale.

**Monsal Dale.** Those who wish to explore the upper part of Monsal Dale—one of the most beautiful valleys in the Peak District—from this route, should take a footpath which commences at a gate nearly opposite the 8th mile-stone from Buxton. This path will lead them by the river-side to the view-point which we have drawn special attention to in our description of the railway route from Buxton to Matlock (p. 101).

The drive through Monsal Dale as far as Ashford is very pleasing. Next to scenery, the chief feature of Monsal Dale is perhaps rabbits. As the summer evening comes on, the river-side meadows simply swarm with them, and the stampede caused by the appearance of a biped on the scene is almost startling. The angler, too, delights in Monsal Dale. Here for a few short miles the river escapes from the thraldom of manufacturing industry, and is allowed to linger in deep pools or to rush over gravelly shallows at its own sweet will. Hills and woods flank it on both sides, and form in combination with it a scene of quiet, impressive beauty. It is the Arcady of Derbyshire. It is also called, in this part, Taddington Dale.

On the eastern side of Taddington (Monsal) Dale, about 100 feet up the slope of Fin Cop and overlooking the rabbit warren, is a great mass of huge rocks riven into pieces and, at the foot of one piece, an oyster-bed just as it lay in the ocean, pressed solid but not fossilized—a very interesting sight.

After descending the dale for about 2 miles we reach the large village of **Ashford** (Inns : *Devonshire Arms* and *Bull's Head*).

The situation of the village is remarkably pretty, but suggestive of anything but a bracing air. The inhabitants are to a great extent occupied in the working of the Derbyshire spar. The nearest station is *Longstone*,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles distant. The church and churchyard, the latter containing an aged yew-tree, will please every passer-by. The church was restored in 1870. Amongst other antiquities it contains, over the doorway of the north aisle, what by the uninitiated might be mistaken for five paper fly-catchers. In olden days, Dr. Cox tells us, it was the custom to carry these paper garlands at the funerals of maidens, and the custom was not relinquished at Ashford till 1820. The restored church also contains several stained-glass windows and a fine oak roof.

In the smoke-room of the *Devonshire Arms* are a portrait and a biography of a dwarf who died in 1811 at the age of 80. Her sobriquet was Old Molly. She was 3 feet high and hideous to a degree. Her chief exploit seems to have been joining "Sojer John" and "Widow Hales" in holy matrimony over a broomstick. As her end was peace, she presumably only played at witchcraft.

**Ashford to Chatsworth.** The Chatsworth road diverges to the left just beyond the village. Except for its pastoral and umbrageous beauty, it calls for no comment. In  $1\frac{1}{2}$  m. it passes under the railway, and half a mile further reaches Hassop, whence the route on to Edensor and Chatsworth is notified on page 102.

Quitting Ashford our road crosses the Wye, which hereabouts is once more taken in hand by industrial enterprise, forming in one place a large lake. On the left is *Ashford Hall*, a seat of the Cavendish family. We rise and fall again through a country hilly and well wooded, but presenting no special feature, to *Bakewell*, described on p. 47. There is a short cut beside the river. Beyond it the road proceeds along an almost unbroken level course, hugging the Wye, nearly all the way to *Rowsley*. About 2 miles from Bakewell, *Haddon Hall* is well seen on the left. It is reached by a drive and a picturesque bridge. For description, see p. 30. At *Rowsley* (Hotels: *Peacock*, *Station*, p. 5) our road passes under the railway, with which it runs side by side to Matlock. No further description is needed beyond that of the railway route (p. 103).

**Buxton to Castleton by Coach Road (direct). Cycling, p. vi, Pink Inset. Map p. 94.**

For **Railway Route** see p. 84 as far as Chapel-en-le-Frith; thence to Hope (2 m. from Castleton), p. 123. *Distance*, Buxton to Hope, 21 m. *Abt. 6 trains a day in 40-70 min.* Pedestrians may be advised to take train to Hope and walk back. **Cycling**, p. vi, *Pink Inset*.

*Buxton to Dove Holes (Queen's Hotel), 3 m.; Sparrowpit (Devonshire Arms),  $5\frac{1}{2}$ ; Castleton (by highroad),  $11\frac{1}{2}$ , (by the Winnats)  $10\frac{1}{2}$ .*

The high-road from Buxton to Castleton passes through a bleak and dreary limestone district, affording little or no relief to the eye until the descent is commenced, between 2 and 3 miles short of Castleton. Pedestrians should certainly take the rail (L. and N.W.) as far as Dove Holes, or to Chapel-en-le-Frith (L. and N.W. or Midland), whence the road, besides being about four miles shorter, is also more interesting. The two roads—from Buxton and Chapel-

en-le-Frith respectively—converge a little beyond their highest point, whence the descent to Castleton, either by the new road or by the old grass-grown one through the Winnats, amply atones for previous shortcomings. The Winnats route is the finer of the two.

A still better plan for those who wish to make the most of the day, and are not intending to pay another visit to Castleton, is to ride (if possible) as far as the top of the Winnats, and dismounting there to visit the Blue John Mine (not half a mile distant). Thence walk to the top of Mam Tor, or to the *col* a little west of it, for the view into Edale, which should on no account be missed, and descend to Castleton either by the main road or along the ridge which separates Edale from the Castleton valley.  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles E. of Mam Tor this ridge is crossed by a foot-track which takes you into Castleton in another  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. There you may visit the Castle and either the Peak Cavern or Speedwell Mine, returning to Buxton by coach in the afternoon. The entire walking distance in this excursion is only 5 or 6 miles, and it includes almost everything worth seeing in the neighbourhood of Castleton.

*The Route.*—Quitting Lower Buxton by its main street—Spring Gardens—we turn to the left out of the Bakewell road and, passing under the railway arch, ascend to the suburb of *Fairfield*, whence there is a good retrospect over Buxton. The parish church of St. Peter is at the summit of the hill overlooking the common and its golf links. Its grey square tower, in a cincture of green trees, is a prominent feature in the landscape. There has been a church on this spot for 650 years, although the present edifice is a comparatively modern building. It has been recently enlarged. The foundation-stone for this enlargement was laid by the Bishop of Derby on November 12th, 1901. On a lofty and isolated mound in the churchyard is a curious Market Cross. Our road crosses the common, whereon in former days was a race-course, and proceeds in a northerly direction to **Dove Holes** (Inns : *Queen's Hotel*, etc.), which, by the way, has no connection with the River Dove. These “holes,” which seem to have originated the name of the village, are called “swallows,” or “swallets,” from the fact that the running water from above suddenly disappears into the limestone. Leaving the village, we pass on the right a new and very tastefully built little church, beyond which our route continues side by side with the North-Western and above the Dove Holes tunnel of the Midland line. The former is hereabouts upwards of 1,100 feet above sea-level, and Dove Holes Station is locally accounted the highest in England. Indeed, with the exception of the little station of Barras, on the side of Stanmoor, between Tebay and Darlington, and of Hawes Junction and Dent, between Carlisle and Settle, we cannot think of any worthy competitor for the distinction.

A mile beyond Dove Holes, the Castleton road turns abruptly to the right, opposite a little inn with the strange name of *Bold Hector*. Still more strangely, a sign-post gives the distance to Castleton as 5 miles. This is probably a record of the time long past, when the main road was down the now disused Winnats. Guide-post restoration progresses very slowly in these remote regions. Half a mile further a milestone is of equal antiquarian interest. A few yards short of it, on the right of the road, is one of the “Wonders of the

Peak," the *Ebbing and Flowing Well*. The passer-by, who cannot spare a few weeks to watch for the event to come off, fails to detect in the so-called well anything but a shallow drinking-pond for cattle.

A mile further, at **Sparrowpit** (Inn: *Devonshire Arms*), we gain the brow of a minor ridge, and look forward up a desolate valley, wide, flat, and treeless, and completely encircled by high ground, to the crest of *Mam Tor*.

At Sparrowpit a hilly lane from Chapel-en-le-Firth ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  m.) joins our road on the left, and a good road to *Peak Forest* (Inn: *Devonshire Arms*) and Tideswell strikes off to the right. **Peak Forest** was at one time a kind of English Gretna Green, but now its motto in that respect is "Ichabod." A memorial to Queen Victoria was lately erected in the church, the carving by the vicar.

About a mile beyond Sparrowpit, and a few hundred yards after passing another by-road to Peak Forest, the tourist who wishes to visit another "Wunder of the Peak"—*Elden Hole*—may do so by crossing a stone step-stile on the right and following the route shown on the map (see *Care-exploring Section*, p. xxvii).

As we proceed, the line of the Chapel-en-le-Firth road is seen on the left, proceeding straight and level along the dull slope of *Cowburn*. In less than 3 miles from Sparrowpit, we reach the highest point on our road, and the hills which flank the Castleton valley come into view in front. Prominent amongst them is *Back Tor*, a perpendicular face of gritstone overhanging Edale. To the right of it, and in the same range, rises the round-topped *Lose Hill*; and still further in the same direction the fine little peak, cresting a long and gently curved ridge, is called *Win Hill*. For the probable origin of these names see p. 137. *Win Hill* is almost surrounded by Edale, Hope Dale, and Derwent Dale.

Carriages will take us on past the convergence of the Chapel-en-le-Firth road to the entrance of the *Blue John Mine*, but it is best to get off at the point where the new road turns to the left out of the old road down the Winnats. Pursuing the latter for a few hundred yards, we reach *Winnats Head*, a little farm-house at which a sign-post directs to the Blue John Mine, by a footpath about 300 yards long. This route gives us the view *down* the Winnats, which the coach-road misses. At the same time do not forget our introductory remarks about the view from *Mam Tor*, or the *col* a little west of it (see p. 107).

All the "wonders" of this particular route are not yet exhausted, for if we continue down the green road to the foot of the Winnats, we shall pass the entrance to the famous *Speedwell Mine*. The locality is indicated by a sign-board which says (or said), "The roads into this wonderfull place are particularly good, by which Ladies and Gentlemen are conducted with the greatest safety." For a description of the Blue John and Speedwell Mines, however, and all the other "wonders" clustering round Castleton, we must refer our readers to the Castleton Section (p. 157).

Buxton to Dovedale (carriage-route there and back, and

pedestrian route there). *Maps pp. 94, 55.* As already stated (p. 61) the opening of the L. & N.W. extension from Parsley Hay to Ashbourne has greatly affected this route.

The distances from **Buxton** of the different stations which may be said to be connected with the Dale are :—*Hartington, 11 m.; Alsop-en-le-Dale, 15½; Tissington, 18, and Thorpe Cloud, 19½.* *Ashbourne* is 3 m. beyond Thorpe Cloud.

The pedestrian who wishes to enjoy one of the most beautiful walks in the kingdom, may be advised to leave the train at Hartington and rejoin it at Thorpe Cloud or Ashbourne, as described on page 62. So doing he works up to the finest of the scenery, and finds the best hotel accommodation when he probably wants it. He traverses, in succession, Beresford Dale, Mill Dale, and Dovedale proper—the *bonne bouche* of the walk, with the view from Sharplow Point—and the *Izaak Walton* or the *Peveril* for a finish. The former is 2 miles and the latter half a mile from Thorpe Cloud Station, just short of which, at cross roads, is the *Dog and Partridge Inn*, or he may cross in 2 miles. The Dale, with its accesses from the various stations, is fully described in the Ashbourne Section, *pp. 61–71.*

The detour by Alstonefield, 1½ miles from Alsop-en-le-Dale Station, Wetton, and Thor's Cave (*p. 112*) is hardly worth making, Ilam (*p. 65*) being less than a mile from the *Izaak Walton*. *Total walking distance, 12–15 miles.*

From **Alsop-en-le-Dale** Station (**New Inn Hotel**, 4 min. walk, *p. 63*) it is 1½ miles to the head of Dovedale—Dove Holes; from Tissington, *see pp. 65 and 66.*

*Buxton to Longnor, 7 m.; Alstonefield, 14; Izaak Walton Hotel, 18; Peveril Hotel, 19; Newhaven Inn, 27; Buxton, 38.*

\*\*\* The running of public conveyances from Buxton to Dovedale and back is to a great extent dependent on the season, or, in other words, on the public demand for them.

*General Remarks.*—The direct route from Buxton to Dovedale by the Ashbourne road is over a high tableland the greater part of the way, and affords little relief from the general dreariness which pervades the limestone uplands of the Peak District. That by Longnor, however, whether it be continued thence by road to Alstonefield or by the footpath which follows the course of the stream nearly all the way, presents considerable beauty and variety of scenery, especially in the neighbourhood of Longnor itself. The return journey is made by the aforesaid Ashbourne and Buxton high—very high—road. Such, however, we venture to think, is the absorbing beauty of Dovedale itself, that wise travellers who do not care to have their appetite cloyed by surfeit, will accept with complaisance the scenic dullness of the long and breezy drive home again.

Pedestrians may, with very little increase of distance, descend from Longnor to Crowdecote Bridge, and thence follow a cart-track along the river-side to Hartington (*p. 71*), proceeding onwards by a footpath through Beresford Dale and Mill Dale to Dovedale; or they may go alongside the telegraph wire from Longnor to Sheen (*Inns*) by a kind of terrace-road, which commands the best possible views of the green Upper Dove valley, and then reach Hartington by a direct path from Sheen, crossing the river by stepping-stones. Either of these routes is preferable to the carriage one.

Sojourners at Buxton may also make a very interesting round, driving or walking, by pursuing this route as far as Longnor, and thence crossing to Bakewell by Monyash and (for pedestrians only) the Lathkill valley. The return from Bakewell (12 m.) may of course be made by road or rail. The distance between Longnor and Bakewell is 10 miles, and the scenery at both ends very delightful. Cyclists have very fair but hilly limestone roads.

*The Route.*—From the railway stations and hotels we start through Higher Buxton, and, turning to the left for a few yards,

where the Duke's Drive converges, enter a straight reach of road, two miles long, broad as a boulevard, and bordered by wide fringes of grass. Far above us on the right, the old High Peak railway performs a succession of the most eccentric curves in its efforts to obtain some approach to a regular gradient. The new extensions of the L. & N.W., which we cross two miles out of Buxton, pursue a much less erratic course. In the left front the most prominent object is *Chelmorton Low*, beneath which the spire of *Chelmorton Church* is visible. On the Low are two "barrows," in one of which skeletons were found a century ago.

**Chepmorton** (*Church Inn*, opp. church—key of which next door) is one of the highest (1,218 ft.) villages in England, being only beaten in this respect by Flash, Princetown, and one or two in Durham. Its *Church* has some interesting details. The tower is a rude example of the Perp. period, and is surmounted by an octagonal spire. The body (Dec. and Perp.) consists of nave with aisles and S. porch, S. transept, and chancel. During its restoration, completed in 1874, fragments indicative of an older building were dug up. These have been built into the floor and walls of the porch. They include part of the dripstone of a Norman arch with zigzag moulding, 13 or 14 slab-tombs incised with crosses, swords, daggers, a pair of shears, etc., and a bit of parapet with quatrefoil openings. In the corner the holy-water stoup stands apparently where it was first placed.

The feature of the interior is the stone screen between the chancel and the nave. It is panelled, and has over it an embattled parapet with quatrefoils, somewhat similar to the fragment in the porch. There are three piscinas.

For route to Miller's Dale Station or Deepdale, see p. 98.

At the end of this straight reach we arrive at Brierlow cross-roads, and here our route leaves the main road \* and climbs a hill to the right, near the top of which it again crosses both the railways near their junction—Hindlow Station. From the summit a rapid descent is made to the Dove valley. The village of **Sterndale** (Inn : the *Quiet Woman*, see p. 72) is passed just off the road on the left, and on the right, rising from the bottom of the valley, are two remarkably steep and sharply ridged hills, looking like huge natural fortresses, and called respectively *Park Hill* and *Chrome Hill*. To the foot of the former—the smaller of the two—we descend through **Glutton Dale**, a miniature pass, flanked by steep green slopes, upon which abuts a multitude of limestone crags. Hence we emerge on to the bed of the Dove valley. The river about here is little more than a well-fed brook, but the hill-slopes on both sides are steep and graceful in outline. They, as well as the riversides, are entirely pastoral, green to the verge of monotony. The best

\* **Direct route to Newhaven**, 11½ m.; or **Hartington**, 12½. Continue along the main road, which attains its summit-level at the *Duke of York Inn*, a small but tidy house 6 miles from Buxton. Another wayside house, the *Bull's Head*, is  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile further. From hereabouts there is a wide and pleasant view across the high ground in the direction of Bakewell and Youlgreave. Then (9½ m.) we pass *Parsley Hay* Station (p. 61) and recross the railway. Arborlow (see p. 73 and map) is a mile to our left from the station. At about 11½ miles two roads strike off to Hartington, the farther one, beyond the *Jug & Glass* pub.-ho., being the chief. For Hartington, see p. 72; Newhaven, p. 73. Continuation to Ashbourne, p. 113.

From Newhaven **Matlock Bath** is 11 miles distant by Grange Mill (6 m.; Inn) and the Via Gellia.

views are naturally from the higher ground, and the different roads afford remarkable facilities for enjoying them. Crossing the stream at *Glutton Mill*, we commence at once a steep ascent for *Longnor*, which, strange to say, though less than a mile from the river, is quite invisible, both from the valley and the hills on the other side of it. In fact, it belongs to another valley altogether—that of the *Manifold*. This singular stream rises side by side with the Dove on Axe Edge, but though throughout its entire course it is never more than a few miles distant from the larger river, the two never form part of the same prospect. So determined, indeed, is the Manifold to preserve its individuality that before falling into the Dove it plunges into the bowels of the earth, and there continues for several miles until it reappears at Ilam within a mile of its confluence with the larger stream.

**Longnor** (Inns: *Crewe and Harpur Arms, Grapes*) is the tiniest of market towns; but its extremely pleasant situation, and the charming character of the surrounding scenery, should make it a much more favourite halting-place for tourists than it has hitherto been. When we have said that the only thing uglier than its church is its chapel, we have exhausted its aesthetic shortcomings. There is a pleasant old-world flavour about it, and an utter innocence of hurry and time-tables. Traditionally it is one of the oldest market-towns in the country, and there are people in it who still cling to the local conceit that High Wheeldon—a steep green hill on the other side of the Dove—is the highest hill in all England, though it is actually overlooked by the tableland behind it. At any rate, the only other with a chance against it is Axe Edge! and that the latter is the “monarch of mountains” is a widespread belief even within earshot of the railway-whistle at Buxton.

The churchyard contains the tomb of William Billinge (1679–1791). He served under Marlborough, and this is the epitaph:—

“Billetted by death, here quartered I remain;

When trumpet sounds, I'll rise and march and fight again.”

We also read that he reached his great age without having ever been attended by a doctor.

**Longnor to Monyash** (5 m.) and **Bakewell** (10). A few yards east of Longnor the road comes again into full view of the Dove valley, which, after a steep descent of half a mile, it crosses at *Crowdcote Bridge*. Ascending by a couple of zigzags on the other side, it commands a charming general view down the valley. Dullness succeeds as far as *Monyash*, before reaching which village we cross the High Peak Junction Railway at *Hurdlow Station* (public-ho.), and the Buxton and Ashbourne main road. The appearance of **Monyash** (Inns: *Bull's Head, Golden Lion*) is much more suggestive of the last than of the first syllables of its name. Business, as people will tell you, is not brisk hereabouts. The church has a cracked tower and a nodding spire. Inside there is a singular arrangement of the three *sedilia*, which rise in steps. They are Trans. Norman, having round arches and tooth-ornament. Beyond the village the road continues over the dull upland, broken only by the Lathkill valley, the whereabouts of which is noticeable on the right, until the descent is commenced about two miles short of Bakewell. Then a beautiful view across the Wye valley reveals itself, fully maintaining its interest until the town is entered. *For Bakewell, see p. 47.*

**The Lathkill.** Pedestrians should ask at Monyash to be directed to the sources of the *Lathkill*, about 2 miles distant, taking *Ricklow Dale* (p. 49)

on their way. Like so many of the rivers of limestone Derbyshire it spends its early infancy underground, and only emerges into the light of day when it has become a fairly sized stream. There is a track along its north side all the way to *Over Haddon*, a distance of about 3 miles. The dale is more fully described on p. 45. Suffice it here to say, that soon after its appearance the river enters a narrow, richly-wooded glen, which is little inferior in picturesqueness to the best of the Derbyshire dales. Emerging thence you follow the stream-side for about half a mile, and then climb by a steep winding road to the village of *Over Haddon*, at the farther end of which you may enjoy from the *Lathkill View Inn* a lovely prospect up and down the valley. Hence it is a short two miles over the hill to *Bakewell*, and a long two to *Youlgrave* by the river-side. There is also a pretty direct path to *Haddon Hall* ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  m.).

**Pedestrian Routes from Longnor to Dovedale.** (1.) *By Crowdecote Bridge, 1 m.; Hartington, 5; Beresford Dale, 6; Mill Dale Hamlet, 10; Izaak Walton or Peveril Hotel, 13. No inn between Hartington and the two hotels.*

Descend to *Crowdecote Bridge*, as in the foregoing route, and thence follow the cart-track on the east side of the river to *Hartington* (p. 72). The route is between green pastoral hills. From *Hartington* the footpath commences at a farm near the hotel, and crosses a level meadow till it reaches the river almost opposite the *Fishing House* at the north end of *Beresford Dale* (p. 71). A little further the path crosses the river only to recross it at the other end of the dale. Then it keeps to the left bank of the stream all the way to *Load Mill*,  $\frac{2}{3}$  m. short of *Mill Dale* hamlet. The route is fully described the reverse way on page 71. At *Mill Dale* the ordinary route (see below) from *Buxton* is rejoined.

(2.) *By Sheen:*—*Longnor to Harlington, 4½ m.* The road leaves the previous route just outside *Longnor*, and before the descent to *Crowdecote Bridge* is commenced. Thence, with the telegraph wire alongside, it proceeds high up above the *Dove* valley, over which it commands a charming view, enhanced by diverging for a quarter of a mile to the top of *Sheen Hill* which rises to the right of the road, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles on the way. *Sheen* itself is a finely situated village embowered in trees (Inn: *Staffordshire Knot*). The church was rebuilt by Mr. *Beresford Hope* in 1852, and fitted with the internal appointments of Margaret Street Chapel, London. From *Sheen* to *Harlington*, where we join the last-described route, we continue along the road, crossing the *Dove* half a mile short of *Hartington*.

The carriage-road from *Longnor* follows the line of the *Manifold*, which is separated from the *Dove* by the green hill-range culminating in *Sheen Hill*. In four miles it crosses the stream at the *Hulme End Inn*, and passes near to *Ecton Hill*, whereon is the famous copper-mine which in one year furnished a former Duke of Devonshire with the wherewithal to build the *Crescent* at *Buxton*. (For the *Manifold Valley Light Railway* to *Leek*, see p. 77.) The mine, whose principal shaft is 1,400 feet deep, is closed. There is nothing else noteworthy until we enter (14 m.) **Alstonefield** (Inns: *George*, etc.). Here we may take a peep into the church (key at the clerk's in the village), a building of mixed style, wherein are an ancient pew, erected by Charles Cotton, and a huge reading desk and pulpit.

The *Cotton pew* is at the E. end of the S. aisle. It is painted over, and looks very uncomfortable. The *East Window* is a memorial one to Sir George Crewe (d. 1844), the subject being the Crucifixion. Note also a monument to "Rogerus Farmer (d. 1682), nuperim vicarius." The organ, the chancel-fittings, and the roof of both chancel and choir are new, but the front pew opposite the pulpit bears date 1637.

**Thor's Cave** (charge 2d.). An active pedestrian may make a detour through *Wetton* to Thor's Cave before descending into *Dovedale*. The distance to the

cave and back to Mill Dale hamlet is about 5 m., and those who wish fully to appreciate Dovedale and to return by coach to Buxton will have little time to spare. The cave is described on page 70. It overlooks the Manifold, whose stream, a little lower down, gradually dwindles away in its limestone bed till it vanishes altogether, only to reappear at Ilam, after running underground for 3 miles. The gradual disappearance of this stream has sorely tried the neighbouring farmers, and the late Sir Thomas Wardle vainly attempted, by laying down concrete, to make the treacherous river-bed water-tight.

The direct **cycling route** from **Buxton** to **Ashbourne** (20 m.), continuing from Newhaven (p. 73), passes the *New Inn Hotel*, p. 63 (14½ m.) and *Fenny Bentley* (18 m.; *Coach and Horses*). The road is hilly and nearly all limestone.

For the path from **Alstonefield** to **Mill Dale** hamlet, where we are again alongside the Dove, follow the lane on the left-hand of the church for a short distance, and then turn into the fields close to a pond on the right. After one level field there is a steep drop to Mill Dale.

All this region is so fully described in our Dovedale section (pp. 67–71) that we shall only give an abstract of its chief features taken in this direction.

The beauty of the valley commences a mile south of Mill Dale hamlet, where the river bends to the right underneath the huge-mouthed caves called *Dore Holes* and enters Dovedale proper between two sheer crags (Ilam Rock, see p. 69). The view here is very striking. On the top of a cliff on the Derbyshire side is a square block called the *Watch Box*. Then the dale grows still narrower, and the path has only just room to thread the “*Straits*.” As the defile slightly expands again, we pass underneath *Reynard’s Cave*, a wide opening behind a natural archway, on the top of a steep slope of shingle. Then come, on the Derbyshire side, the exquisitely beautiful rocks called *Tissington Spires*; on the Staffordshire, the smaller isolated ones, to which the names *Dovedale Church* and the *Twelve Apostles* have been given. *Sharplow Point* succeeds, from which a lovely view up and down the dale is obtained, the southern vista being blocked by the pyramid of *Thorpe Cloud*. Underneath this hill we may cross either the stepping-stones or, a little way further, a foot-bridge to the base of the grassy slope on which the *Izaak Walton* stands, or we may ascend the grassy ravine to the left of Thorpe Cloud and in half a mile reach the *Peveril*. Any further spare time is best given to a visit to *Ilam*, a short mile from the *Izaak Walton*. For details, as well as for the return to Buxton, we must again refer our readers to the Ashbourne and Dovedale Section (pp. 61–71).

### Buxton to Tideswell, Eyam, Hathersage, Baslow, &c.

(Maps pp. 94, 120.)

*Buxton to Miller’s Dale Station* (rail or road), 6½ m.; *Tideswell (road)*, 10; *Eyam*, 15; *Stoney Middleton*, 16½; *Baslow*, 19; *Edensor*, 21; *Rowsley Station*, 25.

—*Eyam to Hathersage*, 5 m.; *Castleton*, 11.

—*Eyam to Sheffield* (by *Grindleford Station*, 3 m., and *Fox House*, 5), 13 m.; (by *Froggatt Edge* and *Fox House*), 14.

This is a pleasant excursion, the only dull part of it being that between Tideswell and Eyam. Carriages should either be taken the whole way from Buxton or written for to the *George Hotel*, Tideswell, to meet the train at

Miller's Dale Station, whence there is a public car to Tideswell (*see p. ii., Yellow Inset*) three or four times a day. A halt of two hours or so at Edensor will enable tourists to include Chatsworth in the day's excursion.

*The Route.*—From Buxton to Miller's Dale Station, both rail and road are the same as to Bakewell, the former (*p. 103*) throughout, and the latter (*p. 105*) for nearly 5 miles, the remaining  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles being by a sharp and interesting descent through *Sandy Dale*. An alternate and equally short route for pedestrians is to follow the course of the Wye the whole distance, through Ashwood Dale and Chee Dale, as described on page 96—a very beautiful valley-walk.

From Miller's Dale, where are two little wayside inns, the ascent by the old road, which saves half a mile, is steep. It commands a good view down Miller's Dale, but the stream has been sadly spoilt about here by the restrictions placed upon its free course for industrial purposes. Low down on our right hand is a small tributary valley called **Tideswell Dale**. Threaded by a sparkling streamlet which descends from Tideswell itself, carpeted with the brightest verdure, and flanked by perpendicular limestone crags, it forms the first part of a very pleasant up-and-down-hill walk from Tideswell to Monsal Dale (4 m.), Ashford (6), and Bakewell ( $7\frac{1}{2}$ ).

*Route continued, p. 116.*

## Tideswell.

(Map *p. 94.*)

—:o:—

**Inns:**—*George, Bull's Head, King's Head, Cross Daggers*, all near the church.  
**Height** above sea abt. 950 ft.

**Tideswell** (*pop. 1,985*) is itself a gray, irregularly built, and rather cheerless-looking village. Its one feature is its singularly beautiful **Church**, which is popularly known as the “Cathedral of the Peak,” and is certainly worthy of the title, Ashbourne alone perhaps surpassing it in architectural beauty.

**History.** The church dates from the latter half of the 14th century, when the Decorated style was on the wane and giving place to the Perpendicular. The body follows the former style, but for the tower—the last part built—the new style was adopted. “It is one of the earliest Perpendicular towers in England, before that style had been rendered faulty by excess of monotonous ornament.”

After a series of restorations—chiefly in 1873—the church was reopened by the Bishop of Southwell in 1905. The effect of the work is greatly enhanced by the exceptional skill displayed by a local artist, Mr. Advent Hunstone, whose screen-work and other carvings are amongst the most attractive features of the interior.

The shape of the church is cruciform, with a tower attached at the west end. Its most striking features *externally* are the massive turrets, eight in number, and crocketed pinnacles surmounting the tower, and in strong contrast with the unadorned simplicity of its lower part, and the large square-headed side-windows of the chancel. There is a west door in the tower, but this seems to have been an afterthought. The main entrance is by a *South Porch*, which has a groined roof and a parvise (or watching chamber). On each side

of it are the original consecration crosses. The dimensions of the church are: total length, 145 feet; width (nave and aisles), 56 feet; transept (north to south), 87 feet.

The chief features of the *Interior* are the windows, the chapels, and the monuments. The *East Window* is a particularly fine "Jesse," retaining its old Dec. tracery, but with modern glass by Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne, of London. Besides the main subject, which includes the Saviour in Glory, in the middle light, the history of John the Baptist is depicted in the outer ones. Note also the *window* of the *S. transept* given by John Bower Brown, Esq., in 1873. The subject is Christ and the Evangelists. Under the tower is a fine groined roof, and at the west end the *Font*, which is coeval with the church. The transept contains three *Chapels*—one in the north arm, two in the south. The first-named—*St. Mary's*—is a Guild Chapel founded by Sir J. Foljambe by licence of Edward III., confirmed by Richard II. It contains the organ. The old *oak stalls* were removed into this chapel from the chancel, and the present choir-stalls have been placed in the centre of the transept. We may here notice the exquisite carving of the screens. That separating the nave from the choir is original except the top part, but those in the transept are quite modern, having been executed by the local artist, to whose beautiful work allusion has already been made.

Of the two chapels in the S. transept the nearer to the centre is the *Litton (Lytton) Chapel*, which formerly belonged to the ancestors of Bulwer Lytton. Close by, in the S. aisle, is a perfect brass of Robert de Lytton and wife (1488). The other is the *De Bower Chapel*, restored in 1873 by Mr. Bower Brown, who also restored the legend round the recumbent effigies of Sir Thurstan de Bower and his wife (about 1395), which occupy a corner of it. Notice, too, on the wall, a Jacobean tablet to Thomas Statham, who raised a troop for Charles I. against the "impious regicide" Cromwell.

In this transept are two *piscinas*. The N. transept contains one. The richly carved pulpit and lectern are new. The chief figure on the former is that of the patron saint, John the Baptist.

The *Chancel* (62½ by 26 ft.) is paved with black (Ashford marble) and white stone with some green border-tiles. At its E. end the original reredos—of stone—is approached by six broad steps. Notice the open cabinet-carving on each side of it, and the two niches. It stands five feet away from the eastern wall, and behind it is a sacristy. The sedilia and *piscina* display beautiful tracery.

There are three important *monuments* in this part of the church:—that of Sir John Foljambe (*d.* 1358). The brass is modern, the original one having been lost nearly two centuries ago, and the legend round it records the beneficence of the deceased towards this particular church—"qui multa bona fecit circa fabrificationem hujus ecclesiæ." The position of the tomb, too—close by the altar—supports the assumption that Sir John was the real builder of the chancel, if not of the whole church.

The next tomb is that of Bishop Pursglove (*d.* 1579), with the Peak.

original brass. He was suffragan Bishop of Hull and founder of the Tideswell Grammar School. The brass represents him in the full sacerdotal vestments of pre-Reformation times.

Larger than either of the above, and occupying almost the centre of the chancel, is the slab-tomb in Purbeck marble of Sir Sampson Meyerill (*d.* 1462)—a restoration, or almost a renewal. In the centre of the slab is an allegorical presentment of the Holy Trinity, and on the surrounding brasses a description of “doughty deeds” wrought in the French War under the Duke of Bedford, in which Sir Sampson is credited with having taken part in “eleven great battles.” A date which appears on this tomb will puzzle most visitors. Close to the altar-rails is a Credence Table. A memorial brass to the late vicar, Canon Andrew, was unveiled by the Bishop of Shrewsbury on November 11th, 1901. The following is the inscription:—“We thank Thee, O Lord, for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith & fear, & especially for Samuel Andrew, Prebendary of Lichfield, & afterwards of Southwell Cathedral, & for 35 years vicar of Tideswell & Rural Dean, the lover & restorer of this Church, the builder of hamlet churches & schools in this parish, who entered into rest on Easter Eve, April 14th, 1900. This tablet also marks the grateful love of his people for one whose heart and hand were ever ready to relieve the suffering, and who was the true pastor & father of his flock. ‘Well done, good & faithful servant.’”

A small brass has been placed in each of the hamlet churches—Wardlow, Litton, Cressbrook, and Miller’s Dale.

In the churchyard is the tomb, restored in 1891, through the exertions of Mr. Horace Weir, a well-known Derbyshire journalist, of one of Tideswell’s celebrities, **Samuel Slack**, a great singer, whose talent was first noticed by Georgina, Duchess of Devonshire. He sang before George III. “Uncouth in gait and fond of his pipe and glass though he was, Slack had an angel’s voice, and whether in simple ballad or grand oratorio, thrilled the heart.”—*Pendleton*. He died in 1822, aged 65.

At **Whiston**,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  m. west by north of Tideswell, there is an interesting mediaeval cross, with mutilated but still very realistic carving.

*Route continued.*—The direct route from Tideswell to Stoney Middleton runs nearly a mile south of our present road, but its adoption involves the loss of Eyam, a thing not to be thought of. It is easy, however, to cross at several points from one road to the other, as will be seen from the map opposite *p.* 120. The best way is to turn square to the left a mile short of Stoney Middleton.

Half a mile beyond the town we reach *Tideswell Lane Head* (public-ho.), whence roads diverge in every direction. Ours continues straight on for another half-mile, and then bends to the right, soon passing— $\frac{1}{4}$  m. on the left hand—the *village* and *Edge of Great Hucklow*. At **Foolow** (3 m. beyond Tideswell) are a modern Cross and a small inn or two. The heights of *Eyam Moor* now rise on the left, and on the same side,  $\frac{1}{2}$  m. beyond Foolow, we pass close to a curious scene. Into a deep hollow encompassed by limestone crags and without any visible outlet, a streamlet descends over three horizontal ledges, after which the water, when there is any, at

once vanishes underground. This is called emphatically *The Water-fall*. The stream reappears again in the limestone defile of Middleton Dale. In another  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles we enter the celebrated village of

### Eyam.

(Pronounced "Eem." Map opp. p. 120.)

**Inns:**—*Bull's Head, Miner's Arms, etc.*

**Postal Address:**—“Eyam, Sheffield.” Box closes abt. 5.30 (*Sun.* also) and 7. *Del.* 8.30 (*Sun.* also).

This village is beautifully situated high up above and about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles distant from the Derwent valley. Two circumstances have made it notorious from one end of the country to the other—the fearful calamity which overtook it two centuries ago, and the self-denying heroism which the inhabitants displayed under the visitation. It is this remarkable combination of natural and historic interest which draws so many visitors to it now-a-days. The plague broke out in the summer of 1665, and is supposed to have been imported in some goods sent by a tailor from London. It raged through the autumn of 1665; then there was a lull, till the dog-days of 1666 brought it back with redoubled virulence. The most terrible time was the August of the latter year, during which month 79 villagers fell victims to the pestilence. In several instances whole families were swept away. To avoid the contagion spreading, a cordon was drawn round the village, within which strangers were forbidden to enter and inhabitants were bound to remain. To the credit of the latter, we are told there were not more than two instances of the prohibition being disregarded. Food was brought every morning to appointed places on the cordon, and fetched by the villagers during the day, the Duke of Devonshire taking the lead in arranging for a sufficient supply. The hero of the time was the clergyman, Mompesson by name, who, by authority, entreaty, and encouragement, induced his people to imitate his extraordinary example of self-denial and to abide the issue. His wife, who also stuck to her post and her husband, succumbed in the second year. When the plague ceased in October 1666, there were but 91 \* survivors out of a population of 350. Amongst these survivors was, strange to say, one Marshall Howe, described as a man of immense strength and stature, whose ghastly occupation, undertaken, it is said, from motives by no means unselfish, was that of burying the bodies of such as had none of their own family left to perform the office. For a full and well-written account of this fearful event consult Wood's “History of Eyam,” which may be obtained in the village.

The chief object of interest in Eyam is the **Church**, which is pleasantly situated in the higher part of the village. It dates from the 13th and 15th centuries, and consists of a pinnacled tower, chancel, and nave. Two beautiful stained-glass windows were placed in the chancel in June 1900, in memory of the Rev. John Green, who

\* According to the inscription on Cath. Mompesson's tomb this number should be further reduced to 33.

was rector of Eyam for 25 years, and by whose exertions the historic church, which had fallen into a sad state of dilapidation, was restored in 1868 under supervision of Street, the architect of the Law Courts, and the south aisle in 1882. Over the south doorway is a sun-dial, which will deeply interest the meteorologist, however much it may puzzle ordinary people. The churchyard contains two objects which cannot fail to interest the tourist—a famous *Saxon Cross* (probably 9th century, 6 ft. of shaft missing) about eight feet high, embossed, like the one at Bakewell, with circles curiously working into each other and with figures of the Virgin and Child and angels; and the *tomb* of Catherine Mompesson, the devoted and ill-fated wife of the clergyman whose heroism we have already recorded. Both these memorials are near the south-east angle of the church—the latter, an altar-tomb, almost under a small yew-tree. Epitaph collectors will enjoy an hour's loitering in the churchyard,—e.g., one on the S. of the chancel :—

“In seven years time there comes a change  
Observe and here'll you'll see  
On that same day come seven years  
My husband's laid by me.”  
Anne Sellars, Jan. 15th, 1731  
Isaac Sellars, Jan. 15th, 1738.

The visitor should by all means take a peep at **Cucklet Church**, as a perforated limestone rock, close to the village, is called, from the fact that its arched recess served Mr. Mompesson for a pulpit, whence he could address his parishioners during the continuance of the plague without aggravating the risks of infection. His heroism is still commemorated by an annual service on this romantic spot on the last Sunday in August. It is reached through the iron gates on the left hand, a few yards west of the church. The key is kept at the hall opposite—itself an interesting old house of the Tudor period, with gargoyles instead of downspouts at the gables. The “church” overlooks a grassy dell which descends to the upper part of Middleton Dale. At the head of the dell is a narrow chasm called the *Salt Pan*.

The **Riley Graves**, as the tombstones of the Hancock family—seven in number, who were buried within eight days, August 3rd to 10th—are called, lie on the hill-side to the left of the Hathersage road, a good half-mile from the church. They are reached by a cart-track—the old Sheffield road: right of way disputed!—commencing  $\frac{1}{2}$  m. beyond the village with a gate and a stile, where the main road bends slightly to the right. The house of the Hancocks was near at hand, but is not traceable. The remains of the victims have been collected within one conspicuous stone enclosure, and each placed under a plain upright stone, except the father, who lies under a slab-tomb with the inscription :—

“Remember, man, as thou go'st by,  
As thou art now, even so was I;  
As I do now so thou must lye,  
Remember, man, that thou shalt die.”

The graves derive their name probably from the old place-name “Rye Field.”

Returning to the lane you should by all means continue the walk, bending to the right after passing through a gate close by, and taking a wooded track which affords from the top of a quarry a splendid view of the Derwent valley, and drops into the main road 300 yards N. of the square bend  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles from Eyam. From the bend you may reach Stoney Middleton by an old track in half a mile.

The road between Eyam and Stoney Middleton passes down Eyam Dale into the centre of Middleton Dale. There is a shorter path or bridle lane, but it misses the dale. For Stoney Middleton, and the route thence to Baslow and Rowsley, see p. 53.

**Eyam to Hathersage by Eyam Moor, 4 m.** During this walk you pass within a short distance of a Druid Circle, which would hardly be discoverable but for two posts set up to warn visitors against committing damage.

Take the footpath through the churchyard and at its end turn to the right along the road, which in a few yards curves rapidly to the left and climbs to the top of the moor. A hundred yards beyond the first road on the left you pass on the same side *Mompesson's Well*, the place appointed for the reception of food during the plague. It is in a grassy *cul-de-sac*, open to the road, and some 40 yards long. A long mile from Eyam you cross **Sir William Road** on to the open moor. This road, which rises in a bee-line for  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles from a height of 850 feet, just over the Derwent valley, to 1,324 feet, may have been named after Sir William Peverel (see pp. 31 and 157), or even been a road before that vassal of the Conqueror obtained the Peak District. In its highest part it crosses Sir William Hill. It was once the road from Tideswell and Peak Forest to Sheffield. For the *Druidical Stones* follow the track which proceeds most nearly in a straight line with your previous course, a little, perhaps, to the right of it; for Hathersage direct, the one that bends more decidedly to the right. From the former track you will in eight or nine minutes see the position of the circle a little way off on the right, from the posts alluded to. The stones are 9 in number and none of them of any height. From them you can regain the Hathersage track. From the moor the rich Derwent valley and the rocky Edges to the right of Hathersage compose a charming landscape. After passing through a wall, the track descends to a by-road which joins the main road  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles south of Hathersage. On the way the little *Hightow Valley*, rich in wood and pastureage, looks its best.

**Eyam to Hathersage** by high-road (5 m.), or to **Froggatt Edge** and **Sheffield** (13 m.). The first mile out of Eyam is along the southern slope of *Eyam Moor*, and commands a beautiful view on the right hand over that part of the Derwent valley in which Middleton Dale joins it. The eight-sided tower of Stoney Middleton church is its architectural feature. For (a) Sheffield take the field-track straight ahead where the road bends abruptly to the left ( $1\frac{1}{4}$  m. from *Eyam*). The track descends through two fields, and then enters the main road of the Derwent valley opposite the by-road to Froggatt. Continue the descent by this by-road, cross the Derwent by the Froggatt Bridge and ascend to the Sheffield road, which you reach a short distance left of the *Chequers Cottage*. Hence the distances are—*Chequers* to *Fox House Inn*,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  m.; *Whirlow Bridge Inn*, 7; *Sheffield*, 11. The view in ascending Froggatt Edge between the *Chequers* and *Fox House* is one of the finest in Derbyshire (see p. 128). **Cyclists** will travel by Grindleford Bridge and Station. (See p. vii, *Pink Inset*.)

(b) The Hathersage road joins the main road of the Derwent valley nearly a mile after the divergence of the footpath mentioned above. For a description of the rest of the route see p. 53.

For **Eyam to Abney**, see p. 54.

## NORTHERN SECTION: CASTLETON AND KINDER SCOUT DISTRICT.

(*With Approaches from Sheffield and Manchester.*)

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### Sheffield.

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**Hotels:**—*Grand*, Leopold St.; *Victoria*, at Gt. Central Station; *King's Head*, *Maunce*, *Angel*, *Talbot*, *Royal* (Waingate), *Imperial*, *Westminster*, *Blaek Swan*, *Albany* (*Temp.*), etc., 7–10 min. walk from stations; *Midland Station*, close by Midland Station.

**P.O.**, Haymarket; *Box closes (for Scotland, Ireland, and N.W. Counties)* 8 p.m. (*other parts*) 10.30 p.m. **Tel. Off.** open always.

**Stations:**—*Midland*, *Victoria* (Gt. Central),  $\frac{2}{3}$  m. apart and  $\frac{1}{2}$  m. from centre of town.

For description of town see “*Yorkshire, Part. II.*”

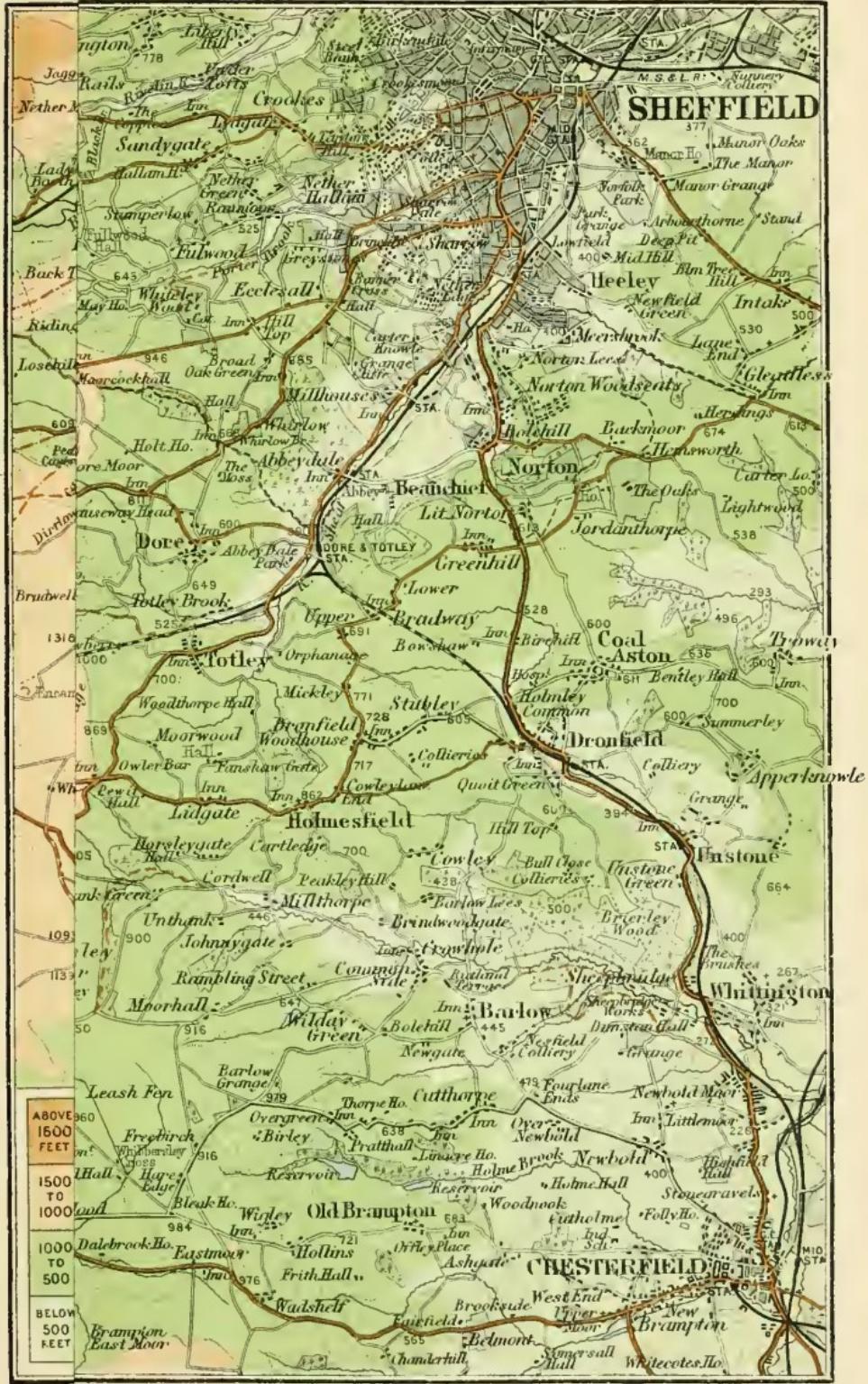
**General Remarks.**—Hitherto it has not been fashionable with guide-book writers to associate Sheffield in any way with the Peak District. That industrious class of public benefactors has shunned not only the town itself, but also every highway and by-way by which the country they have written about is connected with it. We shall so far fall in with established custom as to confine our description of the cutlery metropolis within the narrowest limits.

To the tourist the city is too black to be delectable, and except by the Midland from the south, it is seen at its worst by those entering it by rail. The erection, however, of a very fine *Town Hall* (opened by Queen Victoria in 1897), and the widening of its principal thoroughfare, have rendered it more worthy of its high repute in the country. Still it has been not inaptly described as “a dirty picture in a beauteous frame.”

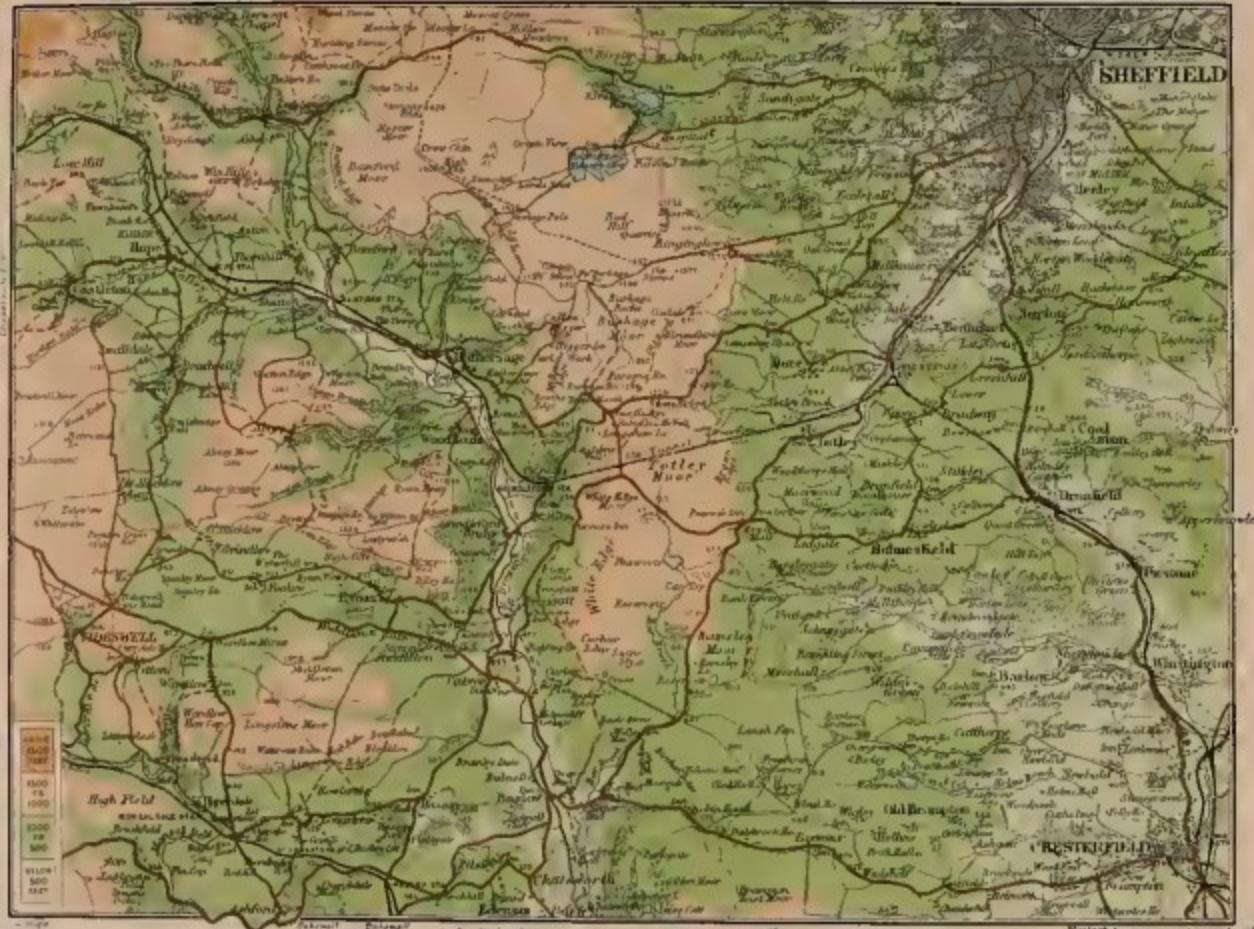
The **chief sights** are:—The Parish Church, the Town Hall, the Mappin Art Gallery, the Ruskin Museum, the University, the great steel works, and the chief cutlery and silver and electro-plating establishments.

Nevertheless, Sheffield is a most convenient and remunerative starting-point for the Peak District. The moment its smoke-vomiting chimneys and ugly red-brick streets are left behind, the tourist's interest commences. He forgets at once “the spreading of the hideous town.” Luckily, it does not spread in this direction. Whether he climb the hills or thread the valleys leading into Derbyshire, the town disappears at once, and no indication of its existence remains except its suburbs. Finer ones no city in England, not even Bristol, possesses. All the roads lead gently up to the summit-ridge of that long line of upland which, dropping abruptly into the valley of the Derwent, affords a series of the finest landscapes in the centre of England, and brings before the eye at one

## SECTION MAP N°4



SECTION MAP N° 4



*coup* the full beauty of the Peak District. This peculiar lie of the hills striking westwards in the direction of the best scenery gives a special piquancy to the views which is not to be obtained by approaching the district from any other direction. Pedestrians may choose among a dozen routes more or less interesting, either from the city itself or from neighbouring stations on the Great Central, and carriage-folk may either hire or avail themselves of the coaches which ply daily in the summer between Sheffield and the favourite resorts of the Derwent valley at fares not exceeding  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$  a mile. On p. 124 we give a list of the different routes by which the district is reached from Sheffield.

For **Cycling**, see *Pink Inset*. Cyclists will find it hard work getting to the top of the moor from Sheffield. The most enjoyable route is by Froggatt Edge. (*Cyclists*, see also p. 130.)

## APPROACHES FROM SHEFFIELD.

### SHEFFIELD TO BUXTON AND MANCHESTER.

—:o:—

See General and Sectional Maps.

Sheffield (*Midland*) to Grindleford Bridge,  $9\frac{1}{2}$  m.; Hathersage, 11; Bamford, 13; Hope (for Castleton),  $14\frac{1}{2}$ ; Edale,  $19\frac{1}{2}$  (—Chapel-en-le-Frith,  $25\frac{1}{2}$ ; Buxton, 30); Chinley,  $25\frac{1}{2}$ ; Marple, 32; Stockport, 37; Manchester, 46.

This line was opened in 1894. Though little more than 20 miles in length, it involved such engineering difficulties as even the Midland have seldom encountered. Even the cyclist has found the long and almost continuous six or seven miles' rise out of Sheffield to the summit-level of the moors a rather trying commencement for a day's enjoyment. The Dore and Chinley line, besides affording an alternative route between the south of Yorkshire and Manchester, has opened out the most delightful part of the North Peak district—the most charming in the central counties of England—as a holiday-ground to Sheffield and Manchester, and places the villages on the route within easy access of both those centres of industry. Hitherto, except to the pedestrian, cyclist, or carriage-hirer, there had been no access from Manchester, and only coach accommodation from Sheffield. This coach accommodation enables visitors to enter the recesses of the Peak District from its most effective view-points, as will be seen from our descriptions (pp. 124–137), and the railway, which passes under these view-points by the second longest tunnel in England, has not, we are glad to say, in any way interfered with the excellent service of coaches hitherto maintained.

The **Dore and Chinley Railway** was started by an independent company in 1884, but failed to receive adequate support. The Midland Company then took it up, and have made it as fine a line as is to be seen in the country. The greatest gradient is 1 in 100. Out of the 20 miles of its course,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  are through tunnel; the intervening part threads three of the fairest valleys of the Peak—Derwent Dale, Hope Dale, and Edale.

The places of interest are described in various parts of the book, as referred to below. From Sheffield to **Dore and Totley** (4 m.) on p. 126. Here the new line begins, sweeping round to the right, mostly through cuttings, and passing below and to the right of the village of *Totley*. Then it enters the *Totley tunnel*, which is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles long. The exact measurement of the ten longest tunnels in the country is as follows :—

	m. yds.
<b>Severn</b> , between Bristol and S. Wales (G.W.R.) ... ... ...	4 636
<b>Totley</b> , Sheffield and Manchester (M.R.) ... ... ...	3 950
<b>Staudedge</b> , Manchester and Leeds (L. & N.W.) ... ... ...	3 60
<b>Woodhead</b> , Sheffield and Manchester (G.C.R.) ... ... ...	3 17
<b>Sodbury</b> (G.W.R.) ... ... ... ... ...	2 913
<b>Disley</b> (M.R.) ... ... ... ... ...	2 346
<b>Bramhope</b> , Leeds and Harrogate (N.E.R.) ... ... ...	2 234
<b>Medway</b> (S.E. & C.R.) ... ... ... ...	2 220
<b>Festiniog</b> (L. and N.W.) ... ... ... ...	2 206
<b>Cowburn</b> , Sheffield and Manchester (M.R.) ... ... ...	2 182

In this direction the passage is collar-work almost all through the tunnel, and the time occupied is from 6 to 7 minutes. A little more than half that time suffices for the reverse route. Issuing into daylight again, we at once reach (9 m.) Grindleford, important as the place of exit for Eyam (3 m.; p. 117), Stoney Middleton ( $2\frac{3}{4}$  m.; p. 53); Baslow ( $5\frac{1}{2}$  m.; p. 52), and Chatsworth (7 m.; p. 23). The village (*see below*) is  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile from the station. There is, however, a new and very good hotel, the *Maynard Arms*, 4 to 5 minutes' walk from the station, and a smaller, the *Commercial Hotel*, in the village. Hence, too, by the road described on p. 130, *Fox House Inn* is  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles distant. The walk thither and down to *Hathersage* (5 miles in all) is very fine, or you may save two miles and get the cream of it by taking the path direct to the "Surprise," as marked on the map. Conveyances (6d.) run between Grindleford Station and Eyam; also to Baslow (1s.; 1s. 6d. ret.), Chatsworth (p. 23).

**Grindleford**, nestling delightfully at the foot of densely wooded hills, has charms of its own for the tourist. Footpaths abound, of which the following are only a sample. Behind the station, follow the Burbage brook upstream, a series of sparkling falls through a fine wood. The path leads eventually to the Sheffield and Hathersage road. Instead of leaving the station by the road, go up the shrubbery path to the left, past the booking-office; where the main road is crossed, look out for two rough steps in the wall, and continue to the top of the moor—woods and superb views all the way. Another path (recently pronounced a right of way) starts just below the Maynard Arms, and a third route to the same upper road is by way of the lane on the left near the church. The path by the Derwent to Hathersage is a very fine river walk, and a divergence can be made to Padley Chapel (p. 133). An attractive woodland path to Froggatt Wood and Froggatt Edge starts on the left, a little short of Grindleford Bridge on the way from the station (for the Edge, see p. 128). Return by Froggatt, noticing the quaint o'd

bridge and the noble wych elm, standing some 50 yards away in the lane west of the bridge. The walk to the beautiful woods of the Magelough, by the path starting opposite the old tan-yard, and that to Hathersage leaving the road up Sir William at the end of a mile and passing the Stone Circle (mentioned on p. 119), are also well worth taking. Visitors desirous of exploring the neighbourhood more thoroughly should seek the advice of Mr. Platt at the Home School, Grindleford.

The scenery between Grindleford Station and Hathersage is of the most charming character, and viewed to admiration from the railway, which proceeds on a gentle decline. Southwards we look down to the village of Grindleford Bridge and the road which ascends thence to Eyam; westward on the left, just below, is one of the loveliest reaches of the Derwent valley (p. 132)—a richly wooded dingle, and in the left front, the opening of the Hope valley with Win Hill on its right, and Mam Tor (the “Shivering Mountain”) at its head. The beautiful Highlow glen, leading to the upland hamlet of Abney, is seen to great advantage; while on our right, heathery slopes, broken by huge bluffs of grit-stone, rise steeply to the moorland wastes. The bridge at Lead-mill by which the main road crosses the Derwent, just south of Hathersage, is a little gem in the landscape.

**Hathersage** (11 m., p. 132) is not a particularly attractive village, but its church, with Stanage Edge in the background, makes a pretty picture. Beyond it we continue in almost a straight line to **Bamford** (13 m.; p. 133), where the station is  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile south of the village (*Angler's Rest and Ye Derwent Arms Rest*). There is also a comfortable hotel, the *Marquis of Granby*, with a pleasant lawn, on the main Castleton road, close to the station. Morning dippers, too, will be glad to know that there is a capital place for a plunge within a few yards of the house, which is locally known as *Sickleholme*, possibly from the resemblance to the shape of that implement in the course of the river on either side Mytham Bridge,  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile beyond the hotel.

This is the station for **Ashopton** (3 m.; p. 137). Pedestrians will also find it convenient for **Bradwell** (3 m.; p. 164), to which village, however, Hope is rather nearer. Quitting Bamford, we cross the Derwent and look up the valley of that river between Win Hill and Bamford Edge. Mam Tor is conspicuous in front, with Lord's Seat rising to a greater height behind it, and the sharp ridge of which the most pronounced peaks are Back Tor and Lose (pron. “Loose”) Hill continuing it in a N.E. direction. Win Hill—a long level line with a peaky crest in the middle—monopolises the scene on our right, and Birchfield, the mansion of Edward Firth, Esq., adorns its slope.

**Hope Station** is  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile short of the *village of Hope* (p. 134). Hence ‘buses run to **Castleton** and **Bradwell** (2 m.; 4d. each way) in connection with almost, if not quite, every train.

For the road from Hope to Castleton, see p. 134. It is level

throughout. The chimney, to which we have more than once alluded in uncomplimentary terms, has happily at length come down. The prominent house on the right, beyond it, is Lose Hill Hall. At Castleton, the chief inns—*Castle*, *Bull's Head*, and *Nag's Head*—are in the centre of the village, near the church; the *Cheshire Cheese* and *Peak*, at the east (Hope) end of it. (*For description of town, castle, and inns, see p. 157.*) The *Peak Cavern* is close by at the west end of the village, the *Speedwell*,  $\frac{3}{4}$  m. away at the foot of the Winnats, and the *Blue John* to the left of the highroad to Chapel-en-le-Frith,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  m. by road and path.

From Hope, the line bends more northwards, and passes up the valley of the *Noe* between Win Hill and Lose Hill, while in the left front the frowning and furrowed edges of Kinder Scout become conspicuous. Then, approaching Edale End, we sweep sharply round to the left and proceed between that massive mountain and the sharp ridge which divides Edale from Hope Dale. In the latter the most conspicuous feature is the precipice of Back Tor.

**Edale** ( $4\frac{1}{2}$  m.; 800 ft.), or **Edale Chapel**, as it is called on the maps, lies at the foot of the deep trough of Grindsbrook, the edge, Upper Tor, at the top of which is 1,981 feet above the sea. Down this wild clough comes a stream which might have tempted Southeby to practise his rhyming proclivities on such subjects. The village contains a striking new church and two good inns, the *Nag's Head* and the *Church Inn*,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile from the station and of great acceptance with sportsmen (*see p. 148.*).

Hence, following a straight course, we cross the Castleton and Edale track, and bid farewell to the *Noe*, which comes down from Edale Head and Jacob's Ladder on the right, plunging at the highest point on our route (865 ft.), into the **Cowburn tunnel**, over 2 miles in length, and in another two miles joining the main line (Derby and Manchester) a mile short of **Chinley Station**. By the Buxton curve **Chapel-en-le-Frith**, the first station, is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles beyond the tunnel. The rest of the route to Buxton is described on p. 144.

### Coach Routes to Derwent Valley.

- Sheffield to Baslow**, by **Fox House** (or Owler Bar) and **Froggatt Edge**, 15 m.; returning direct by **Owler Bar**,  $12\frac{1}{2}$  m.  
 " **Hathersage**, via **Ashopton**; returning via **Fox House**, 27 m.  
 " **Bamford**, by **Fox House** and **Hathersage**; returning via **Ladybower** and **Moscar**, 27 m. (*see p. ii, Yellow Inset.*)

### Other Routes.

- Sheffield to Baslow**, by **Fox House** and **Grimbleford Bridge**, (carriage-road), 15 m.  
 " **Ashopton**, by the **Manchester Road**,  $11\frac{1}{2}$  m.  
 " **Redmires**, **Ringinglow**, and **Fox House**; returning direct, 23 m.

**Sheffield to Hathersage, by Ringinglow (pedestrian route), 7 m.**  
 "       **Ashopton, by Redmires Reservoirs (do.), 9 m.**

*N.B.*—The distances are reckoned from Fitzalan Square at Sheffield, the starting-place of the above coaches, except the two last which are from the car termini. The various milestones seen on the way reckon from points from  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile nearer the outskirts of the town. At Baslow we have calculated to the principal inns, which are close to the entrance to Chatsworth Park, rather than to the village itself, which is half a mile further by the direct route from Sheffield, and half a mile nearer by the Froggatt Edge and Grindel-ford routes.

*Comparison of Routes.*—Of the above routes the finest are:—the one which drops into the Derwent valley from Fox House to Hathersage, and the one by Froggatt Edge, which, as our table shows, may be commenced by either the Owler Bar or Fox House road. These two form a kind of terrace-road descending smoothly but quickly beneath the sharp gritstone edges which abut on to the valley, of which they command complete and beautiful views in both directions. The direct road to Baslow *via* Owler Bar is far less interesting, because it drops to the Derwent valley through and not alongside of the hills, thus limiting the view on either hand to the ravine by which it descends, until it reaches the level of the valley close to Baslow itself. It is, however, the easiest for cyclists. The Ashopton road presents a very charming vista as it descends to Ladybower and Ashopton. The Ringinglow route is a deservedly favourite one with *pedestrians* not only from its bracing character, but also for the views it commands nearly the whole way, and especially for the fine descent into Hathersage from the highest ridge of rocks overlooking the village. The route by Redmires and Stanage Pole to Ashopton or Hathersage is of the same character as the last mentioned in so far as it is a kind of ridge walk until the descent commences, but it is neither so picturesque nor so enjoyable. The Grindleford Bridge route descends through a charming glen from a little beyond Fox House, and is the best route to Eyam, presenting a lovely view as it ascends to that village from the Derwent valley. The new circular coach-tour by Hathersage and Lady Bower (*every aft., 2s. 6d., see p. ii. Yellow Inset*) affords one of the most charming rides in Derbyshire.

Besides the many public ways we have mentioned, there is quite a system of **private drives**, broad, green and velvety, across the moors. These drives where, as is often the case, they skirt the edges overlooking the Derwent valley, present a continual feast to the eye of the wayfarer. They belong to the Duke of Rutland, and can be walked over by privilege.

The only drawback to the beauty of these routes is colour. In this respect the millstone-grit formation, of which these hills almost entirely consist, compares ill with other mountain formations. Dull and insipid to begin with, it weathers a dark, dusky brown, which the liveliest play of sunshine can hardly quicken into cheerfulness. A casual observer might imagine that it was infected with the smoke of the neighbouring towns, but the sympathy thus displayed is, in reality, purely spontaneous. Smoke or no smoke, it is everywhere the same. Wherever the bracken grows plentifully there is a

constant relief to this colour-gloom, which the heather, when in flower, helps further to dissipate, though the latter does not show the same vigour and brilliancy of bloom which makes it dominate whole hill-sides in Scotland. Out of flower, it wears under a clouded sky an almost funereal aspect. However, the light green of the bilberry, the reddish hue of the dry grass in winter, and the varied tints of the woodlands which nestle in almost every little glen, go far to light up the picture, especially in late spring and autumn. In winter, again, those who are ready to face the genuine hardships of a long tramp across the frozen peat mosses will be well repaid by the beauty and strangeness of the great expanses of snow, the ice-bound edges draped with fantastic icicles, and the ethereal effects of mist and sunlight which are frequent in frosty weather and after the heavy snowstorms so common in the High Peak.

### Sheffield to Baslow, direct route by Owler Bar.

*Sheffield (New Market) to Abbeydale Hotel, Beauchief, 4½ m.; Dore & Totley Station, 4¾; Cross Scythes, Totley, 6½; Peacock Inn (Owler Bar), 8; Baslow, 12½.*

\* \* \* This is now used principally as a return route by public conveyances, the outward journey being by **Fox House**, or Owler Bar, and Froggatt Edge.

Pedestrians may save 4 miles by taking train (Mid. Sta.) to Dore and Totley. Cyclists will find this the easiest part of the ride.

Quitting Sheffield by the London road, we travel side by side with the River Sheaf and the Midland Railway as far as Dore and Totley Station. **Abbeydale**, along which our route lies, is so called from **Beauchief Abbey**, the remains of which, consisting of part of the western tower and a small portion of the nave, are situated about half a mile up the road which strikes to the left at the **Abbeydale Hotel**, close to Beauchief Station. The Abbey was founded about 1175 by Robert Fitz-Ranulph, Lord of Alfreton, for Premonstratensian or White Canons. As to whether the founder was one of the murderers of Thomas à Becket, doctors disagree. **Abbeydale** is rapidly losing its natural charms and becoming a suburb of **Sheffield**. Steep, wood-covered hills descend into the dale on the left, and on the right the ground commences to rise gradually for the moors which we are about to traverse. At **Dore and Totley** Station the Dore and Chinley branch strikes off to the right and runs parallel with the road for a short distance.

The long and low Gothic building opposite Dore Station is the *Licensed Victuallers' Asylum*, built in 1878, for the infirm members of their association. Nearly a mile beyond it, after crossing the new line, we commence the ascent for Owler Bar, passing in less than two miles the village of Totley, where the *Cross Scythes Inn* makes a decided pretence of the aesthetic about its exterior. The valley now on our right sinks low to Totley Bents, and a wide stretch of deeply troughed moorland hints at the character of the country we are about to traverse for the next few miles. A sharp pitch of the road brings us to **Owler Bar** and the *Peacock Inn*. The "Bar"

remains in name only, except at the inn. Here the road from Dronfield and Holmesfield, whose humpty-dumpty church has long been visible, perched high up on the hill, joins ours. From the *Peacock* there is a charming peep down Cordwell valley on the left, through which a country-lane leads to Sheepbridge and Chesterfield. Here also the moorland road to Fox House and Hathersage (*p. 127*) diverges.

We are now on the high-level of the moors, some 1,100 feet above sea-level. The air is bracing, but the scenery monotonous, and it is a relief when, a couple of miles further, we begin to wind down the rapidly deepening ravine which opens on to the Derwent valley at Baslow.

**By Curbar Edge to Calver, Stoney Middleton, and Eyam.** (*Calver*, 2½ m.; *Stoney Middleton*, 4; *Eyam*, 5½). An old cross-road, in parts grass-grown, turns to the right out of the highway, 600 yards or so beyond the tenth milestone. After a gradual ascent for half the distance, it reaches the top of *Curbar Edge*, whence a splendid view up and down the Derwent valley breaks upon the eye. At the very top, to the right of the road, is one of the old stone pillars which served as guides in the pack-horse days, before the moors were enclosed. It bears an inscription on all sides, the decipherer whereof would be more clever than ourselves. The rock-scenery to the right of the Edge is very wild.

At the top of the Edge the road is crossed by one of the Duke of Rutland's Drives (*p. 52*). It then makes an abrupt descent through the hamlet of *Curbar* into the Baslow and Hathersage road, which it enters close to the new *Church of Calver* and just opposite the *Bridge Inn* (*p. 129*). Hence to *Stoney Middleton* is 1½ and to *Eyam* 3 miles. This is a pleasant alternative route for those who are familiar with the main ones. (Path to Baslow under the Edge.)

Just beyond the divergence of the Curbar Edge route, one of the aforesaid grass-drives leads in a short mile to a sandstone cross inscribed "Wellington, 1866," whence there is a charming view down the Derwent valley (see *p. 52*). Behind it is the Eagle Stone, a huge isolated block.

Gritstone crags and boulders, lying in the most admired confusion now diversify the bare hill-side, and the new-born stream, babbling louder and louder as it leaps from stone to stone, is a doubly welcome fellow-traveller after the dead silence of the moor, broken only by the whirr and "quack—qu-r-r-r-r" of a disturbed grouse or two. Presently, **Baslow** with its numerous inns, and its handsome Hydropathic overlooking the village from an eminence on the right, appears below us. A few yards short of it is the main northern entrance to Chatsworth Park. For a description of the village, see *p. 52*. The inns in this part of it are the *Royal*, the *Wheatsheaf*, and *White's*, while a little further on the *Peacock*, with its trimly kept coat of ivy, offers equally good accommodation to those who wish to reach Chatsworth with as little delay as possible from this direction. Chatsworth House is a good mile from the entrance-gate, and besides the main drive there is a footpath to it from the loop of the road to the left beyond the inns.

For a full description of Chatsworth, see *p. 23*.

### Sheffield to Baslow by Owler Bar and Froggatt Edge.

*Sheffield (New Market) to Owler Bar (Peacock Inn), 8 m.; Chequers Cottage (Froggatt Edge), 12½; Calver (Bridge Inn), 14; Baslow Village, 15½; Baslow (entrance to Chatsworth), 16.*

Pedestrians may save 1 miles by taking train (Mid. Sta.) to Dore and Totley, to which point the road is almost level, and beyond which is the *easiest* road from Sheffield into the Derwent valley.

This route is the same as the last one as far as *Owler Bar*. An old finger-post opposite the inn here is worth inspection. It directs as far as Manchester and Birmingham—very much ante-railway! Hence the road crosses the moor for nearly two miles in a north-westerly direction, and presents no feature of special interest until it turns to the left, and commences the descent into the Derwent valley, across which, at a bend a short  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile below the *Grouse Inn*, a very fine view is at once revealed up the Hope valley, in the direction of Castleton. Hathersage, in front of Win Hill, is seen far below, and Mam Tor rises in the background. Westwards, a road wonderfully made, straight as a die, and apparently steep as a house-side, climbs the opposite hill. This is the old *Sir William Road* (p. 119), leading from Grindleford Bridge to Tideswell, over Eyam Moor. Gradually descending, we pass a way-side inn, and then swerve sharply to the right, so as to double the cliffs of **Froggatt Edge**. The view across and up the valley now becomes very beautiful. Above us impend the towering crags, and below, the hill, strewn with loose boulders, drops steeply to the river-side, beyond which more hills, broken by one densely wooded combe, rise with equal abruptness. Then the green pastures rising to Eyam appear, and a glimpse is caught of the limestone cliffs of Middleton Dale. The transition from gritstone to limestone about Eyam and Stoney Middleton is very sudden, and the character of the country undergoes a corresponding change. The gritstone escarpments crown the hills, the limestone ones are their footstool.

Half a mile short of the bottom of the valley is the **Chequers Cottage**, formerly an inn, and a favourite resort of pleasure-seekers. It is beautifully situated in a shady part of the road and overlooks a charming reach of the Derwent.

**Foot-road between the Chequers and Calver.** Pedestrians may save half a mile by taking a lane on the left hand about a mile beyond the "Chequers," and in another half-mile descending by a private road (*public footpath*) to the river-side. The private road rejoins the highway close to Calver Bridge.

**The Chequers to Eyam** (*foot-road*),  $2\frac{1}{4}$  m. Descend by the lane which commences a little north of the inn to Froggatt hamlet. Cross the Derwent by Froggatt Bridge, and proceed up the shady lane opposite, with Stoke Hall on the right hand, till you join the main road from Baslow to Hathersage. Cross this road and continue straight on by a footpath which ascends steeply through two fields, and then strikes into the Hathersage and Eyam high-road, a mile short of Eyam village. (For *Eyam*, see p. 117.) This route is all but straight from end to end. After entering the Eyam road it commands a fine view over Middleton dale and village.

Half a mile beyond the *Chequers* we cross the Derwent by *New Bridge*, as it is called, below which the free course of the unfortunate river has within the last few years been still further curbed for commercial purposes. There are footways on both sides of the bridge going direct to *Calver Bridge*. Our road makes a wide detour round a grassy knoll, joining the Hathersage and Baslow road at a

point whence those who wish to visit Stoney Middleton may take a field-path along the brook-side. In another  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, the high-road from Stoney Middleton converges, and the Bakewell road climbs the hill to the right. There is a small inn at the junction.

**Calver to Bakewell** ( $4\frac{3}{4}$  m.). The road ascends the narrow green valley which separates Longstone Edge from the heights between Chatsworth and Bakewell. In about 2 miles it reaches the village of **Hassop**, shady and picturesque (and also a pleasant path to Rowland village and across the fields), with a hall which was garrisoned for the king in the Parliamentary war. A road branches off to the right here for *Longstone Village*, (1 $\frac{1}{2}$  m.; p. 50), beyond which it reaches in another mile the Bakewell and Tideswell road at a point from which there is a very beautiful view of Monsal Dale (p. 104).

From Hassop village the road descends to **Hassop Station** (*good inn*) where it crosses the railway, and in another  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles passes over the Wye Bridge into *Bakewell* (p. 47).

Passing to the left of *Calver*, we cross the Derwent again, close to a huge mill. On the other side of the bridge are the new *Church* of Calver and the *Bridge Inn*. The rest of the road to **Baslow** along the east side of the Derwent needs no description. The village is entered close to the Derwent bridge and the church. The situation of the latter, close to the river-side, and encompassed by lime-trees, is extremely picturesque. The fabric is three centuries old, and is remarkable for its short, stumpy tower. Considerable additions have lately been made. The principal Baslow inns (p. 52) are  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile further, on the Sheffield road, and close to the entrance to Chatsworth. Here, however, are the *Prince of Wales* and the *Rutland Arms*.

### Sheffield to Hathersage, Eyam, and Castleton.

*Sheffield to Fox House*, 8 m.; *Hathersage*, 11; *Mytham Bridge*, 13; *Hope*, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ ; *Castleton*, 17.

—*Mytham Bridge to Ashton or Ladybower*, 3.

A very interesting drive or walk all the way. The descent from Fox House to Hathersage affords one of the finest prospects to be obtained from any carriage-road in the country. Except for this particular view, which should be missed by no tourist who wishes to return home with a correct appreciation of the district he is visiting, the alternative route herein described by Ringinglow is a preferable one for pedestrians.

Quitting Sheffield by the Ecclesall road, and through the brick blight of the new Ecclesall arm of the city, where many once pleasant views are now utterly destroyed, we pass for more than a mile along the dead level of the *Porter valley*. On the left is the pleasant suburb of *Sharow*, and on the right, as soon as we begin to ascend, the statelier mansions of *Rammoor* come into view. Between them and ourselves we leave the Porter as it debouches from its prettily wooded little glen, a favourite strolling-ground with Sheffielders. Ecclesall church (recently restored) is the mother-church of a considerable part of Sheffield.

**Sheffield to Hathersage by Ringinglow**, 10 m. The Ringinglow road (the old road to Manchester) strikes to the right out of the main Hathersage road a few yards short of Ecclesall Church, which it passes on the left hand. It maintains a high level all the way to Ringinglow and, during the leafy season of the year, commands a very attractive retrospect over the Porter valley and the Rammoor suburb. At **Ringinglow** ( $5\frac{1}{2}$  m.; Inn: *Norfolk Arms*), it enters the moorland. There is an old road (to the left good views), now little better than a cart-track, leading directly over the moor from Ringinglow to Fox House (2½ m.). This road to Hathersage, though rough in its latter part, will repay the cyclist who is not wedded to motor routes, and cares for fine views.

From Ringinglow we proceed for 2 miles along a road, now little used for vehicular traffic, to *Upper Burbage Bridge*, whence a view opens southwards down the wild Burbage valley. On the right of it rises the rocky wilderness which contains the old British fort called **Carl Wark** and **Higgar Tor**. Cael or Carl Wark gives unmistakable evidence of the purposes which it once served, but there is nothing whatever artificial about the appearance of Higgar Tor. The latter height is easily reached from the road about half a mile beyond Burbage Bridge, and the detour to it should be made, not only for the closer inspection of the fantastic rocks which constitute it, but also for the fine view commanded by it to the west and south. In the former direction, the Castleton valley, extending to Mam Tor, is seen, and in the latter, the richly wooded stretch of the Derwent valley between Hathersage and Baslow. From it, on the right, a direct descent may be made to Hathersage by a rough road, down a steep wood-girt valley. Between Burbage Bridge and Hathersage there are obvious short cuts.

Leaving *Ecclesall Church* on our right, we proceed for 2 miles to **Whirlow Bridge** where our road enters Derbyshire. Here is a good inn by the side of *Whirlow*, or rather "Limb," *Brook*.

**Limb Brook** descends from the higher ground on the right-hand side, near Ringinglow, through the sweetest dingle within five miles of any large town in England. The path through it leading up to Ringinglow ( $1\frac{3}{4}$  m.) used to afford a most delightful walk. It is now, unfortunately, closed.

From Whirlow Bridge the road continues an upward course, passing **Dore Moor Inn**, and affording a wide view over Abbeydale on the left hand. The church-tower about a mile to the left is that of Dore, and the squat little one on the top of the high ridge beyond it, Holmesfield. At the bottom of the valley the railway may be seen entering the Dronfield tunnel. As we proceed the country becomes more and more wild. We shall probably hear the qu-r-r-r of a grouse or two, and we cross here and there a deepening ravine. At the very highest part of the road, in the bleakest position imaginable, and 1,254 feet above sea-level, stands the old *Stony Ridge* toll-house, the latest abolished on these roads. The last keeper of it was a character. He seldom left his eyrie—"There's so many draughts i' Sheffield," he said, "I allers catches cold." Hence a view opens up in front to Eyam Moor, Mam Tor, and the Kinder Scout ridge, with Higgar Tor and Carl Wark nearer at hand on the right. A slight descent leads to the time-honoured **Fox House Inn**.

**Fox House to Baslow by Froggatt Edge.** This route joins the one from Sheffield to Baslow by Owler Bar (p. 126) in  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile.

**Fox House to Grindleford Bridge**,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  m., and **Eyam**, 5. This road, branching to the left a few yards beyond Fox House, passes *Longshaw*—a shooting-box of the Duke of Rutland—and descends by the *Burbage Brook*,

through one of the sweetest little glens in Derbyshire—wood, rock, and fern fringing the road on both sides during half the descent. A mile from Fox House a gate opens on to a green track running parallel with the road. From this you may in a few hundred yards descend and cross the stream by the second wooden bridge, ascending again on the other side to the *Surprise* (p. 132), or, on re-entering the road, you may take a cart-track to the right and go by the old chapel of Padley and the river-side to *Grindelford*. The tunnel of the Dore and Chinley railway, which begins at Totley, comes out just below the road,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles beyond Fox House, at **Grindelford** station.

From **Grindelford Bridge** (*Maynard Arms Hotel*, also *Commercial* close to railway station) the road rises rapidly, enters the main road of the valley—from Hathersage to Baslow—quits it again in half a mile, and then ascends to a sharp corner  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles short of Eyam, overlooking Stoney Middleton and the Derwent Valley.

From a point 300 yards short of this corner and 230 beyond the end of a wood on the right, the old road—now a rough lane—strikes up to Eyam,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  m. From a quarry near its highest point, the view to the left is very fine. Beyond this, after passing through a wood, we have on the right a field in which, within a stone-wall enclosure are the **Riley Graves** (p. 118). Thence a pleasant descent takes us into the main road again and so to Eyam.

From Fox House the Hathersage road turns abruptly to the right, and after descending for half a mile crosses *Lower Burbage Bridge*. During the descent some exceedingly bold rock-scenery appears in front. Its culminating ridge is **Higgar Tor**—a corruption according to an enthusiastic writer on Derbyshire scenery of Hu-Gaer, “the city of God.” Cavillers at this derivation should bethink themselves of Ben Ledi, in Perthshire, which is thought by many to mean the “Hill of God,” and upon which, we are told, the worshippers of the god “Bel” were wont to receive from their Druids the “need-fire” annually on midsummer day. The Ordnance surveyors used to regard the huge and strangely placed blocks of gritstone which crown the summit of Higgar Tor, as “Druidical Remains,” and though their present arrangement, however extraordinary, has nothing artificial in its appearance, favourers of the Druidical theory might have gathered a grain of comfort from the apparently analogous case of Ben Ledi which we have quoted. Higgar Tor, which, by the way, is best visited from the Ringing-low route to Hathersage (p. 130), is recognisable from our present route by the circumstance of its highest block being arched so as to admit daylight through it.

Between Burbage Bridge and Higgar Tor, and approached either by the green drive, a little short of the bridge, or by a footpath just a little beyond it, is a lower group of rocks which, on close examination, betray much stronger evidence of human interference. This is **Carl Wark** (pron. *walk*; derivation very uncertain), said to be an ancient British stronghold. Oblong in shape, it covers several acres of ground. To the north and east nature has built impregnable buttresses of rock, but westwards the rampart is almost entirely artificial, consisting of uncemented boulders, at the south end of which is an entrance between the débris of two walls. There are two short cuts from Carl Wark to Hathersage by roughish roads, but both miss the view-point we are about to describe. The tracks

to Carl Wark, by-the-bye, are by grace and not by right, and trespass is not always winked at.

A few yards from the bridge, on the right of the road, is the *Toad's Mouth*—a block of gritstone bearing before and behind a marvellous likeness to that interesting reptile.

From Burbage Bridge, our road turns south-west again, and rises slightly for nearly a mile. Then, at a sudden turn to the right between two rocks called **Millstone Edge Nick** or the "Surprise," there bursts upon the eye the handsomest view in the **midland counties**. The main features are Hope Dale, wide and pastoral, in front, and the valley of the Derwent, narrow and beautifully wooded, reaching far away to the south. Between the two is a sylvan V-shaped glen down which the Highlow brook flows to its confluence with the Derwent. The principal hills are Win and Lose Hill on the right of Hope Dale, the narrow ridge of the latter stretching westwards to Mam Tor, behind which rises a still loftier ridge, uniting it with Kinder Scout; Offerton Moor, between the Hope and Highlow valleys; Eyam Moor south of the latter, and the long line of edges flanking the Derwent on the east. In the foreground green meadows slope steeply to the river-side and here again as we look down upon a beautiful reach of the river spanned by a rustic bridge, our thoughts hark back to the Teith and Callander Bridge, as seen from Ben Ledi—twin scenes of beauty such as an artist might make his fame and fortune by faithfully depicting. Below is a long winding reach of the Dore and Chinley railway.

**Hathersage** (*pop. 1,135; George, Ordnance Arms*, both small but comfortable. *P.O. desp. abt. 6 (Sun. also) and 8.45*), to which we now descend, is a small over-modernized village which certainly might turn to better account the great advantages of its situation. At present it is dominated by two or three hideous chimneys. The *Church* is graceful in itself, and most picturesquely placed on rising ground north of the village. In the churchyard, south of the church, is the reputed grave of "Little John," who is also said to have been born here. It is marked by two small stones, each almost hidden under a yew-tree, which by their position make "Little John" to have been ten feet high. A notice-board directs the stranger to the resting-place of Robin Hood's trusty lieutenant. Dr. Cox accepts the tradition, and speaks of the church as "one of the best specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in the county." It belongs to the Decorated period. Ivy mantles the north angle of the tower, and climbs up the spire. Charlotte Brontë visited Hathersage, which figures in "*Jane Eyre*" as Morton. Eyre is an old Hathersage name, and one of the family was at Agincourt. Close to Hathersage railway station is Oak View Catholic Preparatory School, a mansion-like building of stone embowered in its own grounds.

There are many pleasant walks and drives from Hathersage. It is a starting-point for the best river-side walk on the Derwent. Take the road to Leadmill Bridge, but do not cross. In the meadows between the railway and the river a path meanders

down towards the wooded pass between Hathersage and Grindleford—the pass that looks so impressive from the railway. This is one of the loveliest bits on the whole river. Coming out of the woods we cross meadows again and pass close to **Padley Chapel**, now used as a barn. It is well known in connection with the persecution of Catholics in the reign of Elizabeth, when the estates were in the hands of the Fitzherbert family. Sir Thomas Fitzherbert, who died in 1591, had twenty years' imprisonment in various jails ; his lands were confiscated, and two seminary priests discovered in Padley Hall by the Earl of Shrewsbury were hanged, drawn, and quartered in 1588 ; while John Fitzherbert, brother of Sir Thomas, was condemned for harbouring priests, and also died in prison. The Roman Catholics still make an annual procession to the Chapel in July. We are now close to Grindleford Station, but the walk may be continued by road and field-path, more or less beside the river, right down to Calver.

(1.) **Higgar Tor and Carl Wark**, 5-6 m. For description see pp. 130-131. Take the old road to Sheffield which climbs steeply up a narrow valley due east and diverge on to the moor as soon as you get underneath the Tor. **Carl Wark** is the lower rocky platform half a mile farther south.

(2.) To **Eyam, Stoney Middleton**, etc. See route from Castleton to Bradwell, etc., pp. 164-6. Go over Eyam Moor and return by Grindleford Bridge.

(3.) To **Ashopton, Lady Bower**, etc., going or returning over Win Hill. See below. A finer road-route is that by *Upper Hurst* (4 m.), joining the Stanage Edge route described on p. 135.

The road from Hathersage to Castleton keeps along the bottom of **Hope Dale** all the way, and the valley, when thus seen, does not show to the same advantage as from the different heights which overlook it. In  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles we reach the *Marquis of Granby Hotel*, usually called "Sickleholme,"  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile beyond which we cross the Derwent by Mytham (pronounced My-tham) Bridge, close to the confluence of the Noe, which comes down from Hope and Edale. The inns about here are favourite fishing resorts.

**Win Hill and Ashopton.** From Mytham Bridge the Derwent valley turns northwards, passing between Win Hill and Bamford Edge to Ashopton, distant by road 3 miles. The road calls for little description. It passes ( $\frac{3}{4}$  m.) the charmingly situated village of **Bamford** (*Derwent Hotel*, a new good-class hostelry; *Angler's Rest*, P.O. desp. abt. 6.30), and (2 m.) *Yorkshire Bridge Inn*, beyond which it forks, the left branch leading to *Ashop'ton Inn* and the right to *Ladybower Inn*, both on the high-road between Sheffield and Glossop (p. 135). The pedestrian should cross Win Hill on his way to Ashopton, and return by road. From Mytham Bridge to Ashopton by this route will take about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

For Win Hill leave the Castleton road by a footpath about 200 yards beyond the milestone on the west side of Mytham Bridge. This path leads in  $\frac{1}{2}$  m. to the hamlet of *Thornhill*, on a spur of Win Hill, where it enters a lane passing through the hamlet.

Continue upwards, first along a grass lane and then across fields, skirting the S.W. corner of a plantation just before reaching the steep pitch which leads to the top of Win Hill. For the view from the summit see p. 137. The descent to Ashopton is at first eastwards for a short distance along the spur, and then northwards till you strike a path which takes you off the moor to a wall, whence you may drop directly into Ashopton. If bound for Castleton, you may descend from the summit to Hope as directed on p. 137.

You may also continue from Thornhill to Yorkshire Bridge by a pleasant road or cart-track half-way up on the hillside, and then to Ashopton by either side of the river.

A mile beyond Mytham Bridge we pass an inn with the most florid of signs, and, half a mile further, the hamlet of **Brough**, where is a Roman Camp (one mile from Hope). The Camp is rectangular, about 310 feet long by 270 broad, and is well defined, situated between the river Noe and the Bradwell Brook. Here have been dug up at various times urns, bricks, stone columns, coins, and other interesting relics of the Roman period. From this Camp two Roman roads diverge, one leading by the Woodlands and the Doctor's Gate to the Camp at Melandra, and the other, known as the Batham Gate, to Buxton. In some of the walls in the vicinity there are to be found fragments of worked stone, taken from the Roman fortress. The mill at Brough was possessed in the reign of Edward III. by a family of the name of Strelley, and they held it by the service of attending the king on horseback whenever his Majesty should come into Derbyshire, and carrying a heron-falcon.

At Brough the road to Bradwell ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  m., p. 164) goes off, and a lane (*left, then right*) ascends towards Eyam, and also leads to an old moorland drive that circles round under Shatton Edge and drops to the valley again at Shatton village (p. 167). This affords good panoramic views, and the ramble may terminate at Bamford Station. By the main road, passing *Hope Station* on the right, we come to ( $2\frac{3}{4}$  m.) **Hope village** (*Old Hall Hotel*). P.O. desp. abt. 5.30 (Sun. also) and 8.

**Hope Church**, close by, is remarkable for the thickness of its spire, and the frightfulness of the gargoyles of the S. aisle. It contains some good 16th-cent. carving, Dec. sedilia and piscinas, and an interesting little brass in the chancel. In the churchyard (S. side) is an old market-cross, with steps and a sundial, and a fine old sculptured cross ascribed by Dr. Cox to the 9th or 10th century. It is of red sandstone, carved with enlaced knot work and foliage, with two draped figures on one side, and stands seven feet high. It was in the churchyard at the time of the Domesday Survey. The church contains several good forester's slab crosses.

**Hope to Edale** (4 m. road or rail), p. 124.

Between Hope and Castleton we cross meadow lands watered

by the Devil's Hole Water flowing out of Peak Cavern, and have on one hand the green limestone uplands of mid-Derbyshire and on the other the rocky outposts of the more mountainous millstone grit in striking contrast. Mam Tor, the "shivering mountain," is the monarch of the scene as we approach **Castleton**, for a description of which village see *p.* 157.

### **Sheffield to Ashopton and Glossop.**

*Sheffield to Norfolk Arms, 6 m.; Ladybower Inn, 10½; Ashopton 11½; Snake Inn, 18; Glossop, 25.*

The direct road from Sheffield to Glossop threads the valleys of the Rivelin and the Ashop, between and at each end of which it crosses three considerable ridges, the highest—that between the *Snake* and *Glossop*—being 1,680 feet above sea-level. The valley of the Ashop is one of the most beautiful in the Peak District, and that of the Rivelin, though somewhat marred by its proximity to Sheffield, is by no means devoid of interest.

*The Route.*—Leaving Sheffield in a westerly direction by the *Glossop* road and *Broomhill*, we ascend continuously for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  good miles. On the right (1 m.), in *Weston Park*, are the *Mappin Picture Gallery* and the *Public Museum*. Further on the fashionable suburb of *Ranmoor* and the *Porter* valley lie below us on the left. A long descent then takes us into the depths of the *Rivelin* valley.

**Route via Redmires and Stanage Edge to Ashopton** (13 m.), or **Hathersage** (10 m.). Instead of descending to the *Rivelin* valley, we may turn to the left at the highest point between it and *Sheffield*, and follow a good high-level road to the three reservoirs at *Redmires* (distance from *Sheffield* 6 m.); or, better still, take the path *via* the *Golf Links* and *Edge* to *Wyming Brook*. This road commands fine views into the *Rivelin* valley on the right, and the green glade of *Whiteley Wood* on the left. Beyond it the road skirts two sides of the last reservoir, and then ascends a long, dreary stretch of moor by a rough cart-track to the highest ground ( $7\frac{1}{2}$  m.; 1,450 ft.) Here, just beyond a gaunt wind-swept plantation, is a little cluster of boulders, on which **Stanage Pole**, a long-standing landmark, has been re-erected. A wide panorama extending to *Riber Castle* over *Matlock* in the south, to *Axe Edge* and its associate hog's-back ridges beyond *Buxton* in the west, and to the tableland of *Kinder Scout* in the north-west, suddenly breaks upon the eye; but there is no happy contrast of verdant vale and wood-fringed stream until we have walked nearly half a mile further, to the *Edge* itself. Then we obtain a charming and characteristic view. Immediately in front the ground sinks only to rise again to the top of *Bamford Edge*, beyond which the clear-cut outline of *Win Hill* rises in front of the over-topping ridge of *Kinder*, while southwards a charming view reveals itself of *Hathersage* and the *Derwent* valley, and westwards, too, the village of *Castleton* may be seen with the *Winnats* beyond it and *Mam Tor* on its right hand. From our point of observation the road onwards may be seen taking a wide sweep to the right round the head of the valley, whence one branch crosses the southern slope of *Bamford Edge* and drops into the *Hathersage* and *Ashopton* road,  $\frac{1}{4}$  m. short of *Yorkshire Bridge Inn*, and another goes due south to *Hathersage*. The *Ashopton Inn* is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  m. beyond *Yorkshire Bridge Inn*. The pedestrian will probably make tracks from *Stanage Edge*.

Dropping to the *Rivelin* valley, we cross, a little short of the bottom, a picturesque little glen threaded by a streamlet called *Black Brook*. Thence we pursue the valley, closely hemmed in by steep and rocky hills, past a couple of reservoirs. Into the first of

them the *Wyning Brook*, now the property of the Sheffield Corporation, and open to the public, falls through a rocky dell, musical with countless cascades, shaded with fir and birch, and so blocked with rough boulders and undergrowth as to be well-nigh impassable. Hereabouts we come to the *Norfolk Arms Inn*, a house-of-call of some local note, rebuilt but not improved. Beyond it the road climbs the north side of the valley to the scattered hamlet of *Hollow Meadows*. Rising from the heathery moorland on the left are a few isolated stacks of rocks, to which such fanciful names as "Stump John," the "Cock-crowing Stone," have been given. Then (8½ m.) at Moscar Flats, at a height of 1,181 feet above sea-level, the road enters Derbyshire. Right ahead appear the sharp crest and wooded base of Win Hill and the grassy peak of Lose Hill to the right of it, with Mam Tor and Lord's Seat in the space between. The tame side of Derwent Edge is immediately in front of us, on the right hand of the road and crowned by a castle-like group of rocks, called *Hurkling Stones*, a short distance beyond which a moorland-road to Strines, Penistone, and Bradfield strikes off on the same side. Then, as our road descends, the sameness of the heather-clad upland gives place to a valley rapidly deepening and growing in picturesqueness. A pleasant stream bubbles down it, passing under the road at *Cut-throat Bridge*. The repulsive story in connection with this bridge is that a man killed his horse upon it because the animal could not or would not proceed any further; but the name is possibly a corruption of *Cut-goyt* = cut-channel.

**Footpath to Derwent Edge (1½ m.), &c.** From this bridge a footpath strikes upward to the right, and in a few hundred yards, taking the second sharp turn to the left, is faintly maintained to a point from which *Derwent Chapel* and *Dale* burst upon the eye with a most effective suddenness. From this point a round-about path may be pursued by the side of the wall northwards to the village, and a right of way descends through the nick in front into the road between Ashopton and the village, or the brink of the Edge may be followed southwards by a narrow path, from the end of which you may zigzag down by a couple of cottages to the back of *Ashopton Inn*, or descend upon *Ladybower Inn*. Northwards, along the Edge, at irregular intervals, are isolated bosses or excrescences of rock, which with more or less reason have received such fanciful names as the "Cakes of Bread," "Lost Lad," and "Salt Cellar." The Salt Cellar, 1½ miles north of our present view-point, has a very singular shape, consisting of a number of horizontally placed slices, very much screwed in at the waist. All these, we are told, have been worn into their present form by the action of wind-blown sand. A walk along the Edge as far as the Salt Cellar is very interesting, but in the breeding and shooting season, at all events, the tourist must not forget that promiscuous wandering about these heathery wastes is not permitted. An obvious descent may be made from the Salt Cellar to Derwent Chapel.

Our road now continuing its descent at some height above the stream, which flows through a ferny dingle overshadowed by birch, mountain-ash, and other trees, reaches the **Ladybower Inn**, a clean and comfortable hostelry in a situation of great natural beauty. Fishing can be had for half a crown a day in the Ladybower Brook and the Ashop. (*See p. xx.*)

From Ladybower **Hathersage** is 5 m. distant by a good road which follows the course of the Derwent past the *Yorkshire Bridge Inn*, 1 m., the delightfully placed village of *Bamford* with its modern church (2 m.) and *Mytham*

Bridge (3 m.). At the last-named place is Bamford Station (*p. 123*), where the high-road from Sheffield or Baslow to Castleton (4 m.) is joined (*p. 157*). *Inns also at Bamford and 300 yds. beyond Mytham Bridge.*

At **Ashopton** we enter the main Derwent valley, just where the waters of the Ashop, coming down from Kinder Scout and the Glossop moors, join it. The inn and one or two farmhouses constitute the hamlet, which is, as it were, the axle of a wheel, of which the roads to Sheffield, Hathersage, Glossop, and Derwent Chapel are the spokes. In all directions the scenery ranks amongst the finest of the Peak District, and the ascent of Win Hill is as pleasant and remunerative a little climb as any in Derbyshire. The inn is excellent. Unhappily, the amenities of Ashopton will some day be a thing of the past, when the reservoir projected here is finished, but it is hoped that this will not be until the distant future (*see p. 154*).

**Win Hill** (1,523 ft., 950 ft. above Ashopton.  $\frac{1}{2}$  hr.). Cross the Derwent and the Ashop by the bridges a few yards beyond the inn. Then passing through a gate beyond a farmhouse, turn into the field on the right, and follow the footpath till it forks, a little short of another farmhouse. Take the left-hand branch, pass through one stile and over another, then through the second gateway, leaving the farmhouse 150 yards below on the right. Here the top comes into view, and the path, indistinct for a few yards, makes straight towards it, reaching the open moor close to a trespass-board. *Win Hill* forms a sharp ridge from east to west. It commands, on the south-west, a full panorama of the wide pastoral valley of Hope Dale, with Castleton lying beneath the famous Castle of Peveril, the Winnats, and Mam Tor at its upper end, and green downs to the south. In the south-east the valley of the Derwent extends beyond Hathersage. East and north are the lofty moors separating the Derwent from Yorkshire, while to the north-west and west the lower parts of the valleys of Ashop Dale and Edale contribute a full share to the beauty of the panorama, which, without being either grand or wildly romantic, is thoroughly beautiful. The hill opposite Win Hill on the far side of the entrance to Edale, by the way, is called *Lose* (*pron. "Loose"*) Hill. You may descend Win Hill directly either to *Hathersage* or *Hope*. For the former, make for the corner of a plantation, follow a wall southwards for a short distance, and then keep along the top of the spur of the hill, through the hamlet of *Thornhill*, whence a footpath leads straight down to *Mytham Bridge* on the Castleton and Hathersage road, close to Bamford Station,  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile short of the *Marquis of Granby* (*Sickleholme*). *Time from the top,  $\frac{3}{4}$  hr.* For *Hope*, continue along the top ridge for five minutes, and then descend by an obvious footpath into the Edale Road, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile north of *Hope*. *Time,  $\frac{3}{4}$  hr.*

#### **Ashopton to Penistone or Hazlehead by the Upper Derwent valley.**

*Ashopton to Derwent Chapel,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  m.; Ouzelden Bridge,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  m.;*

*End of Road, 5 m.; Slippery Stones, 7 m.; Langsett (inn), 13½ m.; Penistone Station, 16½ m. Time, 4½–5½ hours.*

**Heights** above sea-level, see p. 151.

We have fully described the route between Penistone and Ouzelden Bridge—the reverse way—on page 151, where the tourist will find some general remarks upon it. Taken this way the grand *coup* of the Derwent valley from the ridge between it and Penistone is missed, but the walk is of a most interesting character. No one should attempt it in this direction without a good margin of daylight before him. For remarks on the Reservoir Railway, etc., see p. 155.

*The Route.*—A few yards west of the *Ashopton Inn* the upper Derwent valley road strikes northwards up the narrow pass down which its waters flow to their confluence with the Ashop. In a long 1½ miles we reach **Derwent Chapel**, a village which possesses, besides its charming situation, some traditional interest. In monkish times a large portion of the valley was given to the Abbey of Welbeck in Notts. The farmstead called *Abbey Grange*, 2½ miles higher up the dale, is close to one of four chapels which once testified to the proprietorship. *Derwent Hall*, by the riverside, belongs to, and is an occasional residence of, the Duke of Norfolk. It is about two centuries old, and has recently been enlarged. Adjoining the house is a Roman Catholic chapel. A drive has also been lately made, rejoining the public road three-quarters of a mile north of the village.

From the entrance to the Hall the road leaves the riverside and climbs a little to the right, passing on the same side the modern church, an unassuming but well-proportioned little fabric with a graceful spire. It contains two relics of the former chapel—a font 200 years old, and a finely-engraved chalice half as old again.

*Mill Brook*, after descending through a deep and impressive clough from *Derwent Edge*, flows into the *Derwent* close to the chapel. Our road onward continues for nearly two miles some way above the main stream, from which it is separated by the Hall and its grounds. The flanking hills are for a time somewhat lower and tamer, the main ridge of *Derwent Edge* having retired behind the *Mill Brook* depression, and there is nothing specially noteworthy until we drop by a steep pitch to **Ouzelden Bridge**, where the route to Penistone crosses to the west side of the river. On the east (opposite) side we should pass in half a mile the *Abbey Farm*, where are the remains of the old chapel above mentioned, in appropriate proximity to a grove of yew trees.

The carriage-road along the east side ceases at *Howden Farm*, whence a private cart-track leads to *Slippery Stones* (2 m. distant). From *Ouzelden Bridge* to **Slippery Stones**, where the river must be forded, is a good 4½ miles, the greater part path. Here we leave the *Derwent* side, and follow for a few yards the deep ravine called *Cranberry Clough*. Tourists who wish to hear the very first infant lisp of the *Derwent* may continue along its side and make their way in a few miles over the moors to *Crowden Station*, on the Great Central main line; but there is no track,

and none but seasoned bog-trotters should venture on the elevated peat-mosses that stretch between Derwent Dale and Longdendale.

In crossing from Slippery Stones to Langsett care is required. The track, at first unmistakable, crosses the Cranberry stream in 80 or 100 yards, and a few yards further that of *Bull Clough*, a short and deep ravine coming down from the north. Then turning abruptly to the left it climbs the spur between the two, keeping Bull Clough in view for some time, and reaching the top of the ridge at a spot known as **Cut Gate** (two posts, 1,730 ft.). The retrospect during the ascent is very fine, the direction being N.E. For description of it see p. 151. From the summit the path enters a well-defined trough through the peat-bog—"Black Dyke"—on both sides of which there are banks of peat a few feet high. The footing is generally firm and sandy, and as we proceed we find that our route is in reality a water-course, the bed of which we follow for about twenty minutes, and then skirt its left-hand side. Care should be taken to avoid two similar troughs of streams that cut through the peat to right and to left: the beaten track must be followed. Gradually the prospect in front opens up—a somewhat dull one—and in a few minutes more the track crosses to the right-hand side of the stream, near a hut, a few yards short of a lateral ravine on the left. Continue down the track, with the deepening ravine on the left, for about a mile, and then, about 500 yards short of a gateway seen in front, strike across the moor to the right. You will see almost at once a wall that comes up from the gateway and makes an obtuse angle  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile in front of you. Make for this angle, and then, keeping a rough track alongside the wall, you will in another half-mile reach a deserted farm called "North America." Hence Langsett is seen beyond the new Sheffield reservoir, which we round by a cart-track to the right, reaching the village by crossing the embankment.

**Langsett** has a good little inn, the *Waggon and Horses* (p. 149). Hence, to reach Penistone by the shortest and easiest way, follow the main road down the Little Don valley, till you cross a brooklet about half a mile distant. A few yards further take a footpath which commences at a stone step-stile on the left, and ascend half-way between two farm-houses, the right-hand one of which is placed high up on a projecting knoll. At the top of a hill you will enter a road which will take you directly into Penistone. All these paths and roads have been carefully marked upon our general map. For Penistone see p. 151.

**Hazlehead.** Those who prefer this termination to the walk, saving more than two miles of walking, should make sure that there is a train home. Their route continues straight ahead along Mickleden Edge, where the track to "North America" branches to the right. In a mile the Little Don is crossed at Brook House Bridge, just above where the stream enters the reservoir, and a mile later joins the Manchester road. At the *Floueh Inn* (small public-house), on the road to Penistone, turn sharp to the left (N.) and follow a straight road, which in a mile reaches Hazlehead Station.

**Crook Hill.** This hill occupies the angle between the Ashopton and the Derwent dales, and is easily reached in about twenty minutes from *Ashopton Inn*. The way up is by a footpath starting from the far side of the Derwent bridge. There are two tops—knobs of rocks—both of which command charming views into and across the Derwent and Woodlands valleys below.

From Ashopton the Glossop road ascends *Ashop Dale* all the way to the *Snake Inn*. This is the most beautiful part of our route. Indeed, in simple and happy combination of wood, hill, and water, the valley of the Ashop may vie with any of its kindred dales. Less stern than Edale, and less wild than the upper part of Derwent Dale, it produces on the mind a more pleasing impression of varied and picturesque grouping than either.

**Ashopdale into Edale.** At the farm-house of *Grimbo Car*,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles beyond Ashopton, the Ashop is crossed by a footbridge, from the far side of which a path starts up the hill to the lowest part of the ridge between these two valleys. An old Roman road runs along the ridge, and on it,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile from the footbridge and 1,064 feet above sea-level (see map) is an old guide-post, inscribed "Sheffield, Hope, Edale, Glossop, 1737," and called "Hope Cross." It is of sandstone, and 8 feet high. The nearest cut into Edale is some way south of this pillar, and an interesting way on to Castleton is by a footpath which crosses the ridge between Edale and Hope Dale just beyond Back Tor, the precipitous face of rock between Lose Hill and Mam Tor. *Distance, Ashopton to Castleton, 7-8 m.* For inns in Edale see p. 162. The more direct way to Edale Station is by a footpath indicated by a finger-post that dips into and crosses Jagers Clough, where it begins to get wooded, just below the heathery moorland. This track keeps a fairly high level along the sides of Kinder for some distance, dropping gradually until it attains the road.

As we proceed, the bold northern edges of Kinder Scout appear prominently on the left. The first is *Blackdean Edge*, and beyond it is *Seal Edge*, separated by a short clough from the bold bluff of *Fairbrook Naze*, one of the most effective escarpments in the district. Beyond *Alport Bridge*, where the pretty Alport valley opens on the right, the country becomes less cultivated, and at the **Snake Inn** (1,070 ft.) we are on the verge of the wilderness. The *Snake* is a comfortable inn, considering the remoteness of its situation.

For the recently made footpath from the **Snake** to **Hayfield**. see p. 145. It is unmistakable.

Beyond the *Snake* the valley contracts, and the road rapidly ascends Lady Clough till it reaches the bare unlovely top of the moor at the highest point on the journey (1,680 ft.). We are now fairly out of the Peak District, and the descent to Glossop, which is a convenient station for getting on to Manchester or back to Sheffield, calls for no comment. *For Glossop, see p. 149.*

**Alport Castles.** This most fantastic and picturesque of the gritstone escarpments may be visited from the *Snake Inn*, which is two miles above Alport Bridge, or by a deviation from the Glossop road at that point on the way from Hope or Ashopton. A road leads up the Alport valley from the bridge for about a mile and a half to the group of old houses and outbuildings constituting the Castles farmstead. Pass through the farmyard, and crossing the stream beyond, ascend the green slopes towards Alport Tower, a weird mass of rock torn from the main escarpment behind by a huge landslip. The phenomenon is similar to that observed beneath one of the edges in Bretton Clough (see p. 166). From the Castles two delightful walks may be taken. The first is to cross the very boggy top of the hill, and descend to the

mouth of the Westend valley, Ashopton being reached by way of Derwent Dale, or the Ashop valley regained by a track that strikes up the south side of Ouzelden Clough, crosses the hill, and turns back towards Alport Bridge (see p. 154). The other is to follow the whole crest of the hills between the Ashop and Derwent dales (commanding views of both) right to Crook Hill, where a descent may be made to Ashopton.

**The Alport Valley** is private beyond the farm at Castles, but permission may sometimes be obtained to ascend it, when the expedition should be continued either by crossing the moors into the **Doctor's Gate** (see p. 150), or by traversing the wide area of elevated peat-moss which culminates in Bleaklow Hill (2,060 ft.). Thence a descent may be made to Crowden (*Inn*) or Woodhead stations on the Great Central, that to Crowden skirting Wild-boar Clough, and affording a remarkable view of the Manchester reservoirs in Longdendale, which, if the day is misty or sombre, look very like highland lochs in the bosom of great mountains. There is no beaten track across any part of this little-known region, and the adventurous tourist had better be left to his own devices and the map and compass, for he will enjoy the experience best if he work out a route for himself. Those not well grounded in "moor-craft" had better eschew it altogether. (Time—4-6 hours, according to weather.)

**Hope to the Snake, by the Roman Road.** From Hope Station turn to the right for the village and the church, and turning right again round the *Old Hall Inn*, cross the Noe by Kilhill Bridge, pass under the railway, and trending to the left ascend a delightful old lane past a farm called Fulwood Stile, on the right. The lane ascends the hillside straight for the saddle between Crookstone Knoll, a promontory of Kinder Scout, and Win Hill, becoming eventually a grassy way between banks. At the crown of the ascent stands an ancient pillar (see p. 140), bearing on its four sides the inscription, "Glossop, Sheffield, Hope, Edale." Hope Church is visible at this point, and the prospect on all sides is magnificent. The Roman road holds on straight for Alport Bridge, skirting the flanks of Kinder Scout, with Blackdean Edge impending over it on the left, and a view in front into the savage recesses of Alport Clough and the higher parts of the Ashop valley. Passing below a house called Upper Ashop, we descend the bridle-road to the river, which is crossed by a bridge, and join the Sheffield and Manchester road two miles below the *Snake*.

**Kinder Scout** may be ascended from various points on this route, one of the grandest ways up being that skirting Fairbrook Clough, which opens below the *Snake*. An interesting and little-known ascent is by the Wicken, the green hill projecting from Blackdean Edge into the fork between the Ashop and Blackdean Brook. By following Seal Edge along to Fairbrook Head, you will pass many a rock curiosity sculptured by wind-blown sand

on the gritstone escarpment, and enjoy superb views over the intensely savage country beyond the Ashop. It is a very short distance across the top of the Scout to the head of Grindsbrook Clough, the shortness depending on the skill with which a course is laid down with the aid of map and compass, and no one should venture among the labyrinthine channels of this wild moss without both. Thence the descent to Edale is trackless, but obvious.\*

**Circuit of Kinder Scout.** From the *Snake* it is about seven miles to Hayfield by the track described in the reverse direction on p. 145; but those who wish to make a complete circuit of the Scout need not descend right to Hayfield, but near the bottom of William Clough, just beyond a sheepfold, should strike left out of the path marked by the stakes along a faint path that soon crosses the Kinder River and leads to the dam at the foot of the Stockport reservoir. We traverse this, and ascending the hill, strike eventually into the bridle-path that crosses by Edale Cross into Edale (see p. 147). The whole distance from Hope to Hope by this route measures about twenty miles; but it is a difficult walk, and a whole day should be devoted to the tour. Perhaps the scenery is seen to better effect if the circuit of Kinder is taken the other way; but as to this there may be differences of opinion, and undoubtedly the descent into the Ashop valley commands a continuity of fine views, and that into Edale is as impressive in another key.

## MANCHESTER TO CASTLETON.

Manchester to Hope (for Castleton), Chapel-en-le-Frith, and Buxton (*by Midland Railway*).

Manchester (*Central or Victoria*) to Marple, 14 m.; Chinley, 21; Chapel-en-le-Frith, 23 (— Castleton, by road, 31); Miller's Dale, 31; Buxton, 37 (direct from Chinley, 33); Hope (for Castleton), 30 m., via Chinley. Abt. 20 trains a day, some of which adopt the new route, avoiding Stockport and Marple.

Marple is also a stopping-place with the Gt. Central Co.'s. trains from London Road station at Manchester to Hayfield (p. 145). The Midland station at Chapel-en-le-Frith is about half a mile nearer the town than the L. & N.W.

The county of Derby, and with it the Peak District, is entered a little beyond Marple by a viaduct which crosses the river Goyt at the commencement of a valley exceedingly picturesque by nature but disfigured by mills and factories. Smoke and poisoned water do not cease until **New Mills** (17½ m.) is passed, after which we continue along the Goyt valley for another 2 miles to **Bugsworth** (20). Hereabouts, just after the completion of the

\* It cannot be pointed out too emphatically that the danger of getting lost on the Kinder Scout plateau, or the moors about Bleaklow Head, is a very serious one, especially in bad weather, and these high regions are always liable to mists. Whoever attempts to explore them should be experienced in the use of compass and map, and able at a pinch to find his way down in a mist or after nightfall. In this respect, the highlands of the Peak are much more fearsome than any part of the Lake District.

line in 1866, a huge landslip occurred, causing the present viaduct to be substituted for the original one. Thence, passing on the left *Chinley Churn*, a commanding eminence of 1,500 feet, we come to (21 m.) **Chinley** (*Prince's Hotel*), beyond which the new line to Dore and Sheffield strikes off on the left. A commodious new passenger station, with refreshment-rooms, has been opened at Chinley—a kind of “Clapham Junction” of the Peak. Here our route turns south, and crossing by a viaduct 100 feet high the *Black Brook*, a mountain streamlet which descends from the south part of the Kinder Scout range, reaches (23 m.) **Chapel-en-le-Frith**. (*Pop., 5,140. King's Arms, etc.; two railway stations.*) The town is dull, and the church devoid of interest. Note, however, the old cross and the stocks. Agriculture, mills, and calico works provide the staple occupation of the people. *Nanny's Well* is the name of a valuable but neglected spring of chalybeate water.

**Chinley to Castleton.**  $9\frac{1}{2}$  m. (*bridle-path and road*). An intricate but very interesting ramble, with a taste of the wilder characteristics of the High Peak, is worth taking by those not in a hurry to reach Castleton by the shortest way—viz., by Hope Station. It is superior to the one described below, from “Chapel,” up to the point where it joins that on Rushup Edge. Follow the road on south side of railway for nearly half a mile, then, after crossing a stone step-stile, pass under the line by a footpath that crosses fields to the road from Hayfield. Crossing this, continue through fields to Hill End and up the lane to Upper Fold—these are tiny hamlets. A lower, unfenced road may now be taken, or a more roundabout way up the hill, both eventually leading into an ancient drove that circles down into Roych Clough, up which we look into the savage fastnesses of Cowburn. The drove ascends steadily, with fine views over the green vales backed by the sombre heights of Combs Moss, until at about 1,400 ft. it strikes into the main road along Rushup Edge, just short of the fourth milestone from Castleton. Those who like rough going may continue along the crest of Rushup Edge to Mam Nick (see p. 148).

**Chapel-en-le-Frith to Castleton.**  $7\frac{1}{2}$  m. (*high-road*). This route is more interesting than the one from Buxton to Castleton, but less so than the pedestrian one from Hayfield, which we shall next describe. There is no public conveyance.

At the sign-post, just outside the town, turn left. For the first few miles the road is on an almost continuous ascent, affording very pleasing views, both retrospective and into the depths of the valley on the left. One and a half miles from “Chapel” we pass on the left hand *Slack Hall*, an old farm-house, and once an inn, beyond which the road continues to rise to *Rushup Edge*. On our left rises the long moorland ridge called *Cowburn*, a southern prolongation of Kinder Scout, and behind us the isolated peak of *Chinley Churn*. There is nothing further noteworthy until the road reaches its highest point (1,405 ft.) at *Rushup*, about 3 miles from “Chapel.” Hence it is almost level for two miles, when by a sharp turn to the left the real descent begins. At about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles from “Chapel” a by-road starts to the left for *Edale*. It is quite worth while to follow this road for about  $\frac{1}{4}$ -mile, till it attains the narrow *col* (“*Mam Nick*”) overlooking *Edale*. The view from the *col* is one of the most impressive in the Peak District, and gains great effect from the suddenness with which it bursts upon the eye. To describe it in detail would spoil the *coup*. The summit of **Mam Tor** is only a few hundred yards from the *col*, on the east side, and easily attained. You may regain the Castleton road by a path across a field from the *col*, and then proceed either by the Winnats—i.e., the old road from Buxton to Castleton—or by the newer one, along which you have already been travelling. The map is the best guide to both. To the right of the latter, a little way down the hill, is the entrance to the *Blue John Mine*, and the *Speedwell Mine* is near the foot of the Winnats (see p. 159). The descent is steep, winding, and dangerous for any sort of vehicle.

Beyond Chapel-en-le-Frith the line continues to ascend, and, passing under the L. & N.W. Buxton branch, enters *Doreholes Tunnel*. This tunnel is more than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles long, and took three years in construction. It passes under *Cow Low*, in the midst of which the millstone grit of the northern part of the Peak District gives place to the limestone of the southern. High as is the course of the line here, the North-Western, which recrosses our route above the tunnel, is still higher by nearly 200 feet. Emerging from the tunnel we reach the summit-level of the line (985 ft.) at **Peak Forest Station**. Thence we descend continuously for nearly five miles, first through a rocky waterless valley called *Great Rocks Dale*, and then, after passing the Buxton Junction on the right, through *Chee Dale* (p. 6), wherein are three short tunnels. Between the second and third there is, *on the left hand*, a lovely but momentary glimpse of the best part of the dale. Another couple of minutes and we pull up at **Miller's Dale Station**. For the route thence to Buxton, which is a retrograde one for the first  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, see p. 6; for that on to Bakewell and Matlock, p. 103.

### Manchester to Castleton and Grindleford by the Dore and Chinley Railway.

*Manchester (Central or Victoria) to Chinley, 21 m.; Edale, 26 $\frac{1}{2}$  m.; Hope (for Castleton and Bradwell), 31 m.; Bamford, 33 m.; Hathersage, 35 m.; Grindleford, 37 m.; Sheffield, 46 m.*

This route is described the reverse way on pp. 122-4. Chinley is a starting-point for the walk *via* the Roych over Rushup Edge to Castleton (p. 143); Edale is one of the best places for the ascent of Kinder Scout (see p. 124), the walk across the shoulder of the Scout to Hayfield (see p. 147), and that to Castleton *via* Mam Nick (see p. 143). It is also a delightful spot for general rambling, its pastoral surroundings, with the wilder heights towering behind, making it one of the most pleasing dales in the Peak. Hope is the best centre for Castleton (see p. 157) and Bradwell (see p. 164), for the ascent of Win Hill (see p. 137) and the walk up the valley of the Ashop. From Bamford, Ashopton is reached with the incomparable moorland walks that naturally terminate there (see pp. 151-7); and Hathersage is an admirable centre for the exploration of the Yorkshire fells overlooking the Derwent, and for the Abney and Eyam (see p. 117) and the Chatsworth districts (see p. 22). Grindleford, again, is a spot set amidst the most beautiful surroundings of wood-shrouded hillsides capped by gritstone escarpments, with savage moors behind (see p. 122). The Dore and Chinley line has brought many of the finest walks in the northern parts of the district within the compass of a day's excursion from Manchester and Stockport. For numerous others, the most convenient starting-points are reached by the Great Central (*e.g.*, Crowden, Woodhead, and Penistone).

## Manchester to Hayfield, and over Kinder Scout to the Snake.

*Manchester (London Road) to New Mills, 13 m.; Hayfield, 15½ m.  
10-12 trains a day each way in 50-75 min.*

The *Hayfield* line is worked by the Great Central Company, which branches off from the Midland route (*p. 142*) at New Mills.

**Hayfield** (*pop. 2,614.*) Inn : *Royal*) is interesting only from its position as a convenient starting-point for pedestrians who wish to dive at once into the wildest regions of the Peak country. It possesses large calico-print works, besides cotton and paper mills. The walk which we are about to describe to Castleton, etc., is one of the most enjoyable in the county, and Kinder Scout is better surveyed from Hayfield than from any other place. **Kinder Scout** is a grouse-moor, and promiscuous wandering about it at particular seasons is very reasonably objected to. Inquiries on this point should be made before starting, nor should people come from afar to ascend it without assuring themselves of the feasibility of their project. The routes which we show across the great fell (*map, p. 94*) are subject to this condition—they are not marked paths. Permission to visit the Downfall may sometimes be obtained from Mr. James Watts of Manchester, who is the owner of Upper House. The plateau is a huge peat moss, its surface rutted in all directions with deep channels called “groughs,” which present the traveller with an athletic problem at every few yards.

In 1897 the path connecting **Hayfield** and the **Snake Inn**, as marked on our Sectional Map (*p. 94*) was, after prolonged negotiation with the landowners, opened to the public for all time. The path itself is  $6\frac{1}{2}$  miles long, but from Hayfield Station to the *Snake* will be nearer 7 miles. Hayfield Station is about 650 feet above the sea, the commencement of the path 700; thence it rises in the first mile or so to 1,200, to sink to 1,000 at its entrance to William Clough (2 m.), and rise again to its summit-level on the watershed between the Kinder and the Ashop (1,790 ft. ; 4 m.), from which point it keeps the north side of the Ashop Clough all the way down to the *Snake*, which is 1,070 feet above the sea. Altogether it affords a milder but not less enjoyable walk than the old route up the valley where the Kinder Reservoir now reposes, followed by the scramble up to the Downfall; and it passes within  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile of the north-west edge of the plateau, which is less than 60 feet lower than the actual summit, if the mountain can boast a summit at all. *Visitors are earnestly requested by the Peak District Foot-paths Association to keep strictly to the path.* Those, however, who are able to secure permission (granted without difficulty only in the winter, when the scenery is at its finest, or indeed at most times except the nesting and shooting seasons) will enjoy one of the most bracing experiences to be had among our English hills. Kinder Scout is wilder, if less picturesque, than anything in the Lake Country. The monotonous flatness of the peat moss on the

plateau has a sublimity all its own, especially when its trying inequalities are covered over with several feet of snow frozen hard. Where the streams break through the gritstone rim of the plateau their ravines are overhung by gloomy bastions and curtains of this dark rock, the wider gorges of the Fairbrook and the Downfall being not unlike the cwms and corries of Wales and the Highlands. The finest of all the Derbyshire edges are those on Kinder Scout ; and the grotesque shapes that man the ramparts of the fell at Edale Head and along the hill crest from Fairbrook Naze look gigantic and diabolical when half-seen, as they usually are, through shrouding mists. These mists, however, it is well to remind the incautious, may easily involve even experienced moss-tramps in serious difficulties. For the engrossing problems offered by these rock whimsicalities to the climber, see p. xxiii. Descriptions of the various routes over the Kinder country will be found in E. A. Baker's "Moors and Crags," see p. xxx.

Passing from the station by the church, and into the main road (from Glossop to Chapel-en-le-Frith) we turn eastward along the passage N. of the *Royal Hotel*, and after a short ascent, come to some steps and the first direction-post guiding us across the field on the left. They are just beyond a short terrace of houses.

Just below the Kinder Reservoir a bridle-road crosses a valley (N.W.) into the Hayfield and Glossop road, which it enters  $1\frac{2}{3}$  miles N. of Hayfield and 3 S. of Glossop. People starting from **Glossop** for the walk we are describing cut off a corner by using this bridle-path, which starts near a spot called *Brook Bank* ("House" on our map), and crosses the Kinder route a mile from its commencement.

Our route enters the open country (*Leygate Head Moor*) through a gate, and we look down upon the Kinder valley and the great reservoir built for the supply of Stockport. Beyond it Upper House can be seen, where Mrs. Humphry Ward was a visitor before writing her "History of David Grieve." Of two other farms which used to be landmarks, Kinder Head is now abandoned and Lower Farm is demolished. The reservoir itself, a not unshapely piece of water, fills like a mountain tarn a long, four-cornered hollow, and behind it, first sheep pastures, and then heathery hills swell up toward the dark cliffs of Kinder Scout. At the head of the clough, of which this hollow is the deepest part, lies the **Downfall**.

**Kinder Reservoir** was built by the Stockport Corporation, and opened in 1811 after five years' work. Four years earlier an attempt to impound the water by means of a masonry embankment had been abandoned. The present dam is one of the largest earth dams in the world : it is 1,200 ft. long, 118 ft. high, and has foundations in places 230 ft. deep. A million tons of material went to its making. The water covers 45 acres, is 95 ft. deep at the dam, and at the maximum measures 515 million gallons. Below the dam is the filter house. Messrs. G. H. Hill and Sons of Manchester were the contractors. Well-conducted persons are allowed to cross the valley by the path along the dam, and to inspect the works by permission.

The mountain ridge from which the Kinder Downfall leaps is shaped like a horizontal V, with the Downfall at its angle. The proper time to see the latter is when the wind is blowing from the south-west after a "downfall" of rain. Then the water is

blown back and upwards, in such quantity and to such a height as to be visible for many miles. It has not infrequently been seen from Stockport, a distance of 10 miles in a bee-line. Any one who has got to close quarters with the Downfall in a westerly gale, with plenty of water coming over, will never forget it.

**Kinderlow Cavern**, now blocked, lies near the S.W. extremity of the mountain. Two gentlemen, it is said, once set about a thorough exploration of the subterranean labyrinth which goes by this name. The Ariadne of one of the Hayfield inns supplied them with thread and candles. The candles, however, went out, and the clue was lost. A night was spent in vain efforts to regain it, and had it not been for the apprehensive solicitude of Ariadne, which caused a search to be made on the following day, the upshot might have been serious. We tell these tales as they were told to us, *on the spot*. Caves in the millstone grit are, however, of a totally different nature from those in limestone, and consist of fissures, never very roomy, produced by landslips. That there ever were any capacious chambers or passages of any size inside this cavern is extremely unlikely.

Then the path drops to the *Sheepfold*, containing two or three cheerless firs at the foot of **William Clough**—the prettiest part of the route and enlivened by a succession of small cascades. The summit of *Mill Hill* (1,790 ft.) is reached by a pretty stiff climb through the heather. It is dreary enough, in all conscience, but following the posts we soon come to the descent of **Ashop Clough**. Fairbrook Naze stands out well on the right, and the welcome *Snake* curls its wreaths of smoke in front.

#### Hayfield to Castleton by Edale Cross and Upper Edale. Bridle-path and road.

*Hayfield to Edale Cross (summit of ridge), 3½ m.; Barber Booth, 6½; Castleton, 11. Barber Booth to Edale Station, 1 m.; Hope Station, 5; Castleton, 7.*

This route affords short and telling access to the centre of the Peak District, and is specially to be recommended to pedestrians from Manchester and the busy towns of Lancashire and Cheshire who wish to see the best part of the country in a few days. The walk presents a much greater diversity of scenery than the carriage-route from Chapel-en-le-Frith to Castleton, with which it converges about 3 miles short of Castleton. There is no inn on the route.

Starting from Hayfield we take the Kinder Scout road (*p. 146*) behind the *Royal Hotel* and past the Kinder Print Mills. In front the top ridge of Kinder comes into view. A mile from Hayfield a guide-post ("Edale, 6 m.") tells us to cross a bridge and pursue the narrow valley on the right. Hereabouts is the boundary-line between the unsightly chimney-country and the wilds of the Peak. The hills around assume some boldness of outline, and are well wooded. In another mile the road rises abruptly to the left from the bottom of a prettily wooded dingle called *Coldwell Clough*. The green conical hill bringing the valley to a sudden end southwards is *South Head* (1,633 ft.). Beyond the farm-house at Coldwell Clough our road becomes a cart-track, rising between two walls and skirting the southern shoulder of Kinder Scout till it reaches its highest point, 1,750 feet, at **Edale Cross**. The Cross itself, probably

Saxon, but altered by Norman hands, a block of gritstone with one arm nearly chipped off, is hidden from the road by the left-hand wall close to a gateway. It marks the point where three wards of Peak Forest converged.

Like many others in the district, this cross was probably a guide-post for pack-horses, set up when tracks were faint and enclosures unknown in these wild uplands. A quarter of an hour's divergence to the left, starting by the wall-side, would place the tourist on the highest part of the long and monotonous **Kinder Ridge**. In the breeding and shooting seasons, however, it is flat trespass, and the same must be said of another fine walk in the opposite direction along the ridge terminating in South Head and the Andrew Rocks, above Chinley and "Chapel."

So far our walk, since quitting the valley, has been rather dreary. Peat-bog, rank grass, bilberries, and dull-coloured heather do not form the most attractive carpet for mountain-sides, and these, together with a sensation of smoke in the west, and a bare line of limestone heights in the south-west, comprise the whole prospect. Weariness, however, quickly vanishes as we commence our descent for Edale. The edges, instead of the slopes, of Kinder rise above us on the left, topped by many a quaintly-shaped block of grit, and a multitude of tiny rills course down the deep ravines to the bottom of the valley, which gradually reveals itself—in its upper reaches narrow, green, and sylvan. Beyond it rises Mam Tor, round whose crest the circular earthwork, broken where the side of the hill has slipped away, may be detected in clear weather.

In descending to the valley, the track eases the steepness by taking a wide sweep to the right. This may be avoided by crossing a step-stile in the wall, and dropping down by a footpath locally called **Jacob's Ladder**, as shown on the map. At the point where the two converge again, a stone bridge introduces us to green pastures, over which, on a gradually improving road, and past, here and there, a group of picturesque farmsteads, we proceed, noting, if the summer be far spent, the brilliant glow of the bracken, which covers on this side many of the deep cloughs of Kinder, and the richly tinted foliage of the birch and other trees fringing the merry streamlet on our right.

As we approach **Barber Booth**, whence the Castleton road, which we have seen before us for some time, commences the ascent for Mam Tor, the wider portion of Edale opens on the left. Barber Booth is a mere handful of farmsteads. A mile further is Edale Station, and above it, on the other side of the railway, the little village of Edale Chapel, with two comfortable inns (*see p. 124*). The road over the bridge threads the valley the whole distance to Hope (5 m.), keeping near the railway, which has just emerged from the Cowburn tunnel, throughout. Our route, now become a good carriage-road, winds upwards, affording views of the whole of Edale, except its lowest two miles, constantly increasing in interest till the climax is reached at the top of the narrow *col*—Mam Nick—which separates that valley from the strange upland valley, drained entirely by underground streams, along which the road passes to Chapel-en-le-Frith.

The rest of Edale, Mam Tor, and other hills visible from here, are more fully described on p. 162. The summit of Mam Tor is close at hand, only a hundred feet or so above the *col*, and the tourist who is not in a hurry to reach Castleton, or who does not wish to descend the Winnats or to visit the Blue John Mine on his way, may with advantage ascend to it, and continue as far as he likes eastward along the ridge, which, from its comparative sharpness, affords simultaneously the most comprehensive views possible of Edale on the left and Hope Dale on the right. The ridge-walk may be continued the whole way to Lose Hill, and down to **Hope (Hall Inn : 4 m. from Mam Tor, 1½ m. short of Castleton)**, or a direct descent may be made upon Castleton, by a footpath, from a depression  $1\frac{1}{4}$  m. from Mam Tor, and just short of the rugged face of Back Tor.

From the *col* the road bends back a little towards Chapel-en-le-Frith, but there is an obvious cut across a field to a point near the convergence of the roads from Chapel-en-le-Frith and Buxton, whence, for the Blue John Mine (*see map, and p. 161*), keep the high-road for Castleton: for the Winnats, follow the Buxton road for about 400 yards, till it turns sharp to the right. The track through the Winnats turns with equal sharpness to the left, being, in fact, itself the old road from Buxton to Castleton.

### Manchester to Glossop, Snake Inn, and Ashopton Inn.

*Manchester (London Road) to Glossop (rail), 13 m.; Glossop to Snake Inn (road), 7; Ashopton Inn, 13½.*

The **road** from Manchester (St. Anne's-sq.) to Glossop by Hyde (7 m.) and Mottram (10) to Glossop (13½), threads a busy manufacturing valley all the way. From Glossop the ascent is long and steep, and in descending the cyclist should be extra careful till Alport Bridge (2 m. beyond the *Snake*) is passed.

The last part of this route, between Snake Inn and Ashopton Inn, is along, perhaps, the most romantic valley of its kind in Derbyshire, that of the Ashop. The pedestrian or cycling (*see Pink Inset*) part of the route—between Glossop and Ashopton—is fully described the reverse way on p. 140, so we shall here confine ourselves to an abstract of its salient points. The railway from Manchester to Glossop is entirely outside the Peak District, and calls for no description.

The town of **Glossop** (*pop. 21,688*; hotels, *Howard Arms, Norfolk Arms*, both from 300 to 400 yards from station) lies in a deep recess, one mile south of the main line, the junction with which is at *Dinting*. The appearance of the town suggests a much smaller population than it possesses. The neighbourhood abounds in cotton-factories and print-works.

About 1 m. N. of Glossop is a high, round hill, called **Mouselow Castle**, where there must at one time have been a castle or other fortifications. This hill a century ago was pastured to the top, where the traces of buildings were plainly evident. The top itself is a kind of platform, and now covered by a plantation. Topographers have usually spoken of it as a Roman fort, but, according to the

Rev. J. Charles Cox, there is no evidence whatever to connect it with the Roman occupation.

Rather more than 2 m. to the W. of Glossop, on the verge of Cheshire, in the township of Gamesley, are the vestiges of an ancient station, called **Melandra Castle**, a Roman station that has been very thoroughly explored during the last few years. (See "Derbyshire Archaeological Society's Journal," 1901.)

Quitting the town, the road rises at once to the bleak moorland which connects Kinder Scout with the high ground of the West Riding. The highest point (1,680 ft.) is reached 4 miles from Glossop, after which the road winds down the narrow Lady Clough to the **Snake Inn**, itself some 1,070 feet above sea-level, and one of the most remote hostgeries in the country, the nearest town to it accessible by road, with the exception of Glossop, being Sheffield, which is 17 miles distant. For all that, it is quite capable of giving comfortable entertainment to man and beast. Kinder Scout may be easily ascended from it in 1½ hours : but see p. 145.

Beyond the *Snake* cultivation begins again, and the road winds down **Ashop Dale** through scenes growing less wild but more beautiful throughout, the northern edges of Kinder Scout beetling over the valley with great effect. The boldest and most striking of them is *Fairbrook Naze*, which projects from the main ridge opposite the *Snake*. Numerous farmsteads now appear. The *Ashporton Inn* is good in itself, and an excellent centre for excursions. It is run by the People's Refreshment Room Association, Ltd., Broadway Chambers, Westminster. The *Ladybower Inn*, a mile further, is smaller and beautifully placed. A coach runs every evening from about Whitsuntide to October from both inns to Sheffield (11½ m.; 1s. 6d.; p. ii, *Yellow Inset*).

The best known way to the **Doctor's Gate** (possibly from "Dog Tor" and "Gate," said to be a Danish word, and anyhow common in the Peak), a Roman road, originally connecting the camps at Melandra and Brough, is from old Glossop. Passing along a rough cart-road for less than a mile, on a bridge near the farmstead of Moss Lea, one comes upon the Doctor's Gate running east and west. It comes along behind Shire Hill from Melandra, and was the original highway before the present mail-coach road. Turning east, one travels for some two miles under the slopes of Shelf Moor in a course roughly parallel with the main road, having the Shelf Brook on the right for 1½ miles and then on the left. Where the stream comes in at a right angle from its source in Crooked Clough, we continue S.S.E., and in a mile or so regain the road at Doctor's Gate Culvert. This route crosses as fine and impressive a three miles of moorland scenery as one can see anywhere in the district. For many years the public rights to it were in dispute, but a compromise has been arrived at with Lord Howard of Glossop, by which it is thrown open during 284 days of the year, on condition that no walking is done during the breeding and shooting seasons (*i.e.*, April and May, and 10th to 31st August). His lordship has undertaken in return to put the path into repair.

Enterprising "tramps" may find a way across the moss-hags either to Shelf Stones (2,039 ft.) and Bleaklow Head (see p. 141), where magnificent views of a Highland character may be enjoyed if the mist allows, or down the deep V-shaped ravine or the Alport to the confluence of that river with the Ashop. (Time: Glossop to Doctor's Gate Culvert via Higher Shelf Stones, 3-3½ hours; to Alport Bridge, 4-5 hours.)

### Penistone or Hazlehead to Ashopton Inn by Derwent Head.

*Penistone to Langsett (Inn), 3½ m.; Slippery Stones (Derwent Dale), 9½; Derwent Chapel, 15; Ashopton Inn, 16½. Time, 4½-5½ hrs. Hazlehead to Slippery Stones, 7 m.; Ashopton Inn, 14 m.*

**Heights above sea-level:**—Penistone, 650 ft.; Langsett, 800; Featherbed Moss (summit), 7½ m., 1,730; Slippery Stones, 950; Ashopton, 600.

"The wildest English scenery and the most bracing air south of Westmorland are the reward of the adventurous pedestrian who undertakes this walk." This statement in the first edition of the present Guide (1899), must now be modified, for the walk has become well known and the route well defined, only the middle portion entailing any possible discomfort from bogs and rough going. From the point on the summit-level, between the basins of the Don and the Derwent, where the head waters of the latter stream are first seen, the view is one of the most remarkable in the country. Standing within 20 miles of Manchester and 12 of Sheffield, the spectator has presented to him a wide prospect of hill-ranges, scarped rocks, profound depths, and rushing streamlets, without a sign of human existence or a vestige of cultivation.

**Penistone** (*Pop. 3,408.*) *Inns: Wentworth Arms*, close to the station; *Rose and Crown*, and *Old Crown*, in the town) is a dull little upland town, with a conspicuous church. It is 30 miles by rail from Manchester and 13 miles from Sheffield. *Langsett (below)* has a small but very well-spoken-of inn—the *Waggon and Horses*—with comfortable beds, which in holiday time it is well to bespeak. It belongs to the Sheffield Corporation.

**Penistone to Ashopton Inn, 15 m.** A carriage may be taken to Langsett, 4 m. by road, but pedestrians should proceed as follows. Pass southwards along the main street of Penistone, and take the first road to the right. A short  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile further turn left, then right. An upright stone in a field on the right, beyond the next turning in that direction, is an old guide-post for travellers before the moor was enclosed. In a  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile we reach the brow of the hill, and look down over the valley of the *Little Don* to the main ridge of fells which we have to cross. The village of Langsett is visible from 1 to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles in our right front, close to the Sheffield reservoir. To reach it pass through a gate opposite the end of the road you have ascended, and follow a footpath which passes about half-way between two farm-houses—the one on the left occupying a singular position on the top of a knoll, so

exposed as to appear itself thrown out of the perpendicular by the westerly gales only to a less degree than the solitary birch which grows in front of it. This path drops into the road along the Little Don valley, about half a mile short of the *Waggon and Horses at Langsett*. Our road traverses the dam, and as the direct route to the head of the reservoir is usually locked up, we ascend a new road to the hamlet of Upper Midhope; where we turn sharply to the right between ramshackle farm-buildings, and past an old well down a narrow, stony lane. Trending to the right, we descend again almost to the edge of the water, and then begin to rise by a cart track past a now deserted farm, locally known as "North America." A few years ago this track was extremely difficult to find, and careful attention was required to map and compass. It is difficult still in winter, and a few years ago a man was lost in the snow and his body never found till after mid-summer. But the navvies at "Tin Town" (Birchinlee), engaged in the construction of the great Derwent reservoirs, have beaten a track now as plain as a cart-road, which is likely to remain so for some time, at any rate—that is, while their task is still uncompleted. Just over the crest of the hill our track strikes square into a narrow but well-marked path running north and south along Mickleden Edge, high up above a stream. This is the route from Hazlehead Station, and is becoming a favourite with lovers of this walk, because it avoids the unpleasant start through Penistone, and is shorter; but not many trains stop at Hazlehead. Turn left along this path, and in a mile, where the hollow of the stream bends away to the right, you will enter a kind of passage between peat-banks, with generally a firm and sandy floor. The highest part is called **Cut Gate**, and the scene is dreary in the extreme until,  $\frac{1}{4}$  hour or so after entering the path, you reach the edge of the moor, and look down into the Derwent valley on the scene we have described in the introductory remarks, as perhaps the most wildly beautiful in the centre of England. The descent into the Derwent valley is rapid, along a spur between two deep ravines—*Bull Clough* on the right, and *Cranberry Clough* on the left. At the bottom we cross the streams of both, and soon enter—at **Slippery Stones**—a fair cart-track, two miles above the highest house in the valley. The spot called Slippery Stones derives its name from a landslip, the locality of which is still noticeable. On the top of a hill, higher up the valley and due north, are the *Rocking Stones*, on Crowstone Edge, the best of which is probably ten tons in weight. There are half a dozen on *Barrow Stones*.

At Slippery Stones the public right-of-way crosses by a shallow ford to the west or Derbyshire bank of the Derwent (a bridge was washed away by the great Bank Holiday cloud-burst of 1900), and continues along it for the next 3 m., after which it recrosses to the east side by Ouzelden Bridge. The cart-track which formerly passed **Howden Farm** (2 m.), now immersed in the reservoir,

along the east side, is private; but it is worth while obtaining permission from the Duke of Norfolk's Estate Agent, Estate Offices, Corn Exchange, Sheffield, to use it, since the track on the west side of the valley is considerably lengthened now by the detour round the branch of the reservoir at Westend. From Howden a carriage-road continues all the way to Ashopton.

The walk from Slippery Stones to Ashopton is beautiful throughout, though for the present it is greatly spoilt by the reservoir works in progress (see p. 155). The railway is for the conveyance of materials, and does not carry passengers. The bottom of the valley soon begins to be cultivated, and a goodly sprinkling of trees diversify the landscape. Several lateral valleys contribute their waters to the main stream—a V-shaped one on the west, half-way between Slippery Stones and Howden, offering its quota in a succession of charming little falls; but the chief contributor is the **Westend stream**, which is big enough to be styled a river, and runs into an inlet of the new reservoir opposite Howden after a course of several miles.

Half a mile beyond the Westend stream we are opposite the *Abbey Farm*, and  $\frac{3}{4}$  m. further cross **Ouzelden Bridge** (p. 154), whence it is a short 4 miles to **Ashopton**. The road is somewhat hilly as far as Derwent Chapel, but unmistakable throughout.

A very fine variation of the route, and one that has the advantage of missing the unpleasantries caused by the work going on in the valley, is obtained by striking S.E. at Margery Hill, the highest point, and crossing the Howden Moors to Derwent Edge. These moors are strictly preserved, so that permission is desirable. Care should be taken not to go too near Howden Edge, or to dip in the other direction. High ground should be followed above the deep and impressive basin of the Abbey Brook. A series of fantastic gritstone shapes towering over the heathery waste soon begin to furnish a convenient chain of landmarks—Back Tor, Lost Lad, Cakes of Bread, the Salt Cellar, Wheelstones, etc.—until a track is reached leading down to Cut-throat Bridge and the Ladybower. But this is a ramble that demands some knowledge of moor-craft (see footnote on p. 142).

**The Upper Derwent.** The valley of the Derwent and the environing fells above Slippery Stones are strictly preserved. There is a region of lofty moorlands rising in many places a couple of thousand feet above sea-level, of rock-strewn fell-sides, and of deep, picturesque cloughs and valleys, the streams alternating with waterfall and scour—the whole measuring some fifty or sixty square miles, and uncrossed by a single right-of-way. Adventurous ramblers, who carry their own supplies and are equal to a long day's tramp, may occasionally obtain permission to explore this region, which is a good deal wilder than Dartmoor, or, indeed, than any district south of the Border.

From Margery Hill, the highest point on the Cut Gate track, those desirous of combining adventure with good views may turn right to the Bull Stones at the head of Bull Clough. Thence in twenty minutes the **Rocking Stones** can be reached, where all the curious rock features so characteristic of Derwent Edge are combined. The familiar “Wheelstones,” “Cakes of Bread,” and a miniature rock plunge on Crowstone Edge, will be easily recog-

nised. But the chief attraction is a delightful, uninterrupted view of the Derwent down to Derwent Hall, the house itself just out of sight. The footpath may be regained at Slippery Stones by way of a keeper's track along the side of the Derwent. In spite of some heavy trudging through the heather, the two hours taken by this deviation are thoroughly well spent.

**Barrow Stones.** One may, however, go further afield, and by crossing the clough near the Rocking Stones at a point where the stream forks, and ascending to a conspicuous "cob-shaped" rock on the moor, find an easy descent to the Derwent and climb the rough fell-side to the Barrow Stones, 1,939 feet, the N.E. termination of the long crest of **Bleaklow Hill**. Here lovers of rock scenery and curious nomenclature will find much to interest them in the "Six Knuckles," a perfect rocking-stone, and other gritstone whimsicalities. To reach Derwent Dale again, descend by Grinah Grain on the south side of Barrow Stones, and follow the Westend valley down to the junction with the Derwent. Time from Margery Hill to Barrow Stones, the Westend River, and Birchilee village, about five hours.

**Derwent Head.** The ascent of the Derwent to its source, Swain's Greave, and the walk across the peat moss to Woodhead Station on the Great Central, can be recommended only to inveterate bog-trotters. Much of it is dreary in the extreme, and the ground about Swain's Greave is treacherous.

**Crowden to Bleaklow Head.** This country is best explored from the other side—say, from Crowden Station, where the scenery, as one skirts the defile of Wildboar Clough, is very impressive. Many miles of wearisome trudging through heather and bilberry, and of still more trying work in crossing the innumerable groughs, or peat-trenches, that intersect the boggy expanses of Bleaklow, confront the walker who makes for either the Barrow Stones and the Derwent, or the profound ravine through which the Alport cuts its way down to the Ashop valley (see footnote on p. 142).

**Ouzelden Bridge to the Snake.** Just below Birchilee a track will be observed ascending the hillside on the south side of Ouzelden Clough. It leads into a cart-track between banks, which develops into lane leading down the other side of the hill to the Glossop and Sheffield road at a place called Belltag. Instead of following this all the way down, take the lane that comes in on the right just beyond the hill-top, and continue down to the road half a mile or so below Alport Bridge : the *Snake* is two miles further. A good walk is to start from Hazlehead or Penistone, and finish up by this route at the *Snake*.

**Westend Clough to the Snake.** By permission, the Derwent valley may be quitted where the Westend stream comes in, and the lane followed up Westend Clough, whence a route may be worked out on the map up the brake-covered hillside and across the boggy top to Alport Castles (see p. 139). Avoiding the cliffs, descend into the rocky hollow beneath the Tower, and continue down the hillside and across the Alport to Castles Farm. It is about a mile and a half thence to Alport Bridge where the Glossop and Sheffield road is reached, and two more miles up Ashop Dale to the *Snake*. This is another alternative ending to the Hazlehead or Penistone walk.

The **waterworks scheme**, which has made so vast a change in the char-

acteristic scenery of the valley, is one of the greatest engineering enterprises carried out in England for such purposes. More than six millions will probably be spent in the construction of five huge reservoirs, which will impound the waters of the Derwent, Westend, and Ashop; and furnish a supply for Sheffield, Nottingham, Leicester, and Derby. Two great dams will cross Derwent Dale, 1,000 feet long, and towering above the river to a height of 112 feet. Behind them will stretch two lakes  $1\frac{1}{4}$  and  $1\frac{3}{4}$  m. long. A tunnel, 6 ft. 6 in. high by 6 ft. wide and 7,623 yds. long, is being constructed under the Ladybower and the Rivelin valley for conveying the supply to Sheffield, and will be able to deliver well over seven million gallons a day. At Ambergate (p. 3), a service reservoir has been constructed on a ledge cut into the slopes of Crich Hill above the station, with walls 28 ft. high (capacity, 80 million gallons). This reservoir, which is covered in, supplies Nottingham, Derby, and Leicester. The total length of the main aqueduct (tunnels through hills, "cut and cover," and pipes across valleys) is about 30 miles. From Ambergate to Langley Hill (for Nottingham) is 8 miles; to Sawley (for Leicester) 16 miles. Altogether 56 miles of aqueduct have been constructed by the Board.

The **Derwent Water Board's new railway**, which is about 7 miles long, has a connection with the Midland Railway about  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile from Bamford Station. This line carries the vast amount of stone which is required in the construction of the reservoirs. Some eight years must elapse before the works are complete. At present the scene seems to be one of great desecration. But when once all traces of the excavation are removed, there will perhaps be little disfigurement of the scenery—that is, so far as the reservoirs themselves are concerned. It is, indeed, imagined by some that they will enhance the beauties of North Derbyshire. These huge sheets of water in the hollow of the hills will impart to Peakland a realistic suggestion of the English Lake District. A similar instance is that of the new Birmingham reservoirs in Cwm Elan near Rhayader.

On the west side of the valley a model village, with about 1,000 inhabitants, was established to house the workers employed on the engineering operations; this will come down shortly. It comprises a general and an isolation hospital, a doss house, a school and mission room, a recreation and reading hall, and a canteen, the last named conducted on a modification of the Gothenburg system, representing an interesting social experiment. There is now a cart-road along the western side to the north end of Howden Reservoir, and along the eastern to a little beyond the Abbey Brook, whence a path will continue to the same point. The Northern Footpaths Association took steps to ensure that no public rights of way should be lost, though the new routes are, of course, more circuitous.

The Barnsley Corporation in 1897 began to construct at Midhope, in the Langsett Valley, a reservoir, costing £280,000, covering 51 acres, and holding 400,000,000 gallons. The water was turned on in June 1903. It is conveyed from Midhope through Stocksbridge and Deepcar, to a covered reservoir at Wortley, and thence through Birdwell Common and Worsborough to Barnsley.

**Sheffield to Hardwick Hall** by train, *see p. 36.*

### Penistone to Ashopton and Bamford.

**Penistone or Hazlehead to Bamford** (18 m.). A pleasant alternative to the walk *via* Cut Gate and Derwent Dale, and one that will commend itself to those who shrink from the rough going across the moors and the risk of being caught far from shelter upon those storm-swept heights, is the more easterly route *via* Ewden and Strines. As there are not too many trains to Hazlehead Station, the route may be joined from Penistone at Langsett or Midhope Stones, or at points much nearer Sheffield, Deepcar Station affording as good a start as any. Penistone is perhaps the best starting-place of all, though Hazlehead gives the walker a good deal more of the bare moorlands.

Once clear of the town, we breast the steep ascent of Sheephause Heights, and command a fine view of the moors ahead of us, with Midhope Stones between. The Deepcar approach is handicapped by the dreary manufacturing district of Stocksbridge. Turning left out of Hazlehead Station, and then right, you follow the Whams road straight to the *Flouch Inn*, where the Manchester road is crossed. Proceed straight on to Langsett (*good inn*), and then either cross the embankment road of the great reservoir and continue by lanes to Midhope Stones (*inn*), or reach the same point by following the main road down the valley of the Little Don to the cross-roads at the head of the lower reservoir. Here turn right, and ascend past the village of Midhope Stones to where another lane comes in on the right from Langsett, and our route bends south-east. (This other lane offers an alternative route from Langsett, which it leaves by the embankment road, keeping high above the valley.) In another mile, at an elbow in the road, we are 1,141 feet above sea-level, and begin to descend to Ewden Bridge, across Ewden brook, which flows down a charmingly-wooded gorge. We rise again steeply past Broomhead Hall (seat of the Rimington-Wilsons), set in fine grounds, and soon come out on the breezy moorlands, keeping at a level of 1,000 feet or more above the sea right on to Moscar, seven or eight miles away. Far down the Ewden valley, on the other side of the wood-shrouded valley of the Don, we see the gritstone edge of Wharncliffe. A stone pillar stands where the road forks, pointing the way to Sheffield (*left*) and Hope (*right*). We take the latter, and coming over the hill-top look across a solemn expanse of moors, with the softer scenery of the Agden valley, its rocks, its woods, and the reservoirs, descending towards Sheffield. This region is full of historic and prehistoric memories. Near Broomhead Hall, which dates from the first Charles and was built by a Roundhead, Christopher Wilson, are a number of barrows ; and before the hill-top is crossed we pass the Bardike, where, as Wilson the historian recounts, two armies from the north and the south met and fought in a battle, of which the rampart and a few burial-places are practically the sole memorial. Near Agden is a "doom ring," and legends cling to many a stone and mound hereabouts, and to many a name of significant sound. The "Duke's Road," from the Bardike to the moorland ridges above the head-waters of the Ewden, the Agden, and the Abbey Brook, became private in 1826.

Doubling across the Agden valley, our road mounts again steeply, and soon attains the 1,000 feet level as it skirts Thornseat and looks down on the Dale Dike reservoir, the scene of the terrible disaster of 1864, when 240 lives were lost through the bursting of the dam. Another wooded defile, hardly inferior in beauty to those of the Ewden and Agden brooks, is crossed at Strines, where the quaint old inn is a good halting-place. A mile and a quarter further, Sugworth Lane comes in on the left, and the best course is to keep on by our lane and the main road, which we soon join, down to Cut-throat Bridge, rather than take

the path cutting across the moorlands. This is shorter, but does not afford such pleasing views. Near the bottom of the clough, just below the *Ladybower Inn*, the road to Bamford strikes off to the left.

## Castleton.

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**Postal Address** “Near Sheffield.”

**Hotels**:—*Castle, Bull's Head, Nag's Head, in centre of village; (smaller) Cheshire Cheese, Peak, E. end.*

**Distances** :—Hope Station (from Sheffield, 15 m.; Manchester, 31), 2 m.; buses in connection with trains, 4d. Chapel-en-le-Frith, Stations (Midland).  $\frac{7}{4}$ ; (L. & N.W.), 8; Miller's Dale Station (*via* Tideswell),  $8\frac{1}{2}$ ; Buxton,  $11\frac{1}{2}$ ; Tideswell,  $5\frac{1}{2}$ ; Hathersage, 6; Sheffield (by road) 17; Baslow (for Chatsworth), 18.

For **Railway Route** see p. 121. Buses to Hope Station (4d.) in connection with nearly all trains.

**P.O.**—Del. abt. 8.30 (*Sun. also*) and 6.30; Desp. abt. 5.15 (*Sun. also*) and 7.20.  
**Tel. Off.** 8-8; *Sun.* 8-10.

The village of **Castleton** (*pop.* 548) is the tourist-centre for the most mountainous part of the Peak District. It is situated at the head of the wide and pastoral Hope valley, which contributes several streamlets to the Derwent, and almost under the crumbling scree of Mam Tor. Castleton in itself is void of artificial interest, except in its museum, which is rich in the beautiful varieties of Derbyshire spar, of ferns, mosses, and fossils, found in the district. There are several other spar shops. The fluor spar, or “Blue John,” as it is called, is a speciality, having lately become very rare. The *Church* has a good Norman archway between the nave and the chancel, but little else to claim attention, except a library of 600 volumes, including a “Crammer's” (1539) and a “Breeches” (1611) Bible, bequeathed to it seventy years ago. The hotel accommodation is satisfactory without being pretentious. The railway communication afforded by the Dore and Chinley line has given a great impetus to business—both in tourists and trippers.

A curious custom still prevails at Castleton. On the 29th of May, a man on horseback bears a garland, and the ringers march through the streets. At nightfall the flowers are hoisted to the church-tower, where they wither and die.

**Peveril Castle.** The village derives its name from an ancient stronghold perched high above it, on a narrow spur between the entrance to Peak Cavern and Cave Dale. The builder, Scott tells us, was William Peverel, who received grants of lands hereabouts from the Conqueror, who is *not* now believed to have been his father. After several changes of ownership it passed during the reign of Edward III. into the possession of the Duchy of Lancaster, in whose hands it has continued ever since. Nothing now remains to attest its by-gone importance except a square Norman keep and its courtyard or bailey. Tradition has adorned it with

the usual stories of tournaments and pageantry, one writer styling it "Peverel's Palace in the Peak," but it is difficult for the matter-of-fact observer to realise that it can ever have been anything but a massive and well-nigh impregnable stronghold. Sir Walter Scott, by the way, can hardly be accepted as an authority on Derbyshire scenery. It is as hard to identify any of the localities described in "Peveril of the Peak" as it is to realise that the "rugged halls" of Ardtornish on the Sound of Mull were once the Parliament House and festive court of the Lords of the Isles. As a matter of fact Sir Walter never visited the locality.

The position of the Castle is strong to defiance. On the south the rocks descend sheer into Cave Dale. They are only separated by a narrow *col* from the still deeper precipices which overhang the Peak Cavern on the north-west; while from the village side the approach is made by a zigzag walk, for the maintenance of which a toll of 1d. a head is levied from visitors.

The *keep* itself shows alarming symptoms of decay. The stone facing has been almost entirely stripped from two of its sides, and a third has required the support of a stone buttress, which necessarily detracts a good deal from its venerable appearance as a whole. The ruins of a round staircase, which used to ascend in one of its angles, have been railed off.

From the *courtyard* there is a fine view of the dale of Castleton (or Hope), the Kinder Scout ridge peering over the depression between Mam Tor and Lose Hill in the north.

**Cave Dale.** It is worth while to walk half a mile at least up this secluded little valley with its floor of short and soft turf and its bulwarks of limestone crag, crowned by the *keep* and enclosure of the Castle. The entrance is through a narrow lane which strikes to the right from the Tideswell road at the south end of the square. By following Cave Dale up to the limestone tableland the cross-country rambler may find his way to Peak Forest by a variety of field-paths, all more or less interesting. One (the most direct) leads through Oxlow Rake, another turns south-east at Hurdlow Barn and skirts Edden Hill, passing near Edden Hole (*see p. xxvii and map*).

**The Caverns.** Hard by Castleton are three of the most remarkable caverns in the country—Peak Cavern, the Speedwell Mine, and the Blue John Mine. Of these, Peak Cavern, or the Devil's Hole, is, except for the enlargement of one or two passages, natural throughout. The Speedwell and Blue John mines consist of huge underground chambers connected by artificial passages. None of them are equal in beauty to the famous Cheddar Cave in Somersetshire, but all are worthy of being visited by lovers of subterranean mystery. The Peak Cavern is the largest of the three, the Speedwell the most sensational, and the Blue John displays the finest incrustations. The minimum charge for admission to the "Peak" is 3s.; eight or more, 1s. each. "Blue John" and "Speedwell" about the same.

**The Peak Cavern** is at the west end of the village. A narrow lane, passing several little spar-shops, and skirting the stream which issues from the cavern, leads to it. Close by is the **Russet Well** (1d.), which "throws out 4,000 gallons of water per minute, has never been known to be dry, and has supplied the village with water for hundreds of years." The entrance has a very imposing appearance. An immense archway extends for a considerable distance under a perpendicular mass of limestone rock, crowned on the left hand by the square keep which constitutes the Castle, and partly clothed with ivy and shrubs. The wide rock-paved vestibule thus formed is utilised as a rope-walk. At the end of it the opening narrows, and free progress is barred by a small door, whereat the candles are lighted. A narrow and low passage, about 30 yards long, succeeds. This leads into the first chamber, called the *Bell House*, from the number of bell-shaped perforations in the roof, beyond which another passage is cut near a gloomy little stream, which threads this cavern on its way from the Speedwell Mine to the main waters of the Derwent. Beside it the decaying ribs of an old ferry-boat show how visitors used formerly to accomplish this part of their journey. We next come to the *Grand Saloon* or *Pluto's Hall*, about 200 feet square and 100 feet high. At its farther end is a cavity walled, floored, and roofed with bristling crags, called *Roger Rain's House* on account of the perpetual shower that falls from a streamlet in the roof. After continuous rain the interior of Peak Cavern is a torrent fed by furious cataracts. In a loftier parallel passage above on the right is the *Choir* or *Orchestra*, which, as seen from below, by no means belies its name. Then we come to the *Half-way House*, which is gained after a rough walk of about 50 yards. Beyond this we pass beneath a huge arcade, the Five Arches, in which the effect of the natural arches revealing themselves one after another is very striking, and enter a bell-shaped chamber called *Great Tom of Lincoln* or *Victoria Hall*, the latter name being due to a visit of her Majesty in 1842. Soon after this, 1,528 feet from the cave mouth, the cavern comes to an end. In retracing our steps the first effect of restored daylight is not a little curious. It is somewhat similar to that produced by looking at natural objects through yellow glass. Everything has a bright glow upon it, be the day never so dull. *See also pp. xxv–xxix.*

The Peak Cavern belongs to the Duchy of Lancaster. It is leased at a nominal rental to the Duke of Devonshire, who sublets it to Mrs. Hall, the widow of the late Mr. Isaae Hall. Castleton is, by the way, "Hall marked." There are so many families of the name of Hall in the village that they are distinguished by bye-names.

### Castleton to the Speedwell Mine, $\frac{3}{4}$ m.; Winnats Head, $1\frac{1}{4}$ ; Blue John Mine, $1\frac{1}{2}$ ; Castleton, $3\frac{1}{2}$ .

Admission to either mine, for a party, 1s. a head; minimum charge, 2s.

This is a charming little round for the subterraneously-inclined. It may easily and profitably be extended so as to include Mam Tor

and the ridge extending thence to Lose Hill, a return being made to Castleton either from the dip in the range about half-way between the two heights, or from Lose Hill to Hope,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  m. east of Castleton, (p. 163).

*The Route.*—Proceed out of Castleton for a third of a mile along the Chapel-en-le-Frith road. Then continue straight on along the old Buxton road, which passes through the Winnats. At the foot of the pass you reach the cottage that commands the entrance to the **Speedwell Mine**, of which we may say at once that it is without exaggeration described on the sign-board as a “wonderfull place” (see p. 108). The entrance is through a most prosaic doorway—the very opposite of the magnificent portal of the Peak Cavern. Once inside, you go down a rock-staircase of more than 100 steps, at the foot of which you enter a canal-boat, and—with “Charon” plying his pole or hands from side to side—proceed for nearly half a mile along a water-way just wide enough for the boat, just high enough for you to sit upright in, and not deep enough to drown you. As you proceed, Charon places candles at short intervals along the sides; and so straight is this artificial passage, that when you reach the end of it, a vista is obtained of the whole. Here and there along the sides veins of lead are seen, and Nature’s cavities, caused presumably by the cooling process which the rocks underwent in the pre-Adamite days, are from time to time encountered. At the *Half-way House* another passage branches off to the right.

At the end of 750 yards the passage opens into the *Grand Cavern*, as the one absorbing object of interest in the mine is called. Here we moor our boat, and stepping out of it, look down over a railing into a pit which, for all we can see, is bottomless. Then climbing some way up the ladder of stemples placed here by miners nearly a century ago, we turn our gaze upwards, without being able to detect a top. Rockets, as we are told by “Murray,” have been sent up 450 feet without reaching the roof. The impressiveness of this vast and dismal chamber is really very great. Around hang rocks torn and fissured into all manner of shapes, and below is the ceaseless thud of the falling water. The actual depth from the railings to the surface of the pool filling the bottom of the cavity is about 70 feet, and the pool at its deepest is 22 feet. The outlet of the water has not been discovered, but the overflow finds its way somehow to the inmost recesses of Peak Cavern. Here, in fact, we have one of the very few glimpses which nature allows us to obtain into the dark infancy of the limestone streams of Derbyshire.

The **history** of the Speedwell Mine is briefly this:—It was excavated during the last century by an enterprising company in search of lead, who spent £14,000 upon it, and then from want of success abandoned it. As a show-place it is at the present time worth something, though the receipts must fall considerably short of a satisfactory dividend on £14,000. (See also p. xxvi.)

Returning to the doubly welcome light of day we enter at once the celebrated **Winnats Pass**. The name is a corruption of *Wind*

*Gates*, and is another sample of the expressive nomenclature of semi-barbarous days. With a strong sou'-wester blowing it is often as difficult to crawl up the pass as it is to avoid flying down it. Those who are familiar with the similarly formed Cheddar Cliffs of Somersetshire will probably think the scenery of the Winnats over-rated. The ravine is flanked by steep green slopes overhung in many places by sheer masses of limestone rock. The old road, which winds up the bottom of it, has been overgrown with short grass, and affords delightful walking. The sudden bend half-way up, just where the impending rocks are most massive, gives a distinctive character to the pass, but pleasant and picturesque as it is, there is no sufficient perpendicular height, or piling up of rock about the scene as a whole, to justify the catalogue of big epithets which has been lavished upon it by different writers. To speak of "its limestone cliffs rising in fantastic forms to a height of 400 feet" is to encourage a very erroneous anticipation in the mind of the visitor. The cliffs may be in places 400 feet above the bottom of the valley, but nowhere do they rise a fourth of that height above the green slope in which their feet are embedded. In parts of the Cheddar Cliffs, on the contrary, the summit all but overhangs the base at a height of nearly, if not quite, 400 feet.

From the top of the Winnats, whence, perhaps, the best view of them is obtained, a guide-post, standing close to *Winnats Head Farm*, places you on a footpath to the *Blue John Mine*, a few hundred yards distant, on the other side of *Tray Cliff*—the grassy hill which lies between the Winnats and the modern road to Buxton and Castleton.

By direct route, the **Blue John Mine** is 2 miles (road),  $1\frac{1}{4}$  (road and path, diverging from road at finger-post,  $\frac{3}{4}$  m., and circling up the green side of *Tray Cliff*) W. of Castleton. It may also be reached in a walk of  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile from the "Speedwell."

The **Blue John Mine** is a few yards from this road. As with the Speedwell, there is no natural external sign of its existence. Passing through a doorway in the hill-side, we descend a flight of steps to a narrow but lofty corridor roofed with stalactite and walled with fossils and carbonate-of-lime crystals. This corridor leads into a spacious chamber, 50 yards high and 50 feet wide, called *Lord Mulgrave's Dining Room*, from the fact that his lordship, during a three days' exploration of the mine for the purpose of finding another outlet, entertained his miners in this part of it. Another succession of passages conducts us to the most beautiful part of the mine, the *Variegated or Crystallized Cavern*. To see this chamber properly Bengal lights are required, its height being considerable. On the left there are large stalactites; on the right, a large deposit of oxide of iron, contrasting finely with the white limestone. Here, too, we see the "Blue John" (*Bleu jaune*) *in situ*. From a picturesque point of view this chamber is the finest example of Nature's Gothic in the neighbourhood of Castleton. The cavern, as a whole, is the driest of those round Castleton.

The contrast between the two sides is remarkable. Further progress through the many ramifying passages of the mine is railed off; but see also p. xxvii.

There are said to be fourteen different veins of Blue John. The finest specimen in manufactured state is a vase at Chatsworth. The blue vein, to which it owes its unique appearance, is oxide of manganese.

In returning to Castleton, the footpath along the west slope of Tray Cliff lessens the road-distance by about half a mile. Pedestrians with a couple of hours to spare are advised to join the following route:—

**Castleton to Mam Tor, 3 m.; Back Tor, 4½; Lose Hill, 5½; Hope (Inn), 7½; Castleton, 9.**

*Blue John Mine to Mam Tor, 1 m.*

From the Blue John Mine continue along the Chapel-en-le-Frith road for about half a mile, passing the divergence of the Buxton road on the way. Then cross a field on the right to *Mam Nick*—a slight depression on the west side of Mam Tor. The road to this depression or *col* quits the Chapel-en-le-Frith route a little further on, and makes an acute angle. From the *col* thus gained, almost the whole length of Edale, backed by the lofty Kinder Scout ridge, bursts suddenly on the eye. As seen from this view-point, **Edale** has a more severe appearance than any valley in Peakland, an effect which it owes in some measure to the dark green colour which pervades it. Its strath is dotted with farm-steads, and intersected by hedges and stone walls. Along it runs the little river Noe. Towards the head of the dale, which is fully exposed to view, cultivation ceases, and the steep, crag-crested slopes of Kinder rise to the unbroken line which forms its ridge and extends behind the entire length of the valley. Numerous little lateral gullies, or cloughs as they are locally called, give variety and picturesqueness to a panorama which, if it depended on outline only, would be monotonous. Near the new and very pretty E.E. church are two small inns—The *Nag's Head*, a favourite resort with sportsmen, and the newer *Church Inn*. At the former a wagonette can be had.

Close to the station land was recently utilised by the Government for camping-out and training purposes.

The summit of **Mam Tor** is less than  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile from the viewpoint on which we are standing, and not more than 150 feet higher. The way to it is plain enough and just as steep as you like to make it. The name “Shivering Mountain” applied to this hill arises from the disintegration which it undergoes under the influence of frost on the south or Castleton side, due to the fact that it consists of alternate layers of hard gritstone and friable shale.

The crest of the hill is surrounded by an old British entrenchment, the interruption in which on the Castleton side shows how great the above described disintegration has been since the Celtic period.

Besides the different objects of interest above described as visible from the *col*, Mam Tor commands a full-length view of Hope Dale, and of the moors beyond Hathersage and Derwent Dale, as well as of Eyam Moor and the wooded hills descending thence to Hathersage. Buxtonwards the limestone uplands present their usual dull outlines and bare surfaces. Castleton, with its keep and rocky gorge, lies mapped out almost immediately beneath the gazer's eye.

The walk from **Mam Tor** to **Kinder Scout** is rough and trackless, but commands superb views of the green champaign to the west, the lovely dales to the east, and the gloomy magnificence of the Kinder country across the whole of the north.

The ridge-walk from Mam Tor to *Back Tor* and *Lose Hill* is perhaps the pleasantest hill-excursion in Derbyshire, for the simple reason that it is a real ridge—in places almost meriting the term razor-edge—and for that reason commands an extensive prospect on both sides, of Edale on the left and Hope Dale on the right, two of the finest of the Derbyshire valleys. A striking feature upon it is **Back Tor** (or Black Tor), an almost perpendicular face of gritstone, overlooking Edale and rising from a delightful copse-wood of hazel, birch, and other trees. The hollow of the ridge beneath it is crossed by a footpath leading from Edale to Castleton, by which the latter may be reached in half an hour. The walk, however, may be very pleasantly extended over **Lose** (*pron.* Loose) **Hill**, which is close at hand and only a little higher than Back Tor. This hill is separated from its neighbour and rival Win Hill, which it exceeds in height by 40 feet, by the narrow entrance to Edale, through which flows the River Noe. The verbs "win" and "lose" have no connection with the origin of these two names. The probable explanation is that they are corruptions of "Laws," from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning hill, and "whin," a word which is north-country for furze or gorse. The word Laws, written "law" in Scotland—Berwick Law to wit—is generally written "Low" in Derbyshire, in recognition, doubtless, of its invariably being applied to something high.

Looked at from Lose Hill, the truncated top of Win Hill just cuts the line of the wide moorland between Hathersage and Sheffield. Over the depression to the left of it we mark the line of the old Roman road and the position, though not the depths, of the beautiful Ashop Dale.

In descending, keep along the shoulder of the hill in the direction of Hope, recognisable by the abnormal thickness of its church spire. You will enter the Edale road nearly a mile north of the village, which, as well as the road from it to Castleton, is described on p. 134.

**Castleton to Ashopton, over Win Hill. (Map p. 120.)**

*Castleton to Hope, 1½ m.; Top of Win Hill, 3½; Ashopton, 5.  
Height of Win Hill, 1,532 feet.*

A very pleasant two-hours' walk, and much to be preferred to the road-route by Aston or Mytham Bridge, which is two miles longer.

(a) Between Castleton and Hope there is nothing noteworthy beyond what we have already become familiar with from the neighbourhood of Castleton. At Hope (p. 134) turn to the left opposite the church and by the side of the *Hall Inn*, so called from its having been once *Hope Hall*. Follow the road thus entered for a third of a mile, and then cross the stream at the first bridge over it. A few yards beyond the bridge a cart-track goes left, and a few yards further one turns right. Mount a flight of steps in the fork of this last and the road, cross the railway, and keep along the cart-track which ascends by the side of some iron railings. Pass *Twitchill Farm*, and then, turning slightly to the right, you enter a footpath which climbs through a succession of stiles to the brow of the hill, whence the peak is five minutes' walk to the right. The view thence and the descent to Ashopton are described on pp. 137, 134. For Castleton or Hope to the *Snake* and round Kinder Scout, see pp. 141–2.

(b) *Another ascent.* From Hope Station a path goes uphill across the fields almost due north, and enters a lane in about three quarters of a mile; on the far side the same general direction is continued by a narrow lane past *Edge Green*, and on till you reach the track just described, not far below the hill brow.

**Castleton to Bradwell and Eyam or Hathersage. (Map p. 120.)**

*Castleton to Bradwell (Inns), 2 m.; Abney, 4 (—Hathersage, 7½);  
Eyam 8.*

A very delightful walk either to one place or the other. Little that is seen from the high-road is missed, and a great deal is added.

Diverge to the left from the Tideswell road (p. 168) at a sign-post  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile out of Castleton. A by-lane leads to *Pindale* ( $\frac{3}{4}$  m.), a group of houses on a cross-road from Hope into the Castleton and Tideswell road. From Pindale a footpath, succeeded by a narrow lane, leads direct into **Bradwell** (*Shoulder of Mutton*, etc.), a large village, whose inhabitants find employment in the mines and quarries. The decay of the lead-mining industry, has, however, caused the population to drop from 1,500 to 1,000. Here is a cave, **Bagshawe Cavern**, of very considerable interest, though it must be owned that its exploration involves a corresponding amount of physical endurance, and a deal of stooping. The part shown to tourists ends at the "Dungeon," a vertical chasm connecting an upper and lower series of cavities once traversed by a river, which now takes a shorter and lower course roughly parallel with the two series. In wet weather, however, both the old series of cavities are often flooded, and the "Dungeon" becomes an underground "swallet."

The charges for admission are for any number up to six, 3s.; over six, 6d. each, and a satisfactory exploration cannot be made in much less than 1½ hours. It was discovered in 1806 by miners searching for lead, and was christened after an ancestor of its present owner, W. H. G. Bagshawe, Esq., who bought it from its late owner and guide Mr. John Hall. For admission apply to Mr. Robert Pearson, Brookside Cottage, at the Tideswell end of Bradwell Dale. Mr. Pearson is also the "poet" of the dale, and has described the cavern in flowing verse. The cavern stands on the steep hill-side, a few hundred yards S.W. of the village, and is entered through a stone building in which the visitor dons a waterproof on entering and washes himself on his return.

A descent of 120 steps leads to the *Kitchen of the Fairies*, from which the cavern was first broken into. Thence a low passage terminates at *Three Lane Ends*. The floor about here is in places formed of millstone grit. Variations of colour and strange resemblances to all manner of things animate and inanimate here begin to present themselves. In turn we pass the *Giant's Foot*, the *Elephant's Throat*, the *Church Hole*, the *Rock of Ages*, and the *Belfry*, wherein "the transparent crystallizations descend in a lace-like cataract and form a rippling pool at the bottom." Then come the *Fairies' Bower*, the *Grecian Fringe*, and an apparent *cul-de-sac* opens into a spacious cave, the *Dog-tooth Grotto*, after passing which the scene is very effective. Next, from a *Shoulder of Mutton* and a *Chandler's Shop*, we enter the *Hall of State*, beyond which we descend to the *Dungeon*, where we have a glimpse up an ancient waterway piled with fallen rocks. The *Dungeon* is a gloomy chasm, down which the former stream tumbled on its way to Bradwell. Reascending by awkward crannies and fissures, with a spirit worthy of Bunyan's great pilgrim, after passing a *beehive*, a *peep-hole*, *Lot's Wife* (viewing the *Falls of Niagara!*) we gain our reward in the *Grotto of Paradise*, in appropriate proximity to the *Pool of Siloam*, while ear and palate are respectively gratified by *Organ Pipes* and *Roast Goose*. But even Paradise is not our bourne. Driven from it, we pass through the *Straits of Gibraltar* into *Calypso's Cave*—"with a roof from which depend one gorgeous mass of glistening icicles, each with a drop of water at the tapering end sparkling like a diamond." Beyond these are a *Rocking Stone*, *Five Lane Ends*, and a waterfall of 60 feet, but Calypso's Cave will be far enough for most visitors. A new cavern was opened out in Bradwell Dale in the autumn of 1897. It abounds with stalactites eighteen inches in length.

*Route continued.*—The only part of the route in which the pedestrian is likely to go astray is that between Bradwell and Abney. Before entering the former place he may have noticed a footpath climbing the opposite hill by the side of a wall. The by-ways of Bradwell are so intricate as to defy all directions to

the commencement of this path, but there are plenty of people to inquire of. Leaving a narrow limestone defile on the right, it climbs the hill called *Bradwell Edge* very steeply. From the top there is a fine retrospect across Hope Dale to Mam Tor and Lose Hill, backed by the Kinder Scout ridge. The prospect in other directions is very dull. Southwards it extends to Longstone Edge. After crossing a couple of fields beyond the top of the Edge, the path enters an almost disused road close to a gate. Pass through this gate, and leave the road a few yards beyond by a stone step-stile opposite a trespass-board. The path thus entered crosses an expanse of heather and rushes, till it re-enters the road by an opening in the wall opposite a gate leading into a narrow lane. Instead, however, of taking to this path at once, you may proceed along the lane till you reach a stile where paths strike across Eyam Moor for Eyam (*right*) and Abney (*left*). The latter track will bring you to the spot where the lane enters the village of Abney, and is a more pleasing route. This lane takes you direct to **Abney**, a neat and clean little hamlet, as remote from the ordinary thoroughfares of mankind as any we have ever visited. Placed on a slight depression of the moor, it sees nothing around but the fields which its own industry has reclaimed and swelling uplands of sable heather.

**Abney to Eyam** (*over Eyam Moor*). Enter a cart-track which strikes to the right from the dip in the road, just opposite *Heather Lodge*. Do not cross the stream, but keep it on the right hand until it is joined by the one from Bretton Clough at Stoke Ford, nearly a mile down. Then, in a few hundred yards, cross and leave it, passing Gotherage Barn (*see map*), and gradually climbing *Eyam Moor*. The *Druid Stones* (p. 119) are a little to the left of the track, about half a mile short of the end of the moor, where, going through a gate, you cross *Sir William Road* (p. 119), the rest of the way being by lane, level at first and then descending abruptly. An obvious path cuts off corners to **Eyam** (p. 117). The part of the route between the *Druidical Circle* and *Eyam* is described the reverse way on p. 53. It is a very pleasant walk. There is a quicker route *riâ Cockey Farm* (*distance, 3½ m.*).

**Abney to Bretton.** From Stoke Ford, instead of climbing *Eyam Moor*, turn to the right up Bretton Clough, the upper part of which is picturesquely studded with peaky knolls of gritstone (the "Dolomites"), caused by the same species of landslip as produced Alport Castles (p. 140) and Ludchurch. Various tracks lead up to Bretton, enabling one to leave the valley at any point; and by taking the *Sir William Road* for a short mile, a lane turning right may be followed down into *Eyam*.

**Abney to Hathersage**,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  m. This route is by an unmistakable road all the way. In about a mile a glorious view across the Derwent valley opens out. Hathersage lies below; behind it, Stanage Edge. Northwards the river comes down between Win Hill on the left, and Bamford Edge on the right. Close at hand

is a deep fir-clad glade ; on the right of the road the old Elizabethan-looking farm, called *Highlow Hall*, behind which is a green knoll, ascended in a few minutes and commanding a lovely panorama. *Eyam Moor*, heathery from head to foot, rises beyond the stream on the right.

From *Highlow Hall* a continuous descent takes us into the main road of the *Derwent valley*, close to the bridge at *Lead Mill*, whence to **Hathersage** (p. 132) the distance is a short mile.

From **Bradwell** to **Tideswell** is  $4\frac{1}{2}$  miles (carriage-road) up the valley and then over the flat, dull upland.

**Brough to Abney.** Take the road leading east down the right side of the *Noe*, and in a few hundred yards turn left into a lane that climbs *Bradwell Edge*, and is crossed in about two miles by the route just described, which can then be joined.

**Brough over Shatton Edge to Shatton.** This is a delightfully breezy walk over moorland, with continuous views of a panoramic kind. Follow the lane up *Bradwell Edge*, trending leftwards as it all but dies out in the heather, until it grows clear again as it turns north and circles half round the summit of *Shatton Edge*. Directly north of the summit a lane goes downhill (north-west and then north), and reaches *Shatton village* and *Mytham Bridge*; or tracks may be taken across the moor to *Abney* (see pp. 119, 166) or down to *Hathersage*. (Distance : *Brough* to *Mytham Bridge* by this route,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  m.)

**Castleton to Bakewell by Tideswell, and (1) Miller's Dale Station; (2) Litton, Monsal Dale, and Ashford; (3) Wardlow and Ashford.** (*Maps pp. 94, 13.*)

*Castleton to Tideswell (road),  $5\frac{1}{2}$  m.*

(1) *Tideswell to Miller's Dale Station (road),  $3\frac{1}{2}$  m. ; Bakewell (rail),  $9\frac{1}{2}$ .*

(2) *Tideswell to Litton (road), 1 m. ; Monsal Dale Station,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  (—Monsal Dale to Bakewell by rail,  $3\frac{1}{2}$ ) ; top of Longstone Tunnel, 4 ; Ashford,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  ; Bakewell Town, 7 ; Station,  $7\frac{1}{2}$ .*

(3) *Tideswell to Litton (road), 1 m. ; Wardlow Mires,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  ; Wardlow, 3 ; top of Longstone Tunnel, 5 ; Ashford,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  ; Bakewell Town, 8 ; Station,  $8\frac{1}{2}$ .*

**Hotel and Inns at Bakewell:** **Inns** at *Tideswell*, *Ashford*, and top of *Longstone Tunnel*; **road-side houses** at *Tideswell Lane Head* (5 m.), *Miller's Dale*, *Litton*, *Wardlow Mires*, and *Wardlow*.

*Miller's Dale* is, as far as concerns the Midland line, a more convenient station than *Chapel-en-le-Frith* to make for from *Castleton*, because, being the junction for *Buxton*, many of the day-expresses stop at it. *Hope* is, of course, handier than either.

Of the two carriage-routes to *Bakewell* the one through *Monsal Dale* is much the more picturesque. That by *Wardlow* is only to be commended for the opportunity it affords of diverging to *Wardlow Hay Cop* and looking down thence into *Cressbrook* (Raven's) and *Monsal Dales*. Pedestrians may see *Raven's Dale*

by taking either the footpath on its west side from Litton, or a rough one on the east side from Wardlow Mires; both enter Monsal Dale at Cressbrook Mill.

The scenery between Castleton and Tideswell is, except for the first mile or so, during which it overlooks Hope Dale, uniformly dull.

*The Route.*—The Tideswell road quits Castleton by the south end of the square, passing on the right the narrow entrance to *Cave Dale*. The ascent begins at once, and is made by one acute zigzag. Pedestrians gain little by taking an obvious footpath which avoids the corner. The back-view over Hope Dale during the ascent is very fine, but when once the summit-level is reached the scenery becomes very monotonous. Proceeding due south we reach the hamlet of *Little Hucklow* ( $3\frac{1}{2}$  m.) and *Tideswell Lane Head* (5 m., Inn). From the latter spot roads diverge in every direction. For Litton we keep straight on, for Tideswell we turn to the right, and for Wardlow to the left.

*By Tideswell.* From the Lane Head to Tideswell the distance is a long half-mile. The town and church are described on p. 113.

**Tideswell to Miller's Dale Station** ( $3\frac{1}{2}$  m.; for cars see p. ii, *Yellow Inset*). The road goes the length of the town, and then keeps along the hill-side for some distance. (There is a shorter and hillier old road, p. 114). A full mile from the church a by-road on the left drops through an avenue to the bottom of Miller's Dale (*not the station*) and to *Litton Mill*, where further progress is barred, except to such as like to climb a cart-track and join the direct road from Tideswell to Monsal Dale. Nothing particular is gained by following this route throughout, but that part of it which lies between the fork and Litton Mill passes through a very pleasant little valley—**Tideswell Dell** by name—characteristically green in its lower parts, and fenced in by sheer limestone cliffs.

The road to Miller's Dale station continues for some distance above this valley and then drops abruptly to the railway.

**Tideswell to Bakewell.** (1.) *Carriage-route through Monsal Dale* (7 m.). This route commences over the high ground between Raven's\* (Cressbrook) and Monsal Dales. In less than two miles it overlooks that beautiful part of the Wye valley of which such delightful but tantalizing glimpses are obtained from the railway on the other side between Monsal Dale and Miller's Dale Station (p. 6)—a kind of debatable ground between the two dales. Except, perhaps, one bit of Chee Dale there is nothing so fine along the whole course of the Wye; nothing in fact except that and Dovedale in all the limestone scenery of Derbyshire. The river forms two S curves, the lower part of one being the upper part of the other. Sheer cliffs rise from the water's edge, their summits on the north-east side surmounted by towering groves of varied foliage—to a great extent evergreen—which, however, greatly obstruct the view from the road we are travelling along.

From this scene a steep descent brings us to the bottom of *Monsal Dale*, at the point where **Raven's Dale** converges. The

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\* This should be "Raven's" rather than "Cressbrook" Dale on Map.

latter is one of the narrowest valleys in the county, and, like all those hereabouts, is richly diversified with rock and wood. The Cressbrook mill at the foot of it is a huge affair, and an eyesore. Those who wish to examine the dale more closely must travel on foot by one of the routes described below.

Our road continues along Monsal Dale for about a mile with the river, spanned by two rustic foot-bridges—the first leading to the station—on the right hand, and beautifully wooded hills on the left. Then we rise sharply to a point almost over the top of the Longstone tunnel—“Headstone Edge”—whence the sudden bend of the river admits of a beautiful view both up and down it. Here is a comfortable inn. *For the beautiful view, see p. 104.*

**For Longstone** (1 m. left by road) see p. 50.

From the top of Longstone Tunnel pedestrians may proceed by the Wye-side all the way to Ashford by more than one route. A footpath descends to the river, crosses it, and comes out on the Buxton and Bakewell high-road, opposite the eighth milestone from Buxton, 2 m. short of Ashford, and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  short of Bakewell. For this part of Monsal Dale see p. 105. This route involves about 2 miles' extra walking.

All the routes from Castleton and Tideswell to Bakewell converge here.

The road onwards to Ashford and Bakewell calls for no description. It gradually descends to the former place, branching in about a mile into two roads, both of which pass through Ashford, and beyond Ashford being identical with the Buxton and Bakewell road. *For Ashford, see p. 105; Bakewell, p. 47.*

(2.) *Carriage-route by Litton and Wardlow.* Beyond Litton this road passes above the head of Cressbrook Dale, but does not show the best part of it. Pedestrians, however, may follow the dale the whole way down, striking out of the road at *Wardlow Mires*—the scene of almost the last case of gibbeting in England (1815, but James Cook was gibbeted at Leicester in 1832)—2 miles on the way, where it is as well to satisfy one's self as to the practicability of the route at the little inn (*Three Stags' Heads*). From this, the east side of Cressbrook Dale, the view is less obstructed by wood than from the west side. The track joins the road described in the last paragraph at the north end of Monsal Dale.

The carriage-road proceeds from Wardlow Mires through the hamlet of *Wardlow* to the junction of the roads above Longstone tunnel (*above*). To see Raven's Dale, a divergence of half a mile must be made on foot to *Wardlow Hay Cop*, from the other side of which, nearly half a mile beyond the top, the cliffs descend abruptly into the dale. From this “Cop” *Monsal Dale Station (Monsal Head Hotel)* may be reached in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, by a lane descending steeply through a narrow valley.

(3.) *Footpath from Litton to Monsal Dale.* *Monsal Dale Station,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  m.; Top of the Tunnel, 3.* Take the lane that turns southwards from the east end of the open green at Litton. In 300 yards this lane turns at right-angles both ways. A few yards to the left the footpath commences, crossing two or three fields to a wood which

drops abruptly to the bed of *Raven's Dale*. About half a mile after entering the wood the path becomes a lane again, close to a spring. Avoid a branch up the hill to the right, and you will reach in another half-mile *Cressbrook Mill* and the direct carriage-road from Litton to Monsal Dale (p. 168). The view down into and across Cressbrook Dale by this route is a good deal hidden by trees.

**Castleton to Buxton, by coach-road. (Map p. 94.)**

*Castleton to Sparrowpit (Inn), 6 m. ; Dove Holes (Inns), 8½ ; Buxton, 11½.—Pedestrian route through the Winnats, 1 m. less. Three miles saved, and nothing lost, by taking the train at Dove Holes. Route fully described the reverse way on p. 107.*

For **Railway Route** by Hope see p. 123.

The pedestrian route proceeds in a straight line from Castleton to the foot of the Winnats, the high-road diverging from it to the right in  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile. It passes close to the Speedwell Mine (p. 160), and within  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile of the Blue John Mine, rejoining the carriage-route  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile beyond the head of the Winnats. To visit *Elden Hole* (p. xxvii) on the way, take the lane on the left,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles beyond the junction, and work round *Elden Hill*, again entering the main road by a step-stile half a mile beyond the point at which you left it. The detour is about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Nearly a mile beyond *Sparrowpit* is the *Ebbing and Flowing Well* (p. 108) on the left of the road, half a mile beyond which, opposite the *Bold Hector Inn*, turn to the left. *Dove Holes* is one mile further, and *Fairfield* half a mile short of *Buxton*.

**Castleton to Chapel-en-le-Frith (Midland station), 7½ m. (L. & N.W. station), 8.**

*Route fully described the reverse way on p. 143.*

\* \* \* *The milestones on this route reckon from a point half a mile short of Chapel-en-le-Frith and 1 mile short of the Midland station.*

Two miles from Castleton by high-road, one and a half by foot-path, which leaves the road about a mile on the way and climbs the side of *Tray Cliff*, is the *Blue John Mine* (p. 161). Half a mile further, and a few hundred yards beyond the divergence of the *Buxton* road, it is worth while to cross a field on the right to the slight depression west of *Mam Tor*, for the view of *Edale* (p. 162). The main road is regained  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile beyond the point at which we left it, the detour having involved only a few hundred yards' extra walking. Two miles of high-level country succeed, after which the descent to *Chapel-en-le-Frith* commands an interesting view in front and on the right hand. The centre of *Chapel-en-le-Frith* is  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile short of the *Midland*, and 1 mile short of the *L. & N.W.* station.

## Castleton to Hayfield by Upper Edale and Edale Cross.

*Castleton to Barber Booth (Edale), 4½ m.; Edale Cross, 7½; Hayfield, 11. No inn on the way; two at Edale Chapel (p. 162).*

*Route fully described the reverse way, p. 147.*

This is a delightful walk, and should be taken by every one who may be returning in the direction of Cheshire and Lancashire without having previously seen Edale. It is much to be preferred to the direct routes to Buxton or Chapel-en-le-Frith.

Follow the Chapel-en-le-Frith road (*above*), or the Winnats (*see p. 160*), as far as the diverging point therein mentioned, half a mile beyond the Blue John Mine. Thence cross the field to the depression west of Mam Tor, where you will re-enter a road after cutting off an acute angle. For the view from this see *p. 162*. A winding road, commanding a beautiful prospect up and down *Edale*, descends to *Barber Booth* at the bottom of the valley, crossing the railway. Thence follow the dale upwards to the last group of cottages, called *Lees*, a charming spot. Here the road becomes a mere bridle-path, which, after crossing a little stone bridge, commences the steep climb to *Edale Cross*, *p. 147*. The bridle-path doubles round to the left and makes an acute angle, which an obvious foot-track, called *Jacob's Ladder*, cuts off, re-entering the authorised path by a stone step-stile. At the highest point of the pass, and hidden by a wall on the right hand of it, is the *Cross*, whence to the top of Kinder Scout is only about 20 minutes' walk (*but see p. 145*). The descent from the Cross to Hayfield needs no further description than that given of the reverse way.

## Castleton to Hathersage, Eyam, Stoney Middleton, Baslow, Rowsley, and Matlock. (*Maps pp. 94, 120, 13.*)

*Castleton to Hope, 1½ m.; Hathersage, 6; Grindleford Bridge, 9 (—Eyam, 11½); Calver, 11½; Baslow, 13; Edensor (Chatsworth, Park), 14¾; Rowsley Station, 18½; Matlock (by train), 24.*

As far as **Grindleford** the railway (*p. 144*) may be used.

This is deservedly one of the most popular driving routes in Derbyshire, but it is much oftener commenced at Matlock or Rowsley than at Castleton. The part of it between Castleton and Hathersage has been fully described the reverse way in the Sheffield and Castleton coach and rail routes (*pp. 121–135*), and the remaining portion on *p. 51*. In this section we therefore give a bare outline.

The “lions” of Hope Dale, which extends as far as Hathersage, have already been seen by every traveller who has entered Castleton, no matter by what route. On the left the valley is flanked by Back Tor and Lose Hill; on the right, the hills retire behind Bradwell Dale. At Hope (*p. 134*) the waters descending from Castleton are quadrupled by the contribution of Edale, and at *Mytham Bridge*,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles further, the Derwent swallows both up in its abundant stream. Hence, as far as Grindleford Bridge,

road, rail, and river run within a short distance from each other. As we approach Hathersage, a modern building crowning the hill above Bamford is a prominent object; it is called *The Tower*. At Hathersage (p. 132) we diverge to the right from the coach-road to Sheffield.

Those who have no other opportunity of travelling this road, should certainly make time to ascend by it as far as the view-point called the "Surprise" ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  m. from Hathersage, p. 132), although the prospect, gradually worked up to as it is by those who journey in this direction, loses that part of its effect which it derives from the suddenness of its appearance in the other. The ascent may be continued to *Fox House Inn* (p. 130),  $1\frac{1}{4}$  miles further, whence the Derwent valley may be again reached by good roads either at *Grindleford Bridge* ( $2\frac{1}{2}$  m., p. 130), or at *New Bridge*, beyond *Froggatt Edge* (p. 130, 4 m.). The descent by *Froggatt Edge* is very fine.

From the "Surprise," or *Millstone Nick*, as it is properly called, you may continue across the moor pretty much in the same direction as you have been ascending, and in about half a mile drop into and cross by a footbridge the *Burbage Brook* (p. 131), at its most beautiful part. On the other side is the road to *Grindleford Bridge*.

Continuing along the valley from Hathersage, we pass through beautifully wooded scenery with the river, alternately still and restless, by our side, to *Grindleford Bridge* (*Commercial*, in village, reconstructing 1903; for *Maynard Arms*, close to station, see p. 131). Half a mile further the *Eyam* road (p. 131) climbs to the right. For description of village, see p. 117. Then we pass on the left the square mansion of *Stoke Hall*, and soon join the *Froggatt Edge* road from Sheffield a little short of the divergence to *Stoney Middleton*, whose strange, not to say ugly, octagonal church is visible on the right hand. At *Calver* (Inn) we recross the Derwent close to a huge mill, and after passing on the left the *Hulme Cliff College*, a large new building erected for missionary purposes, very soon reach the village and charmingly placed little church of *Baslow* (p. 52). The principal inns are nearly half a mile to the left of our route, on the Sheffield road, and close to the northern entrance of *Chatsworth Park*, but there are two (see p. 52) on it. *Chatsworth House* is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles distant from this part of Baslow, but proceeding along our present route we enter the park only at *Edensor*,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  miles beyond Baslow village. For *Edensor* and *Chatsworth* see pp. 22-35. The *Rowsley* route continues for more than a mile through the park, and then crosses the river for the fifth time. Just beyond the bridge the pedestrian may cut off a corner by taking a wide footpath on the right hand which rejoins the road at the little village of *Beeley*,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles short of *Rowsley* station. For *Rowsley* see p. 46, and for the route on to *Matlock* p. 106.

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N.B.—Where more than one page is referred to, that on which a locality is particularly described is given first.

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*NOTES.*

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